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THE NEW YORKER

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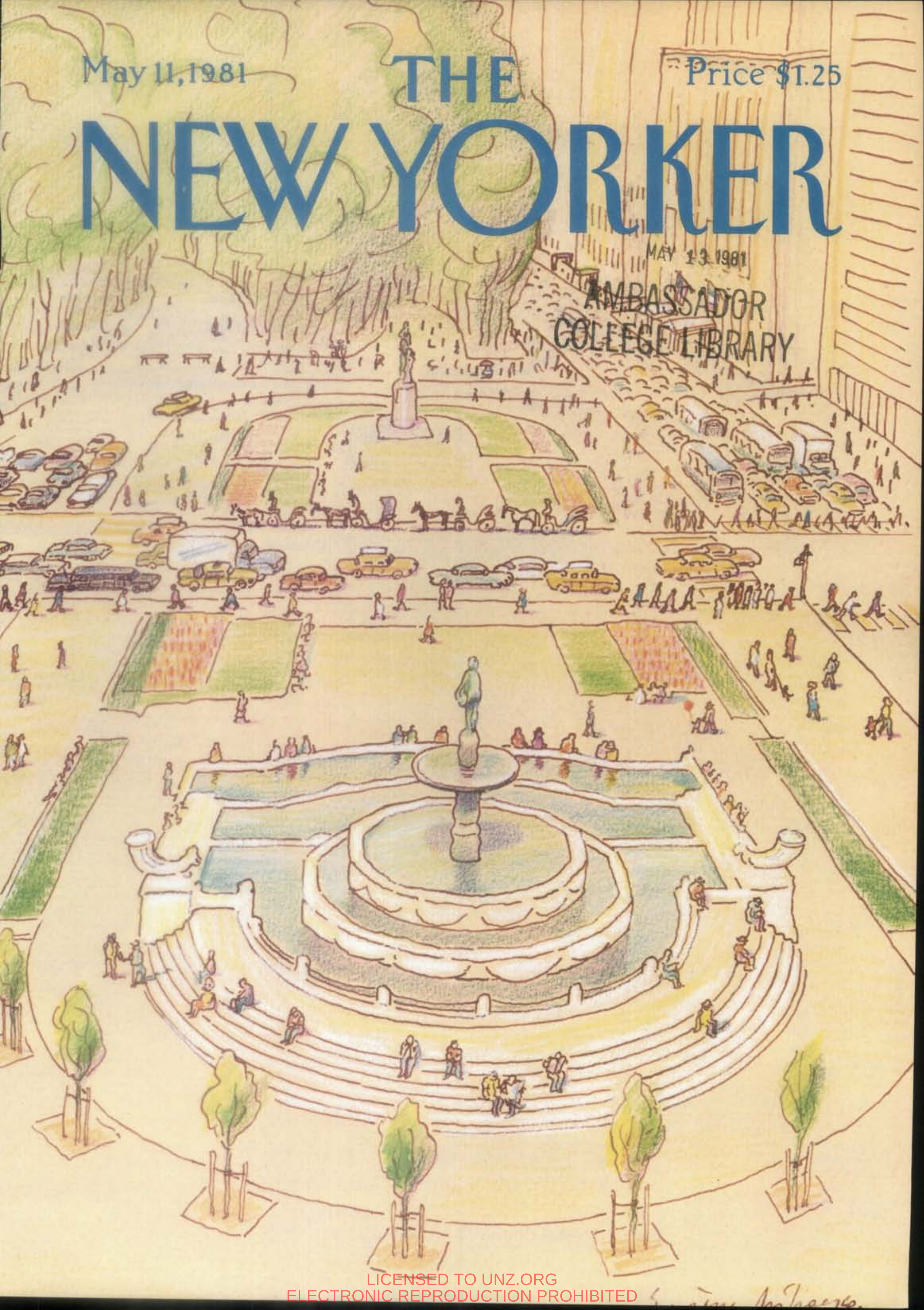

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are acted by Tracy Pollan, Jan Leslie Harding, Sam Robards, and Ralph Davies, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 10.)

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly, and Tim Curry is almost his match as Mozart. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Amazin' Casey Stengel; or, Can't Anybody Here Speak This Game?—Paul Dooley in a one-man play by Shelly Altman and Michael Zettler. A presentation of the American Humorists Series. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Thursdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

BAM Theatre Company—Final performances of the repertory season. Sophocles' **oedipus the king,** with Joe Morton, Gerry Bamman, and Sheila Allen. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday, May 6-9, at 8, and Sunday, May 10, at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, May 9-10, at 2.)

Fifth of July—One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Floating Light Bulb—Woody Allen has written a sad little play about a troubled Jewish family in Brooklyn in 1945. The cast, headed by Beatrice Arthur and Jack Weston, is superlative. (5/4/81) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fools—An unpleasant comedy by Neil Simon about a village in Russia doomed to everlasting stupidity. John Rubinstein heads the able cast. (4/20/81) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 9.)

42nd Street—Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (9/8/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Hedda Gabler—Susannah York in a revival of Ibsen's 1890 play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2.)

Inacent Black—Melba Moore heads the cast of a comedy by A. Marcus Hemphill, with songs by Gene McFadden, John Whitehead, and Miss Moore. The director is Mikell Pinkney. Seen Off Broadway earlier this season. Opens Wednesday, May 6, at 6:30. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

It Had to Be You—A two-character comedy written and performed by Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna. Robert Drivas is the director. Previews through Saturday, May 9. Opens officially on Sunday, May 10. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Won't Dance—A three-character play by Oliver Hailey, with David Selby, Gail Strickland, and Arlene Golonka. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. Previews through Saturday, May 9. Opens officially on Sunday, May 10, at 2. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lena Horne: the Lady and Her Music—Lena Horn in a musical show that traces her caree Previews through Monday, May 11. Open officially on Tuesday, May 12. (Nederlande Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Week nights, except Thursdays, at 8, and Sunday May 10, at 7; opening-night curtain at 6:45 Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Sigmund Romberg' **the student prince.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays a 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—Elizabeth Taylor in a revival o the Lillian Hellman play. Also in the cast ar Maureen Stapleton, Anthony Zerbe, Dennis Christopher, and Tom Aldredge. Directed by Austin Pendleton. Preview Wednesday, May 6. Opens officially on Thursday, May 7. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. A presentation of the Richard Allen Center for Culture & Art. Geraldine Fitzgerald

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

directed. (3/16/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Lunch Hour—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, about a mild case of adultery in the Hamptons. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marry Me a Little—Seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were eliminated from his shows during rehearsal are sung by Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in this abbreviated musical. Some of the songs are charming; the performance is only pretty good. (3/23/81) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Samm-Art Williams' play **home** in a return engagement, with Samuel L. Jackson, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. Opens Friday, May 8, and will run through Sunday, June 14. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Passionate Ladies—Barbara Perry in a one-woman show, directed by Edmund Balin. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Piaf—A ramshackle non-play about the gifted and valorous French chanteuse, who died in 1963. It provides an opportunity for a grandly theatrical performance by Jane Lapotaire. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway, 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Principally Pinter / Slightly Satie—The enchanting score for this little revue is principally by Erik Satie, and it is well played by John Evans at the piano. The sketches, entirely by Harold Pinter, are scattered throughout and are funny, but the acting doesn't amount to much. (5/4/81) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Closes Sunday, May 10.)

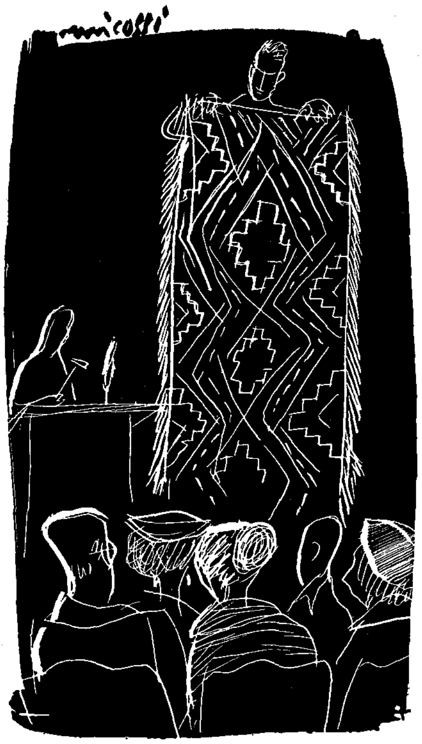
Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **reverse psychology.** (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Rose—Glenda Jackson plays an intelligent and rebellious schoolteacher in the English Midlands. The playwright, Andrew Davies, has written some good scenes, but they fail to add up to a play. (4/6/81) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

St. Mark's Gospel—Alec McCowen as Mark, in a solo performance that never dwindles into recitation. The words are from the King James Version. Preview Tuesday, May 12, at 8. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 13, for a three-week return engagement, which will end on Sunday, May 31. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl who, having been deserted by her whorish mother, finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)



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Translations—Brian Friel's distinguished, sad, and humorous play about the obliterating of the Irish language in Northern Ireland by the English. The time is 1833. The setting is a country school in Donegal, where only Gaelic and Latin and Greek are spoken, and where a company of redcoats comes to make a map of the countryside and anglicize the place names. The good acting, under the direction of Joe Dowling, of the Abbey Theatre, is a match for the text. With Barnard Hughes as an old schoolmaster, Daniel Gerroll and Ellen Parker as a redcoat and a local girl he loves; and Jake Dengel, Valerie Mahaffey, and Jarlath Conroy, among others. (4/27/81) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Veronica's Room—A thriller by Ira Levin, with Georgine Hall, Richard Mathews, Innes-Fergus McDade, and Claude-Albert Saucier. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**ain't misbehavin':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **annie:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646 Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **barnum:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario. Tony Orlando has replaced Jim Dale in the title role for three weeks. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **children of a lesser god:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a coupla white chicks sitting around talking:** A play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **dancin':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a day in hollywood / a night in the ukraine:** The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: A Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **deathtrap:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the elephant man:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **evita:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 8,744 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **morning's at seven:** A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new

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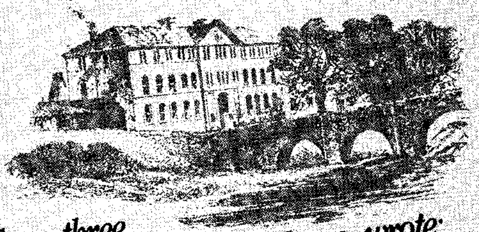

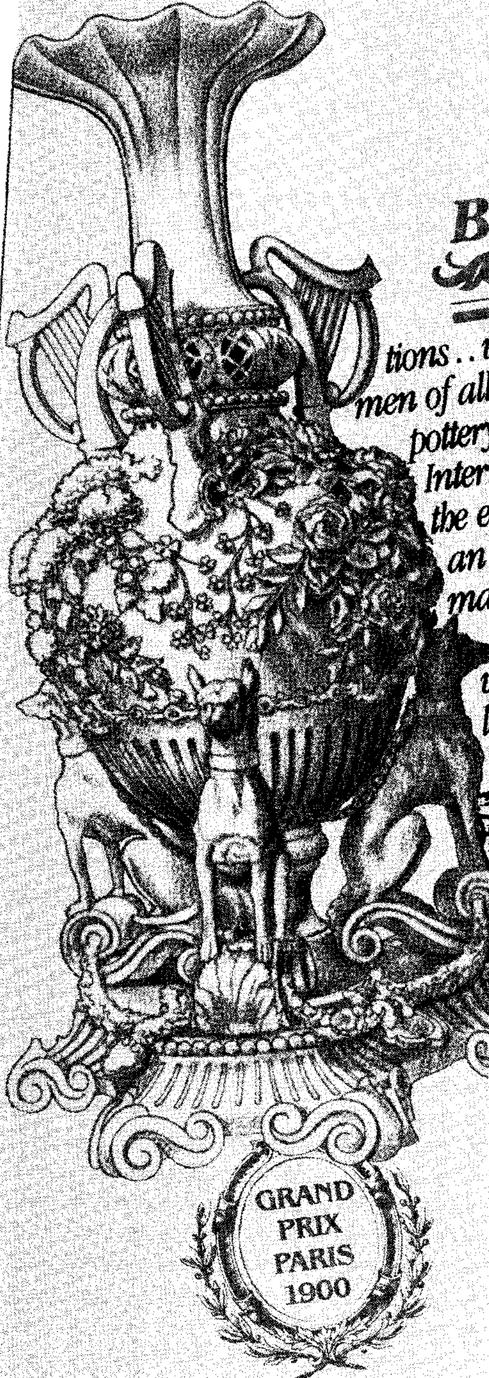

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production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Diana Canova and Ted Wass. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. Reopens Friday, May 8. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays through Mondays at 2:30 and 8.)

The Circus—Another big basketful of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey goodies. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Saturday, May 9, may be cancelled. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 6: "La Source," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 7: "Apollo," "Ballade," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 8: "In G Major," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Ballade," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 9: "Apollo," "The Four Temperaments," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 9: "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," "Orpheus," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 10: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 10: "Divertimento No. 15," "Orpheus," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 12: "Apollo," "Ballade," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 13-14: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 15: "Square Dance," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 16: "Square Dance," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 16: "Symphony in C" and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 6; Thursday and Friday evenings, May 7-8; and Saturday matinée and evening, May 9: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 11-12; Wednesday matinée and evening, May 13; and Thursday evening, May 14: "La Bayadère." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 15: "Concerto," "Dark Elegies," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 16: "Les Rendezvous," "Prodigal Son," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 16: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Pas de Deux," and "Concerto." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 13.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, May 6: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading" (company première), "Phases," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 7: "Butterfly," "Places" (company première), "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 8: "Memoria," "The River," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 9: "Butterfly," "Places," "Phases," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 9: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 10: "Night Creature," "Inside," "Later That Day," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 10: "Phases," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 12: "The Lark Ascending," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 13: "The River," "Later That Day," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 14: "Phases," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 15: "The Lark Ascending," "Inside," "Later That Day," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 16: "Night Creature," "Treading," "The River," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 16: "Memoria," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—Wednesday through Friday, May 6-8, at 8: "Grosse Fugue," "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet," and Act II of "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, May 10, at 2: "Serenade," "Time Passed Summer," and "Domino 'Operette Dansée' " (New York première). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company—"Stones, Bones and Skin" (première) and "Mirage Blanc." With guest artist Robert Small. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, May 7-9, at 8, and Sunday, May 10, at 2 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—one of the world's greatest rhythm sections—take off on their own on Friday and Saturday, May 8-9; on Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing here with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND'S** trio backing her up. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—Soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER,** who studied soprano with Sidney Bechet in the forties, is guiding a quartet and singer Pug Horton through a tribute to the Master Tuesdays through Sundays. On Mondays clarinettist Rick Hardeman leads a trio. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The current lineup: **JOE ELY,** a honky-tonker from Lubbock, Texas, will sing on Thursday, May 7; on Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, the **HEATH BROTHERS** will swap sets with **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS;** and Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, singer **CISSY HOUSTON,** whose set list is a celebration of sixties soul music, will alternate with trombonist and arranger **MELBA LISTON** and her stirring octet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist Bill Dobbins and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, May 9; pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** on Sunday, May 10; and pianist **HANK JONES** and **RED MITCHELL** beginning Monday, May 11. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, works with pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a place where one can wear a tuxedo even if one is not a headwaiter or a member of **BOBBY SHORT'S** trio. Mr. Short and his two stalwart sidemen—bassist

This summer, for one brief shining moment…

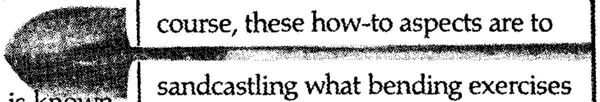
Reclaim Camelot, and set it towering over a Hamptons beach. Or relocate Rome's Castel Sant'Angelo, from the Seven Hills it has guarded for 1800 years to the sands of Fire Island or Malibu. Then, the fate of a sandcastle being what it is, watch it crumble.

"Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand:
Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand!"

Like Edna St. Vincent Millay, you may have noticed that reality is not always a preferred alternative. Certainly not when you are sitting on a beach, gazing across the water, thinking…

About the office? Car repairs? What's for dinner? No. If you have read and pondered well the lessons of SANDCASTLES, you will be on the verge of a magical endeavor of will and imagination, a ceremony of inevitability.

How to build a sandcastle



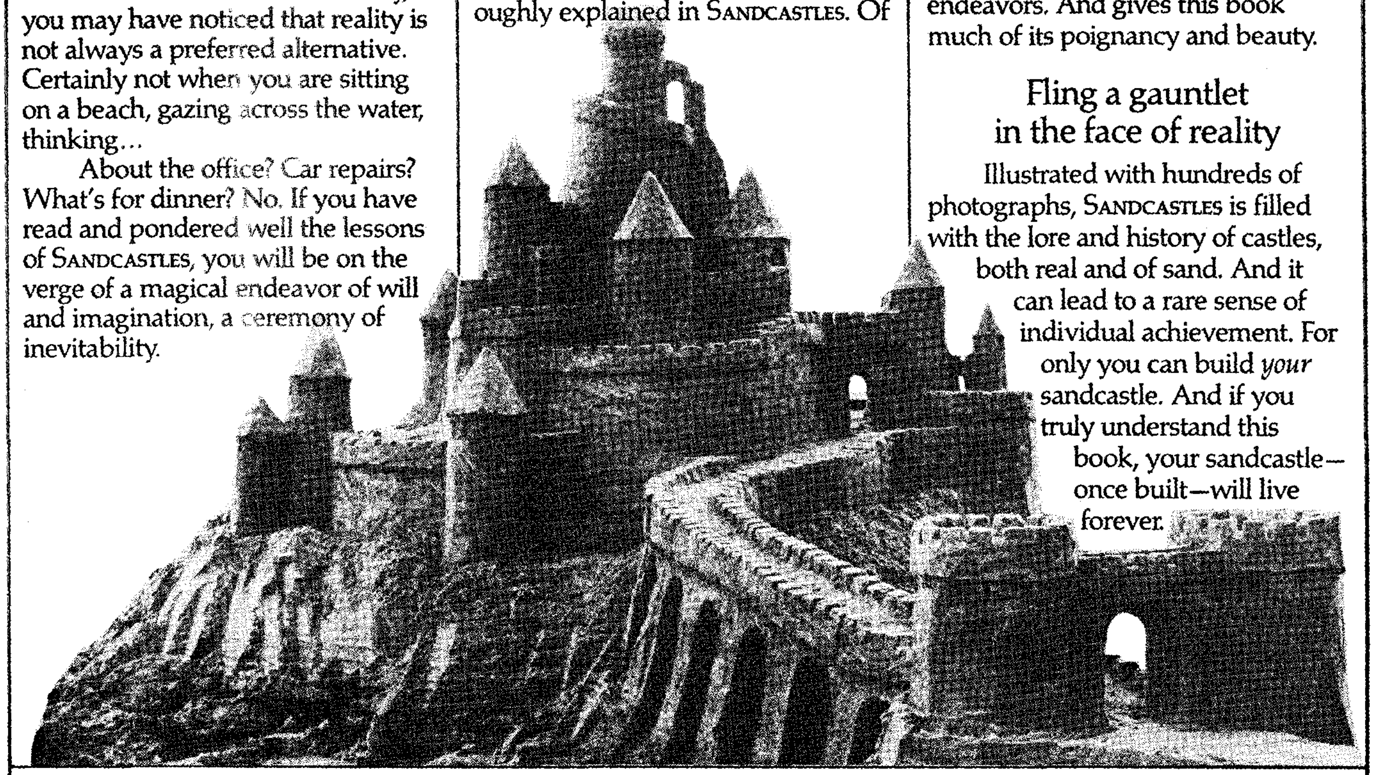
The sandiest method is known as *dripping* a sandcastle. All you need is a bucket, and patience. The *molded* sandcastle is nearly as easy, and the most common technique. The *brick* sandcastle is painstaking to construct, but beautiful to behold. The *sculpted* castle is the fine art approach to the medium. All methods, tools, and techniques are thoroughly explained in SANDCASTLES. Of course, these how-to aspects are to sandcastling what bending exercises are to Zen.

The lessons of time and tide

The most important thing to keep in mind about tides is that they occur twice a day. It's a good bet that you have only about six hours of building time before catastrophe strikes. This inexorable fact makes sandcastling one of life's noblest endeavors. And gives this book much of its poignancy and beauty.

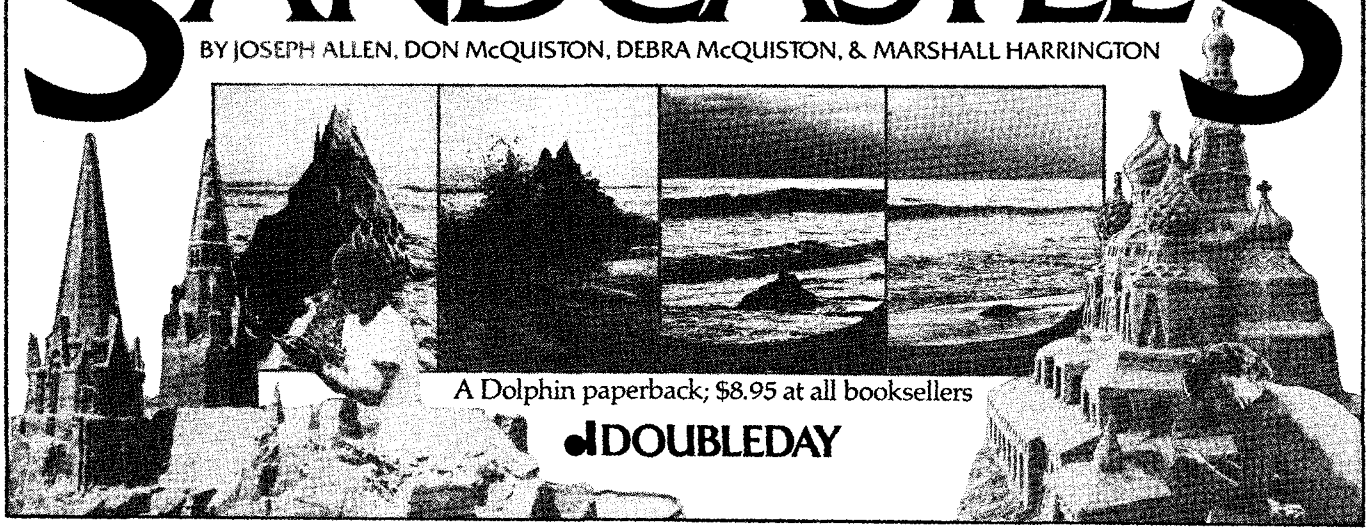
Fling a gauntlet in the face of reality

Illustrated with hundreds of photographs, SANDCASTLES is filled with the lore and history of castles, both real and of sand. And it can lead to a rare sense of individual achievement. For only you can build *your* sandcastle. And if you truly understand this book, your sandcastle—once built—will live forever.



SANDCASTLES

BY JOSEPH ALLEN, DON McQUISTON, DEBRA McQUISTON, & MARSHALL HARRINGTON



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DOUBLEDAY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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BEVERLY PEER and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**—are back, holding Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. On Wednesday, May 6, Mr. Short won't be here, but *singer and pianist* Freddy Cole will be. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is back playing delicate, meticulous, and swinging piano solos. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, May 6, Smithereens and Million Dollar Bill; Thursday, May 7, Heart Throbs, Hi Fi, and Decoys; Friday, May 8, David Rotor Method; Saturday, May 9, the Pet Clams, True Romance, and Cover Guise. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings the blues with her support system—bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook—Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Tuesdays belong to Lu Elliott, an Ellington-alumna vocalist, and her pianist, Robert Banks, and bassist, Jimmy Lewis. Music at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, May 6, Martyn Wyndham-Read and the Derby Ram; Thursday, May 7, jam session; Saturday, May 9, fiddlers Jay Ungar, Matt Glaser, and Evan Stover are backed by Russ Barenberg and Molly Mason; Sunday, May 10, guitarists Frank Christian, Rolly Brown, and Tucker Smallwood; Wednesday, May 13, Michael Cooney and the Derby Ram; Thursday, May 14, Mac Benford & Ken Perlman; and Saturday, May 16, Bubba George. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, May 10, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** will lead a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave, at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. **MILT JACKSON** plays fulfilling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp with his quartet through Sunday, May 10; on Tuesday, May 12, singer **JOHNNY HARTMAN** will bring in a quartet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. **JAY MC SHANN,** the pianist who led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties, no longer has a big band, but he still has a bead on Kansas City blues. He's here with violinist **CLAUDE WILLIAMS** through Saturday, May 9. On Monday, May 11, Wyonna Smith will sing with the Monday-night piano-bass team, **BROSS TOWNSEND** and **BOB CUNNINGHAM.** On Tuesday and Wednesday, May 12-13, Fourteen Karat Soul will sing some a-cappella R. & B., and Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, will belong to Platinum Hook, a lively R. & B. sextet. On Sundays Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO,** Brazilian singer **ANGELA SUAREZ,** and a quintet play Brazilian jazz. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the stride specialist, is working at the dining-room keyboard Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

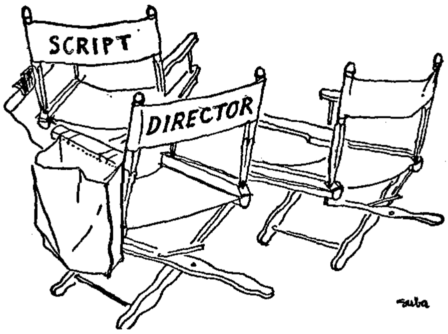
HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. The **MARTY NAPOLEON** trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Unlike a lot of Hurrah's rock-disco competition, this second-floor space is amply large, its ceilings are quite high, and its video monitors are aimed from above in several directions, all of which makes it possible for one not to feel trapped or gulp for air or miss a hot video recording of Devo. The live-entertainment schedule: Thursday, May 7, Lenny Kaye Connection and RPM; *Friday*, May 8, Individuals and Coma-teens; and Saturday, May 9, ESG and Liquid, Liquid. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.

JAZZMANIA'S STUTZ, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Flutist **JEREMY STEIG** and some musical friends will perform in this new location Friday through Sunday, May 8-10. Friday through Sunday, May 15-17, **MAX ROACH,** a model for up-and-coming young drummers and established older ones, too, for some thirty-five years, will be present with his quartet. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—Mike Morgenstern pilots a combo.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Right now it's also got **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** one of the most animated piano-bass duos around, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays *and Mondays are given over to* singer and pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from about ten.



LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Blues singer and guitarist **ALBERT KING** is here on Wednesday, May 6; Sunday, May 10, will be turned over to Kinky Friedman; on Monday and Tuesday, May 11-12, the Pousette-Dart Band will play rock and roll; on Wednesday, May 13, Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter will drop by; and on Thursday, May 14, the great singer and mandolinist **BILL MONROE,** the father of bluegrass and the composer of "Gotta Travel On," "Kentucky Waltz," and "Blue Moon of Kentucky," will make a rare New York club appearance. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** is the singer through Saturday, May 9. On Monday, May 11, **TONY BENNETT** will be here for special benefit performances. On Tuesday, May 12, Cybill Shepherd will begin performing tunes. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, May 6, Superior Beings, Mental Notes, and Charlie Midnight; Thursday, May 7, Needle Dik, Headline, and Sue Greenwood Band; Friday, May 8, Alan Vega and Cooties; Saturday, May 9, Wayne Kramer and Black 'n' Blue; Sunday, May 10, Eddie Dixon; Monday, May 11, Points, Erratic Sensation, and Some Nerve; and Tuesday, May 12, Hot Capers, Teenage Furniture, and the Awfuls. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

MICHAEL PHILLIPS, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—A very pleasant room with a striking deep-blue wall, an indoor waterfall, and pale-pink table linens. Thursdays through Saturdays, the stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** performs here from ten-thirty to two. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**CHRIS CONNOR** is on hand singing her staples—"All About Ronnie" and "Lush Life"—as well as tunes by Kenny Rankin and Paul Williams. Tuesdays through Saturdays; the first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

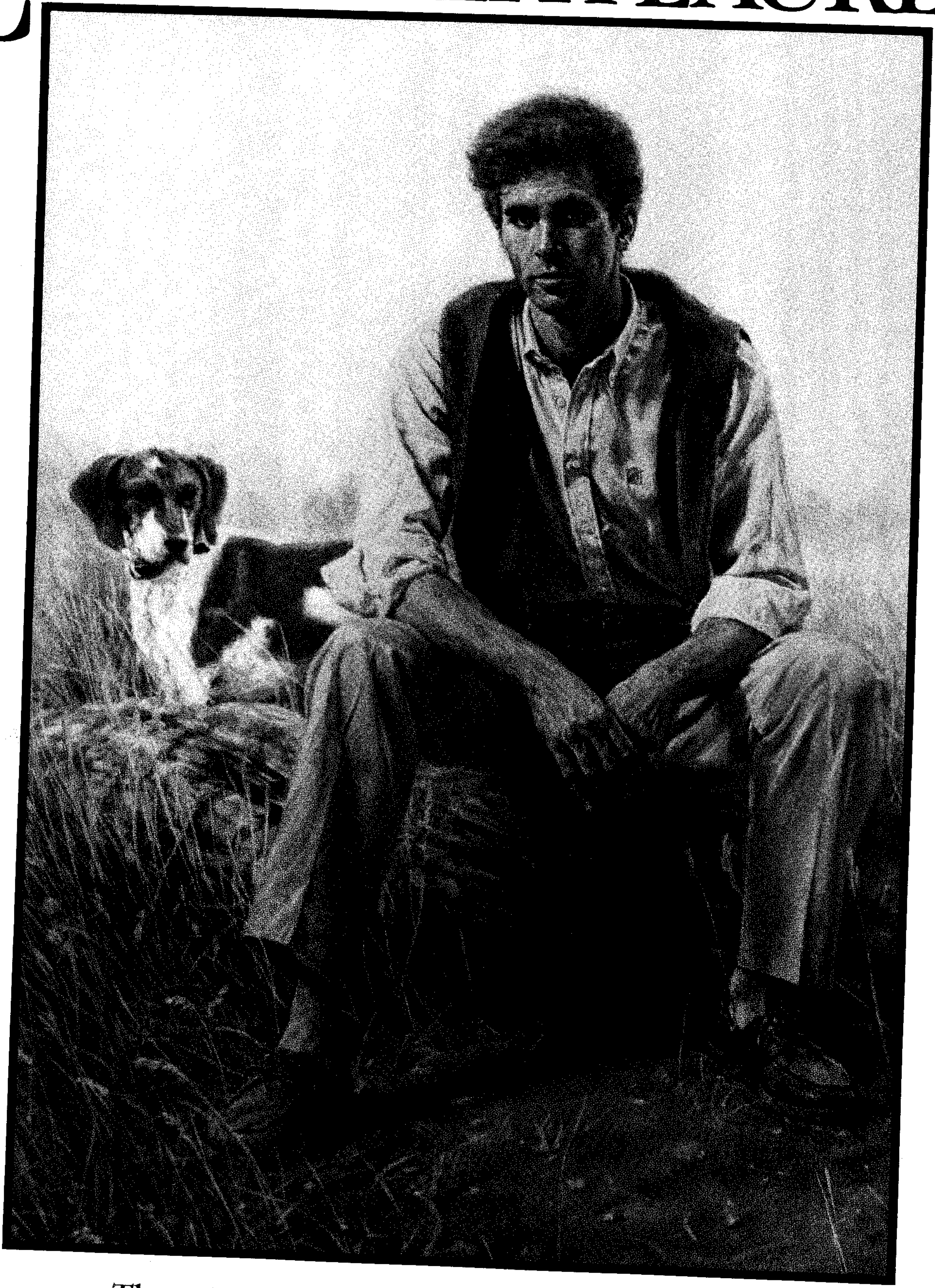
MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Thursday, May 7, Junk Rock and Will Rambeau; Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, Catskill folkie **HAPPY TRAUM;** and Thursday through Saturday, May 14-16, **TOM PAXTON,** who has been responding to the times by writing some new witty protest songs. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty. Starting Tuesday, May 12, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** will be singing in these quarters from ten until two.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-

CHAPS · RALPH LAUREN



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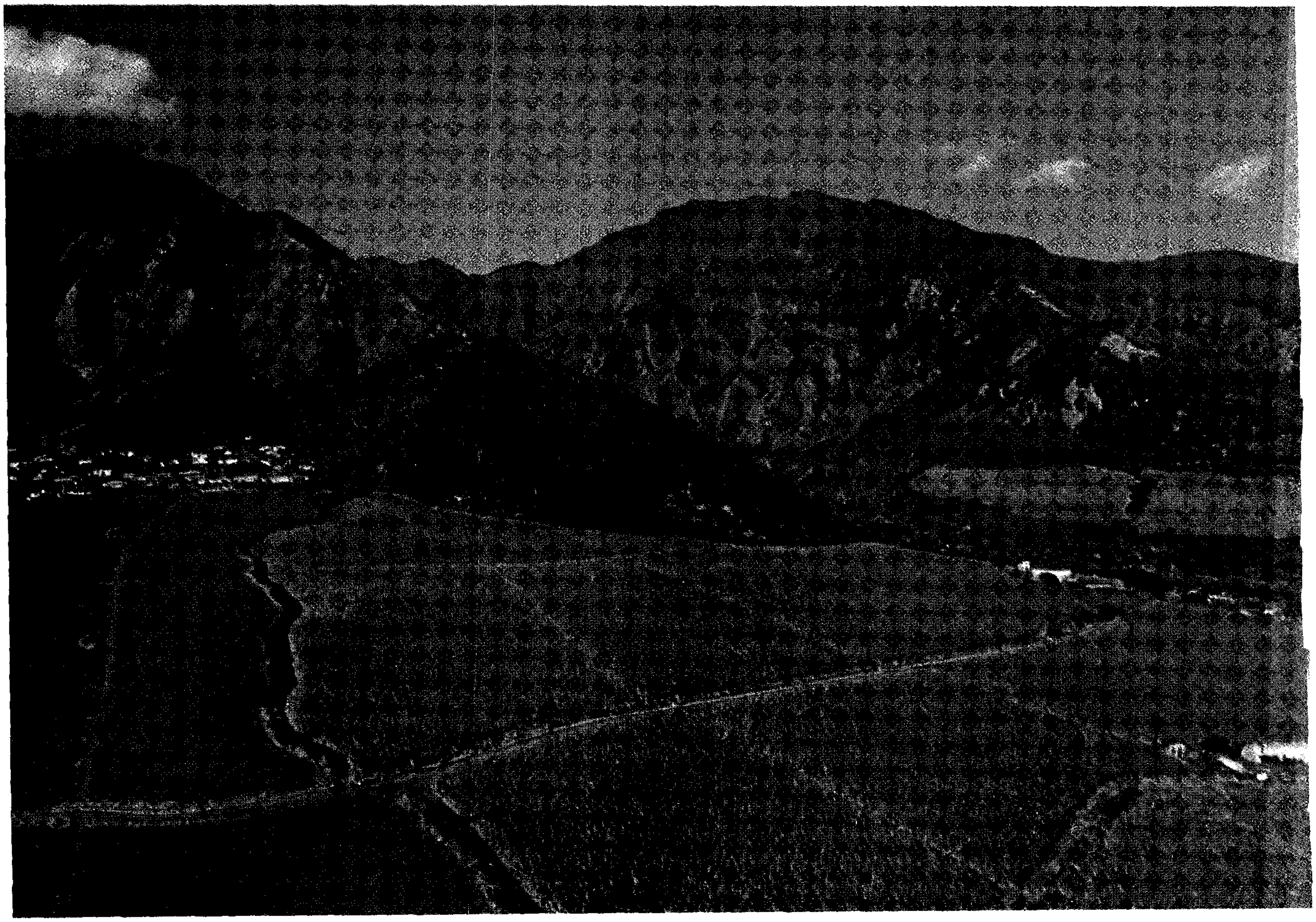

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For more information on Hawaiian agribusiness, write John W. A. Buyers, President, C. Brewer and Company, Fort & Queen Streets, Honolulu, HI 96805. For more about IU, write IU Corporate Affairs, 1500 Walnut Street, Phila., PA 19102.

IU International

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor **SY OLIVER'S** band plays bouncy dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Sort of a big bustling rec room with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The schedule: Wednesday, May 6, Get Wet; Thursday through Saturday, May 7-9, **TINA TURNER;** Monday, May 11, the Touchtones and the Fast, and Tuesday, May 12, **NONA HENDRYX** & Zero Cool. Music begins usually after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, "Thank Heaven for Lerner and Loewe," the latest house tribute, is under way, with Marni Nixon (who gave Natalie Wood a singing voice in "West Side Story"), Steve Elmore, Martin Vidnovic, and Meg Bussert comprising the cast. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** heads up a quintet through Sunday, May 10; on Tuesday, May 12, drummer **BOB MOSES** will bring in a combo that will feature bassist **STEVE SWALLOW;** and on Thursday, May 14, **MONTY ALEXANDER,** a crescendo-laden pianist with Caribbean roots, will move in with his quartet for four nights. Music from ten to two.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An outlet for first-rate pianists, bassists, and drummers. **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesday and Thursday, May 13-14, pianist **DANNY MIXON** will perform with a bassist. The rest of the schedule is filled out by other pianists. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** works through Saturday, May 9; Tuesday through Saturday, May 12-16, have been reserved for flugelhorn expert **ART FARMER.** Sundays are the property of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA;** and Monday's music is provided by the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, Joan Crawford—line the walls. Mondays through Wednesdays drummer-proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** leads a trio. Thursday through Saturday, May 7-9, Ted Ross, who sang in "The Wiz," will sing on this bandstand. The music begins after ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A mostly blues, Chicago-blues, and R. & B. lineup: Wednesday, May 6, Western-rock pianist Floyd Domino's band; Thursday, May 7, Danny Russo Blues Band; Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, Guitar Jr.; Sunday, May 10, the Blue Apple Band; and Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, R. & B. singer **LITTLE MILTON.** On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue local octet, performs moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights around ten.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Wednesday, May 6, the Nails, Dizzy & the Romilars, and Nasty Facts; Thursday, May 7, Arthur Monroe Zone, Public Servants, and Lynne Messenger; Friday, May 8, Nitecaps and Runner; Saturday, May 9, soul singer **MARTHA REEVES** (sans Vandellas) and Catholic Girls; and Tuesday, May 12, Mimi Rousseau Band. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

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VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Drummer **ELVIN JONES** and his quintet are here through Sunday, May 10; on Wednesday, May 6, **TONY BENNETT** will also be on hand, at nine, for a benefit performance; and on Tuesday, May 12, **BENNY BAILEY,** a crackling hard-bop trumpeter, will arrive with his quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Harris Simon Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing and bebop musicians who can still swing. **BENNY WATERS,** who was a member of the reed section in the bands of Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, and Jimmie Lunceford several decades back—he's now in his late seventies—leads a quartet through Tuesday, May 12. Waters' tone sounds full and confident, and sometimes he plays three solos—one on alto sax, one on tenor, and one on clarinet—in the course of a single tune. On Wednesday, May 13, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will show up with pianist **RICHARD WYANDS,** drummer **RONNIE COLE,** and bassist **PECK MORRISON.** Music every night from nine. Steam-table dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

HOLLY NEAR—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday and Friday, May 7-8, at 8.

GALT MACDERMOT—A program of his music, performed by the New Pulse Jazz Band, plus a concert version of the MacDermot-Derek Walcott musical "O, Babylon!" (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, May 8, at 8. For tickets, call 582-3165.)

GRASS, JUG, AND JAZZ—Nevard Jazz and the Jug Band, the Tony Trischka Band, Andy Statman's Jazz Ensemble, and the New York Folk Trio. (Symphony Space. Saturday, May 9, at 8. For tickets, call 929-4638.)

MARTHA SCHLAMME—With Steven Blier. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 11, at 8.)

COUNTRY MUSIC AT CARNEGIE HALL—Roy Acuff, Merle Haggard, Tammy Wynette, the Stoney Mountain Cloggers, and Cabin Fever. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, May 13, at 7:30.)

TONY BENNETT—In a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

DYNAMIC DUOS—Bucky Pizzarelli and Slam Stewart; Doc Cheatham and Dick Wellstood; and Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757 Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

MARILYN CRISPELL TRIO—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium. Friday, May 15, at 8:30.

ROYAL NEW YORK DOO-WOPP SHOW—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 8.

ED BLACKWELL TRIO—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, May 16, at 8.

GREENE SPACE—Saturday, May 9: David Murray. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 16: Michelle Rosewoman & Warren Smith. (Greene Space, 105 Greene St. 925-3775. Shows at 8 and 9:30.)

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, May 8: Bush Tetras. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 9: Plimsouls. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, May 6-7, at 10: Expedition. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, May 8-10, at 10: Bob Berg. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

PUBLIC THEATRE—Friday, May 8, at 9:30: Charles Brackeen quintet and Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 9:30: Ambrose Jackson Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 9 and 11:30: Art Ensemble of Chicago. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

SAVOY—Wednesday through Sunday, May 6-10, at 9: Patti LuPone. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 12, at 9: Muddy Waters. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 13, at 9: Noel Pointer and Martha Reeves. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 14, at 9; and Friday, May 15, at 8:30 and 11:30: Earl Klugh. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 16, at 8:30 and 11:30: The Pointer Sisters and Mark Sadane. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, May 8: Joe Lee Wilson & the Joy of Jazz. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 9: Rachel Faro. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 14: Jorge Dalto quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 16: Sedition Ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows begin at 8:30.)

ART

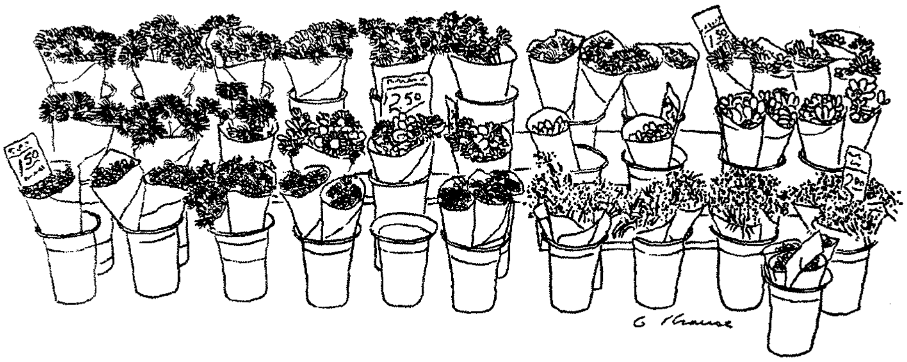
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JANKEL ADLER (1895-1949)—Fifty drawings covering his whole career. Through June 6. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—Two exhibitions mounted by the Ronald Feldman galleries: recent drawings (at 33 E. 74th St.; open Mondays) and paintings from about twenty years ago (at 31-33 Mercer St., between Grand and Canal Sts.). Both through May 23.

ROMARE BEARDEN—*Recent collages of the thir-*



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ties. Through June 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Karl Blechen (1798-1840)—Landscape drawings made on a trip to Amalfi by a German Romanticist. Through Saturday, May 9. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Maurice Brianchon (1899-1978)—Poetic scenes of the French countryside and seashore, plus still-lifes. Through June 3. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Kenneth Campbell / Robert Cronin—Stone sculptures. / Table-size soldered-metal sculptures. Through Wednesday, May 13. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Charles Demuth (1883-1935)—A show of seventy drawings and watercolors. Through May 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Gigino Falconi—Romantic figure studies of women, some nude, some blindfolded, some shown in filmy robes, by an Italian artist who takes his titles (and his inspiration) from García Lorca's poetry. First one-man show in New York. Through May 23. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

Ernest Fiene (1894-1965)—Paintings and works on paper from the years 1925-55 of city scenes (New York, Pittsburgh), viewed through the eyes of a German immigrant. Through May 23. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Henry Glintenkamp (1887-1946)—Paintings and drawings by an artist whose early works were influenced by his teacher, Robert Henri. Through Saturday, May 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Judith Godwin—A retrospective of paintings and drawings done between 1950-79, by this Abstract Expressionist. Through May 20. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Lily Harmon—Paintings and drawings, all of which deal in some way with the flower children of the nineteen-sixties. Through Saturday, May 16. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Howard Hodgkin—Abstract oils on wood. Through Tuesday, May 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.) . . . ¶ Twenty prints. Through May 30. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Gwen John (1876-1939)—Drawings and watercolors of languid young women and Breton peasants. Through Saturday, May 9. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Malcolm Morley—Large Expressionist paintings, including a view of Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat and a stirring depiction of a bayonet charge by the French Foreign Legion. Through Saturday, May 9. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Susan Rothenberg—Five ten-foot-square paintings. Through Saturday, May 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Lucy Sallick—Five watercolors with overlapping images of the Maine coast, and acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, May 9. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Honoré Sharrer—A selection of paintings done over the past four decades, ranging from social themes of the fifties to recent works imbued with a droll sort of surrealism—a blasé Europa poised on the back of a sleepy white bull, for instance. Through May 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Yvonne Thomas—Abstract Expressionist paintings from 1955 to 1962. Through June 6. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Paul Wiesenfeld—Recent paintings and drawings by an American realist who now makes his home in Germany. Through May 20. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **davidson,** 43 E. 78th St.: Watercolors and drawings, some never seen in this country before, by an impressive crew (Cassatt, Daumier, Matisse, Morisot, Renoir, van Gogh). Thirty works in all. Through June 6. . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Graphic Americana: original paintings done by the better-known (and some lesser-known) magazine and commercial artists of the past hundred years—i.e., N. C. Wyeth, Maxfield Parrish, Norman Rockwell, and some thirty-five other illustrators. Through May 22. . . . **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: Landscapes by thirteen contemporary American representational painters. Included are Fairfield Porter, Jane Freilicher, Alex Katz, William Beckman, and Rackstraw Downes. Through May 29. . . . **lefebre,** 47 E. 77th St.: New paintings and sculptures by artists regularly associated with the gallery (Alechinsky, Antes, and Corneille, among them). Through June 12. . . . **mc kee,** 140 E. 63rd St.: Drawings by Stuart Diamond, Jake Berthot, Philip Guston, Katherine Porter, and others. Through May 20. . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A new selection from the storerooms of this gallery includes a Modigliani portrait of a woman, a Picasso still-life (with a fallen dove), and a Dufy painting, entitled "La Débarcadère," depicting figures on a pier. Through May 30. . . . **paul rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: Sixteen Old Master drawings. Through May 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit showing of fifty Old Master paintings (about half of them Italian baroque works; three of them by Peter Paul Rubens) from the John and Mable Ringling Museum in Sarasota. Through Friday, May 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

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Sculpture—Works by Charles Arnoldi, Tony DeLap, Nigel Hall, and William Tucker. Through May 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

William Allan—Large abstract acrylics and studies of the iris plant in watercolor. Through Saturday, May 16. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Neil Anderson / Joe Fiore—New watercolors entitled "Ground Paintings." / Recent seascapes and landscapes. Through May 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Arneson—New ceramic sculptures, including numerous self-portraits (one of which is his largest to date) and busts of Philip Guston and Francis Bacon. The larger works have been mounted on ceramic columns created with each subject in mind. Through May 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—This group of paintings, many on loan from museums, serves as the Grace Borgenicht Gallery's annual exhibit of Avery's work as well as the first show in the gallery's new home. Through Saturday, May 9. (724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Elena Borstein—Recent paintings and pastels. Through June 6. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Daniel Brustlein—New paintings: an orchestra's music stands, a café terrace, a couple of figure studies, and a whole series depicting four-horse chariot teams called quadrigae. The artist, now resident in Paris, was a frequent contributor to *The New Yorker*, some years ago, under the name Alain. Through May 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Buckley—High-spirited abstract paintings, several of which simulate city walls. Through May 23. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Graphics (about thirty) and some gouaches. Through May 29. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Jill Cannady—Expertly rendered pastels: a battered doll, fifteen hats stacked on a girl's head, portrait studies, curios in a basket. First solo show in New York. Through May 23. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sarah Canright—Tall, angular shaped canvases painted over with sparse abstract designs on a dark field. Through May 30. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

James Ensor (1860-1949)—Sixty-one etchings from the years 1886 to 1904 of people seen from his characteristically satirical viewpoint; eighteen of them were hand-colored by the artist. There are also some landscapes among the demons and skeletons. Through June 13. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jean Feinberg—New abstract oils, larger in scale than her earlier works, and several of them framed in wreaths of twigs. Through May 23. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—A new series of sculptures made up of separate sheets of ceramic on which faces, arms, torsos and so on have been molded. There are also works on paper, some in color. Through June 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler / Sam Francis—Monotypes and drawings on woodblock proofs. Through May 30. / Large white canvases dotted with bright primary colors. Through May 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Carol Haerer / Ross Neher—Turbulent abstract paintings. / Abstract works on paper—wavering vertical columns, for the most part—derived from episodes in the New Testament. Through May 23. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St. Open Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)

Juan Hamilton—Ceramic and bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, May 9. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Grace Hartigan—New works by this Abstract Expressionist conveying impressions of marketplaces and store windows. Through May 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bryan Hunt—Recent sculptures and drawings. Through June 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

William King—More than thirty new figure sculptures in painted wood and bronze. Through May 22. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Winifred Lutz—Wall pieces made of handmade paper, wood, and natural fibres. Through May 30. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Magistro—Doorways and shuttered windows in Italy and in the Caribbean were the inspiration for these paintings, which incorporate canvas, wooden panels, wire mesh, and acrylics. Through May 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Matta—A series of paintings entitled "The Magic Flute." Through Saturday, May 9. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Sculptures (five large working models, seventeen maquettes, three wall plaques), drawings, and prints. Through Saturday, May 16. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—About thirty drawings of peasants in the fields, women sewing, and so on. Through June 13. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—Surrealist paintings from the years 1930-46, about thirty-five in all. Through May 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Hand-colored prints. Through May 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Bill Sullivan / Jean Promutico—Pastel studies of dogs, among them an akita, a corgi, a basenji, an English bulldog, and a Jack Russell terrier. / Abstract wall hangings done on linen canvas with paint, metallic powders, and pencil. Through Saturday, May 9. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bill Taggart—Shaped canvases with abstract designs in bright acrylics. Through Saturday, May 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Nina Yankowitz—Abstract works on shaped panels. Through Saturday, May 9. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, most of them on loan, by Austrian Expressionists, including Gustav Klimt, Alfred Kubin, Oskar Kokoschka, and Egon Schiele. Through May 30. . . . **GLADSTONE,** 41 W. 57th St.: Summertime is the theme. Eric Fischl, Charles Traub, and Judith Shea are among the more than twenty painters, photographers, and sculptors. Through May 30. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: A show of drawings by eight painters (Bishop, Cadmus, Etting, Mayhew, Palmer, Prestopino, Thon, Vickrey). Through May 30. . . . **TOUCHSTONE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, photographs, and sculptures by sixteen Conceptualists (Alice Aycock, Joseph Beuys, Jody Pinto) demonstrating an assumed connection between ritual and landscape. Through May 30. . . . **URDANG,** 29 W. 57th St.: One new work apiece (painting, sculpture) by five artists—Heidi Glück, Joshua Neustein, David Reed, Joel Shapiro, and Richard Tuttle. Through May 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alice Aycock—An installation entitled "The Savage Sparkler." Also, recent drawings. Through May 26. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Roger Brown—Stylized oil paintings: birds, flowers, and landscapes transformed into patterns. Through Saturday, May 9. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Francesco Clemente—Recent frescoes, paintings, and drawings by an Italian artist. Through May 30. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

David Deutsch—Outsize drawings in ink and pencil (the largest is about six feet by sixteen), in which figures and landscapes are combined with what seem to be architectural abstractions. Through Friday, May 15. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Loretta Dunkelman—Pillar-shaped canvases in painted relief. Through Saturday, May 9. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Michael Goldberg / David Haxton—New paintings. / Photographic works. Through May 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

James Havard / Frank Roth—Ten large new paintings. / New oils by an Abstract Expressionist. Through May 23. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Harry Kramer / Beth Rover—Abstract paintings and drawings in colors, thickly applied—a recent departure from his predominantly black-and-white palette. Also, drawings. / Wall works (painted muslin stretched over ribbed frames) suggestive of wings or of sails. Through Saturday, May 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Elizabeth Murray—Paintings. Through May 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Avital Oz / Marilyn Levine—Large mosaics made up of handsomely grained four-by-four pine blocks, in each of which a sort of sawtooth pattern has been cut. / Ceramic sculptures of everyday objects (a golf bag, a book bag, a handbag), made to look as though produced from leather. Through Saturday, May 16. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Milo Reice—Large, startling paintings of Biblical and mythological subjects—a crucifixion in which the Christ figure is a female, for instance. Through May 30. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Rachel Rolon de Clet—Works on paper. Through Wednesday, May 13. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

David True—New paintings and drawings, dealing with the relationships between man and animal. A deer appears in each of the paintings; satyrs in the drawings. Through May 30. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Carol Unger—Photo-Realist oils and pencil drawings of commonplace objects and accessories (shirts on hangers, shoes on closet shelves). Through May 17. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Brian Wall—Abstract steel sculptures going back to 1954 and as recent as 1980. Through Saturday, May 9. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Sculptors' Drawings Over Six Centuries (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **EMPIRE SAFE COMPANY SHOWROOM,** 103 Grand St., at Mercer St.: Twelve artists were asked to choose from a selection of both old and new safes and transform them into works of art. What resulted were paintings and sculptures by such notables as Richard Haas, Bill Barrell, Mimi Gross, and Lance Richbourg. Through June 20. (Open Mondays; closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: The flower, as seen by seven painters and one sculptor (Michael Isen). Included are two new oils by Elaine de Kooning, some small temperas by Morris Graves, and a large oil by Harriet Shorr. Through Thursday, May 14. (Opens at 11:30.)

OTHER GALLERIES

R. O. **Blechman**—Original drawings for *New Yorker* covers and other works. Through May 22. (International Typeface Corporation, third floor, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—A joint exhibition of preparatory works for the construction of the Church of Saint-Pierre, at Firminy. The Institute of Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St., is showing (through June 12; open Mondays through Fridays) drawings and models from the first two stages of the church's development (1961-62); and Cooper Union's Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Building, Third Ave. at 7th St., is displaying (through May 20; open daily except Sundays) later drawings (1962-64) for the church by Le Corbusier, along with plans, drawings, and models (1970-79) by the Atelier Oubrerie, which continued the project after the architect's death.

Jody Pinto—One of the artist's childhood heroes (and next-door neighbors on Fifty-seventh Street) was a stunt man named Henri La Mothe, who dived from considerable heights into a shallow play pool of water. The installation honoring him consists of a pink diving stand thirteen feet high, the legs of a pink diver seen in midair, and a ramshackle structure resembling a pier and thus suggesting water. There are also related drawings. Through May 19. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Jane Sargeant—A Casablanca rug market, a house in Japan, and a view of Ponte Delgado are among the varied subjects of these oil paintings, and there are two freehand drawings in ink of an Italian interior. Through Saturday, May 16. (Ashby, 18 Cornelia St., near Sixth Ave. and West Fourth St.)

William Schwedler—Paintings on plywood and paper. Through Saturday, May 16. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Images of Labor—Thirty-two original works (by Mimi Gross, William King, Seymour Chwast, and others) commissioned by District 1199, National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees. Through June 4. (Gallery 1199, at 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8.)

Group Shows—At the **GODDARD-RIVERSIDE COMMUNITY CENTER,** 647 Columbus Ave., at 91st St.: The theme of the seventeenth annual art show, "Menagerie," is animal imagery in contemporary art. Among the forty-seven artists showing works on paper (mostly) are Benny Andrews, Rackstraw Downes, and Sandy Skoglund. Through May 17. (Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 5:15 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **GREY ART GALLERY,** New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: A survey of art in New York from the forties through the seventies, selected by John Bernard Myers. Included in the sweep of forty-five artists and their styles are Rothko, Pollock, Hofmann (paintings), Hare, and Frank (sculptures). Through May 30. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

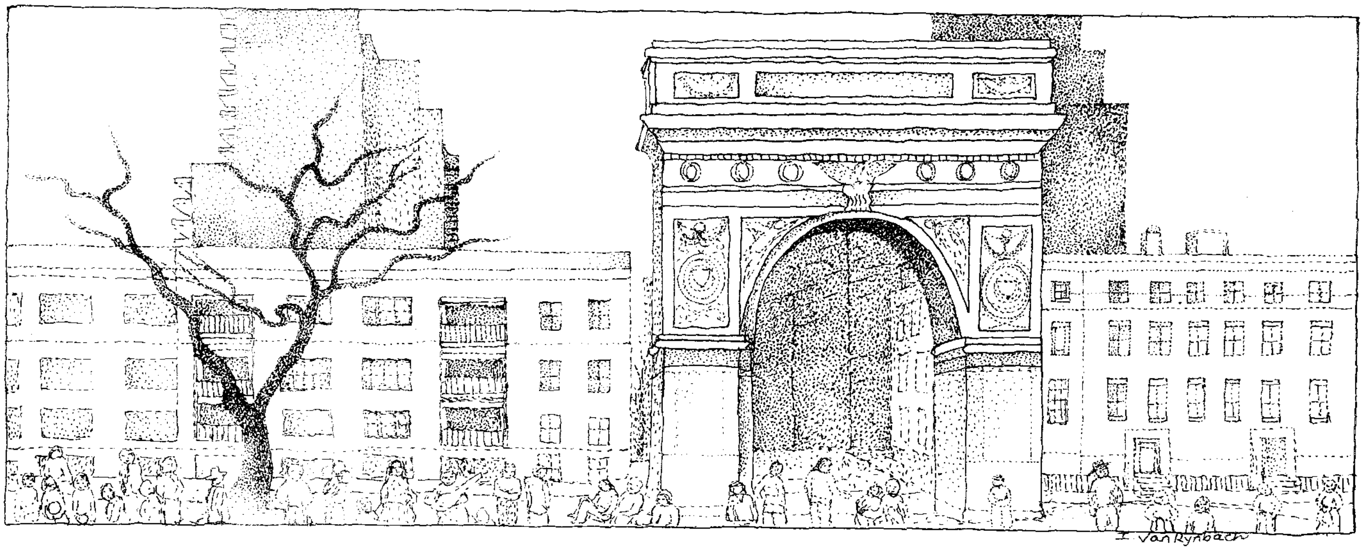
PHOTOGRAPHY

Fredrich Cantor—Current photographs of Paris and paintings on paper. Through May 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alfred Capel-Cure (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Robert Doisneau—About a hundred photographs, including some of his better-known works from the past ("Les Pains de Picasso," "Les Animaux Supérieurs"). Through May 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Roland L. Freeman / Bill Beckley—Photographs of



black Americans at home and at work in rural communities and in large cities. / Twelve works combining photographs, drawing, and text. Through May 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Grace Knowlton—A series of black-and-white photographs entitled "White Corners," all shot within the confines of an interior hallway. A first for this artist, known previously as a sculptor. Through June 13. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ray K. Metzker—Twenty-four black-and-white abstractions. Also, a number of large photomontages. Through May 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tod Papageorge—Recent photographs by the chairman of the Photography Department at Yale. Through May 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Humphrey Spender—Photographs of (unaware) people taken in the thirties for the British anthropological project called Mass-Observation. Also a portrait of the artist's brother, Stephen Spender. Through May 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Surrealist Portraits—Fifty-five photographs by Man Ray, Berenice Abbott, Brassaï, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through Saturday, May 9. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "German Masters of the Nineteenth Century" (Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp Otto Runge, and Adolf von Menzel, among about thirty) contains some hundred and fifty paintings and drawings on loan. Through July 5. . . . ¶ A permanent installation of American glass, ceramics, silver, and pewter has opened on the balcony of the Charles Engelhard Court in the new American Wing. . . . ¶ A full display of the Lehman Collection's nearly two hundred eighteenth-century Italian drawings, with its indispensable Canalettos, Guardis, and Tiepolos (father and son). Through May 31. . . . ¶ A loan show of seventy-three European terra-cotta sculptures which chronicles the practice of clay modelling from the Renaissance to modern times. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Before Photography," a show whose point is the correlation between painting and photography. It consists of forty paintings and drawings (by Constable, Corot, and their early-nineteenth-century contemporaries) and an equal number of early photographs (by William Henry Fox Talbot, Gustave Le Gray, and others). Starts Saturday, May 9. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by Cézanne, Matisse, Léger, Lois Lane, James Biederman, and numerous others. Through June 2. . . . **photography:** Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Both shows through July 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Eighteen surrealist paintings by the artist O. Louis Guglielmi (1906-56) from the years 1934 to 1942, depicting the poverty he witnessed in New York during the twenties and the Depression as the son of Italian immigrants. Included in the exhibit are "South Street Stoop," "Memory of the Charles River," which contains memorial portraits of Sacco and Vanzetti, and "The Tenements." Through July 5. . . . ¶ "Decade of Transition": nearly a hundred and fifty works (painted, drawn, or sculpted during the nineteen-forties) from the museum's permanent collection. The cast and styles are diverse: Wyeth, Marsh, Shahn, Rothko, Pousette-Dart, Pollock, and others. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of works by the portrait artist Chuck Close, some of them gigantic. Through June 21. . . . ¶ A show of American paintings (1700-1900) on loan from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The artists—who, if they did not actually settle in Boston, had some ties to that city—include Gilbert Stuart, Washington Allston, Fitz Hugh Lane, and Winslow Homer. Through June 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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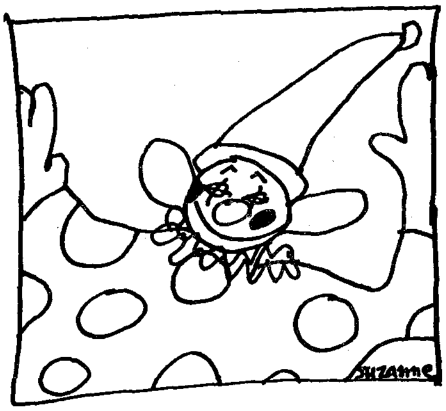
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nearly seventy paintings and sculptures by American artists (Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, John B. Flannagan, and others), collected by Edith and Milton Lowenthal over a twenty-year period beginning in 1930. Through Sunday, May 10. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Through June 7. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Arthur Ross Hall of Meteorites is a permanent exhibit of photographs, lunar-rock samples, and the thirty-one-ton Ahnighito meteorite—the largest ever to land on the earth. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure:" Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Arneson, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of almost sixty Northern Chinese Tz'u-chou vessels, a pottery whose white slip is customarily decorated with animals, birds, and flowers. The pieces date from the tenth century to the sixteenth. Through May 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Royal Abbey of Saint-Denis in the Time of Abbot Suger," a show of forty pieces (monumental sculptures, stained glass, and liturgical vessels) once part of the abbey, which under the direction of the abbot was one of the high points of twelfth-century ecclesiastical architecture and ornamentation. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)



Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Eighty scene and costume designs for theatre and opera productions in nineteenth-century Germany. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "Innovative Furniture in America," forty-seven pieces that are examples of technique (bentwood), comfort (a Morris chair), material (Saarinen's plastic "Womb" chair), portability (a Bonner chair), and dual function (a sofa bed). Through Sunday, May 10. . . . ¶ Laminated carved furniture made in the shop of the New York cabinetmaker John Henry Belter between 1844-63. Through May 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"One Thousand Years of Japanese Art (650-1650)," a loan show from the Cleveland Museum, which has in its holdings objects of both religious significance (a seventh-century Buddhist sculpture, "Miroku in Meditation") and secular decoration (tea-ceremony utensils, Nō masks, paintings, scrolls, and screens). Through May 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A survey of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing more than a hundred works by thirty-six major artists. Through May 27. . . . ¶ A loan show of prints derived from stories in the Hebrew Scriptures; the artists include Dürer, Rembrandt, Blake, Pascin, and Chagall. Through June 21. (Open daily, except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of gifts received in the past two years from new members on the occasion of their acceptance into the Academy. There are a number of self-portraits (James Wyeth, Chaim Gross, Will Barnet) included in the paintings, prints, and sculptures. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "French Drawings from a Private Collection—Louis XIII to Louis XVI," more than sixty works (none of which have been seen publicly in New York before) from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Included in the show is the only Chardin drawing in America, plus works by Lebrun, Corneille, Greuze, and others. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of drawings, renderings, and scale models for eleven visionary projects commissioned by the Architectural League of New York in recognition of its centenary. Each project is the work of an architect-artist team; some of the pairings are Richard Meier and Frank Stella; Emilio Ambasz and Michael Meritet; and Susana Torre and Charles Simonds. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings, some on the wall, by contemporary artists from all over the country. Four of the artists are Dotty Attie, Charles Gaines, Liliana Porter, and Richard Yarde. Through May 23.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615.—Arnie Zane with Ross Levinson and ensemble (dance), Thursday through Sunday, May 7-10, at 8:30; Douglas Ewart (music), Thursday and Friday, May 14-15, at 8:30.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Two group shows are among the many current exhibitions: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eight artists (Red Grooms, Ed Ruscha, William Wiley) whose works are intentionally humorous; and photographs by twenty-four artists (Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, William Wegman) commissioned to do portraits contain-ing "a woman and a consumer item." Through June 14. . . . ¶ On Saturday and Sunday, May 9-10, dance performances at 1, 3, and 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the final performances of the regular season—Thursday, May 7, at 8; Friday, May 8, at 2; and Saturday, May 9, at 8: A Bach-Penderecki-Berlioz program, with Mary Lindsay, soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; Boris Carmeli, bass; and the Westminster Choir.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel directing. **CARNEGIE HALL:** Friday, May 8, at 8, a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Annabelle Bernard, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Marius Rintzler, bass; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 8, a performance of Mahler's Third Symphony, with Maureen Forrester, contralto; the Cleveland Orchestra Women's Chorus; and the Boy Choir of St. Thomas Church. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sunday, May 10, at 3, a William Schuman-Tchaikovsky program, with Horacio Gutierrez, piano; the Cleveland Orchestra Women's Chorus; and Robert Vernon, viola.

Toronto Symphony Orchestra—Andrew Davis conducting a program that includes the New York première of Canadian composer Harry Somers' "Picasso Suite," with Delia Wallis, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 16, at 8.)

Melos Sinfonia of New York—Gervase De Peyer and Jean Françaix conducting the first concert by this new orchestra. With Maurice Bourgue, oboe; Jean-Jacques Kantorow, violin; Philippe Müller, cello; and Mr. De Peyer, clarinet. Aaron Copland and Mr. Françaix (whose Clarinet Concerto the orchestra will première) will offer commentary. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Orquesta Filarmónica de la Ciudad de México—At Carnegie Hall, Fernando Lozano conducting—Sunday, May 10, at 8: A program of music by Revueltas, Saint-Saëns, and Jiménez. . . . ¶ Monday, May 11, at 8: A program of music by Buxtehude-Chávez, Mendelssohn, Sibelius, and Respighi.

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 9, at 8, and Sunday, May 10, at 3.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting and acting as piano soloist in a program of music by Kreisler, Paderewski, and Herbert L. Clarke. With Arturo Delmoni, violin; Lee Schwartz, baritone; and Philip Smith, cornet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 10, at 8.)

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 12, at 2:30. A limited number of free tickets are available; for information, call 757-7722, Ext. 29.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Richard Bock, cello. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing performances of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Susan Belling, soprano; Catherine Robbin, mezzo-soprano; Constantine Cassolas, tenor; and Arthur Burrows, baritone. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx, 960-8833. Wednesday, May 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 8, at 8.)

Musica Reservata—Margherita Hastings directing an a-cappella group. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Sunday, May 10, at 3.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a Bach-Rossini program, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; Benjamin

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Matthews, bass; and Margarita Castro-Alberty, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 15, at 8.)

Occasional Singers—Gil Robbins directing a program of twentieth-century music, with a chamber orchestra. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, May 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 243-8665.)

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The fourth in a series of five one-hour concerts, this one played by James Kibbie. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 5:30.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet. The last two in a series of four concerts played with a quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 6, at 8, with Tashi, and Wednesday, May 13, at 8, with the Cleveland Quartet.)

Richard Shirk—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program of music by Josquin Des Prés, performed by the Symphonia Antiqua. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, May 6, at 8. For tickets, call 582-6464.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—The last in a series of programs featuring a Brahms piano quartet and other works. With Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Elizabeth Rich and David Glazer—Piano and clarinet, in an all-Brahms program. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, May 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 11, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Elliott Carter, George Crumb, Jeffrey Kresky, and Erik Lundborg, performed by Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Paul, bass; John Graham, viola; David Starobin, guitar; Stephen Taylor, oboe; and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, May 8, at 8.) . . . ¶ The first two in a series of six concerts, each devoted to music by composers of the same nationality. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 12, at 8, a program of Viennese music, and Thursday, May 14, at 8, a program of Czech music.)

Concord String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 2.)

New York Consort of Viols—A program entitled "The Sweet Power of Musicke," with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; John Genke, actor; Jerry Willard, lutenist; and the Court Dance Company of New York. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 9, at 9.)

Borodin Trio—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 10, at 3.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 10, at 3.)

James Jeter—Bassoon, with assisting artists. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, 552 West End Ave., at 87th St. Sunday, May 10, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

For the Love of Music—The last in a series of programs of chamber music, this one devoted to works by Rossini, Reinecke, Mozart, and Brahms, performed by Carol Webb and Richard Sortomme, violin/viola; Frederick Zlotkin, cello; Renée Siebert, flute; Daniel Phillips, violin; and others. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 10, at 8.)

Daniel Graham—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, May 10, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 11, at 8.)

Harmonie Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 11, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—With John Cobb, piano; Anand Devendra, clarinet; Diane Bruce, violin; and Laurie Goldstein, bassoon. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Monday, May 11, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Haskell Small—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 12, at 8.)

Music by Latin American Composers—A program performed by Andrew Bolotowsky, flute; Tiberio Nascimento, classical guitarist; and Vivian Poole, soprano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Wednesday, May 13, at 7. For information about free tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.)

Morton Estrin—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 13, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—An all-Schumann program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 13, at 8.)

New Music for Young Ensembles—Ainslee Cox conducting a program of contemporary music. With Bert Lucarelli, oboe, and Janet Bookspan, narrator. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Peter Serkin and David Soyer—In a program of Beethoven sonatas for piano and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, May 15, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—A program of works by Wuorinen, Busby, Koblitz, and Britten. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, May 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program performed by the Cleveland Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 16, at 3.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 16, at 8.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Johannes Somary conducting. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 16, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Brooklyn College 50th Anniversary Concert—Dorothy Klotzman directing the Brooklyn College Symphonic Band and Chorus in a program that includes the première of Robert Starer's "Voices of Brooklyn." With Agustin Anievas, piano; Bernard Barrow, narrator; and others. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-2222. Saturday, May 16, at 8.)

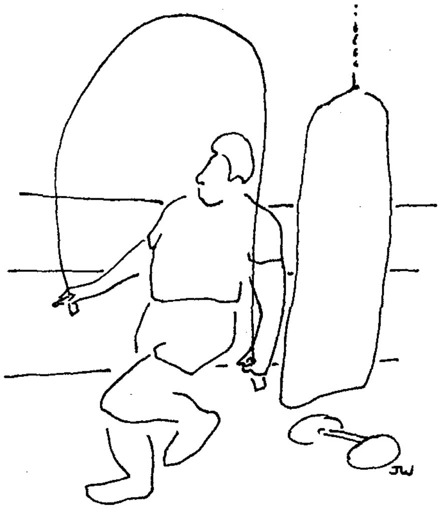
SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday and Thursday, May 6-7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, May 8, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, May 9-10, at 2:05. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Tuesday through Thursday, May 12-14, at 8. . . . ¶ Seattle, Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 8.

Boxing—Gerry Cooney vs. Ken Norton, heavyweights, 10 rounds, and other bouts. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, May 11, at 7:30.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Rangers. The final three games, if required, will be played at Nassau Coliseum (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100) Thursday, May 7, at 8:05, and Tuesday, May 12, at 8:05, and at Madison Square Garden Saturday, May 9, at 9.



Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The Withers, Saturday, May 9, and the Comely, Sunday, May 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 16.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Toronto. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 10, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday through Friday, May 6-8, at 1:30; semifinals Saturday, May 9, at 12:30; and finals Sunday, May 10, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 268-6777.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 17. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

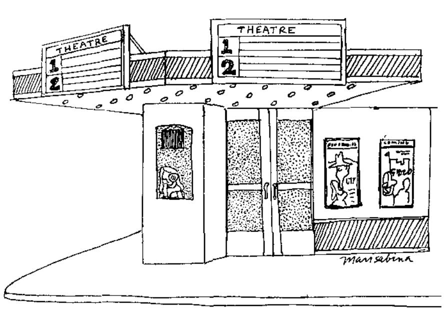
Poetry and Prose Readings—Linda Pastan and Dave Smith reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, May 7, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Carlos Fuentes reading from his own short stories and his novel "Distant Relations." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Thursday, May 7, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Alfred Corn and Mona Van Duyn reading from their own poetry and prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ David Wagoner reading from his own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, May 12, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Walking Tour—"Clerics and Scholars: An Architectural Tour of Wonderment," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, Sunday, May 10, starting at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, May 7, at 2: Colonial paintings and sculptures of Latin America. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 7, at 8; Friday, May 8, at 2; and Saturday, May 9, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Latin-American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Admission to the Thursday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-4705. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 12, at 8, and Wednesday, May 13, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings and sculptures, including works by Pollock, de Kooning, and Motherwell. Admission to the Tuesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-4705. Exhibition starts Friday, May 8. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 6, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 7, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Friday, May 8, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics, paintings, and other works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 2: Pre-Columbian art. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 14, at 2: African and Oceanic art. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 9. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, May 7, at 10 and 2: Old Master, modern, and contemporary prints. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 13, at 2 and 8: Contemporary art. Admission to the evening sale by ticket only; for information, call 546-1131. Exhibition starts Friday, May 8. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, May 9, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century European and American photographs, among them works by Josef Koudelka, Alfred Stieglitz, Julia Margaret Cameron, and Paul Outerbridge, Jr.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 10: "Joana Francesa" (1973; directed by Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jeanne Moreau and Carlos Kroeber.
May 11: Theatre closed.
From May 12: Three films by Emile de Antonio—at 6, "Point of Order!" (†), at 8, "In the Year of the Pig" (†), and at 10, "Millhouse: A White Comedy." (†) Mr. de Antonio will be present on Thursday, May 14 at 8.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through May 12: "Impostors" (Mark Rappaport), with Peter Evans and Charles Ludlam.
From May 13: "Heartworn Highways" (James Szalapski), a documentary of country music, with Guy Clark, Charlie Daniels, David Allen Coe, and others.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 7: "The Elephant Man" (†); and "Middle Age Crazy" (John Trent), with Bruce Dern and Ann-Margret.
May 8-14: "Raging Bull" (†) and "Interiors." (†)
From May 15: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 7: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.
From May 8: "Blazing Saddles." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 14: "Excalibur." (†)
From May 15: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 7: "Heaven's Gate" (Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken.
From May 8: "Fame." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Thief." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 7. "Ordinary People." (†)
From May 8: "This Is Elvis" (Andrew Solt and Malcolm Leo).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Eyewitness." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro' (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach. From May 8: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci. From May 8: "Blazing Saddles." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Cocktail Molotov" (Diane Kurys; in French), with Elise Caron.
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†) From May 8: "Second Hand Hearts" (Hal Ashby), with Robert Blake and Barbara Harris.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through May 14: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From May 15: "A Second Chance" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Anouk Aimée.
Theatre 2: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "King of the Mountain" (Noel Nosseck), with Harry Hamlin and Joseph Bottoms. From May 8: "Cheaper to Keep Her" (Ken Annakin), with Mac Davis.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 14: "Excalibur." (†)
From May 15: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Going Ape!" (Jeremy Joe Kronsberg), with Tony Danza and Jessica Walter. From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "Heaven's Gate" (Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken. From May 8: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†) (Closed for a benefit on Monday evening, May 11.)

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 7: "Atlantic City." (†)
From May 8: To be announced.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 7: "Thief." (†)
May 8-14: "Ordinary People." (†)
From May 15: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through May 7: "Ordinary People." (†)
From May 8: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 7: "Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris; and "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree.
From May 8: "Squeeze Play" (Samuel Weil), with James Harris.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner). From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "King of the Mountain" (Noel Nosseck), with Harry Hamlin and Joseph Bottoms. From May 8: "Last House on the Left" (1972; Wes Craven), with David Hess.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Nighthawks" (directed by Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.
Theatre 2: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Melvin and Howard." (†) From May 8: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "Portrait of Teresa" (Pastor Vega; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Daisy Granados. From May 8: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.
Theatre 3: Through May 7: "Eyewitness." (†) From May 8 (tentative): "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
May 6: "Murder, My Sweet" (†) and "Marlowe." (†)
May 7: "Marlowe" (†) and "The Long Goodbye." (†)
May 8: "The Long Goodbye" (†) and "The Thin Man." (†)
May 9: "The Maltese Falcon" (†; 1941) and "Lady in the Lake." (†)
May 10: "The Maltese Falcon" (†; 1941); and "The Maltese Falcon" (1931; Roy Del Ruth), with Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez.
May 11: "The Maltese Falcon" (1931); and "The Glass Key." (†)
May 12: "The Glass Key" (†) and "The Blue Dahlia." (†)
May 13: "The Blue Dahlia" (†) and "Mildred Pierce." (†)
May 14: "Mildred Pierce" (†); and "The Brasher Doubloon" (1947; John Brahm), with George Montgomery.
May 15-16: "New York, New York" (†) and "The Last Tycoon." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Alice in Wonderland" (†); and "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed. (Closed for a benefit on Monday evening, May 11.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through May 7: "Where's Poppa?" (†) and "King of Hearts." (†)
From May 8: Three films directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, all X-rated and all in Italian: "The Decameron" (1971), "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), and "The Arabian Nights" (1973). (Closed for a benefit on Monday evening, May 11.)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†) (Closed for a benefit on Monday evening, May 11.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†) (Closed for a benefit on Monday evening, May 11.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Atlantic City." (†)

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.
Theatre 3: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Black and White Like Day and

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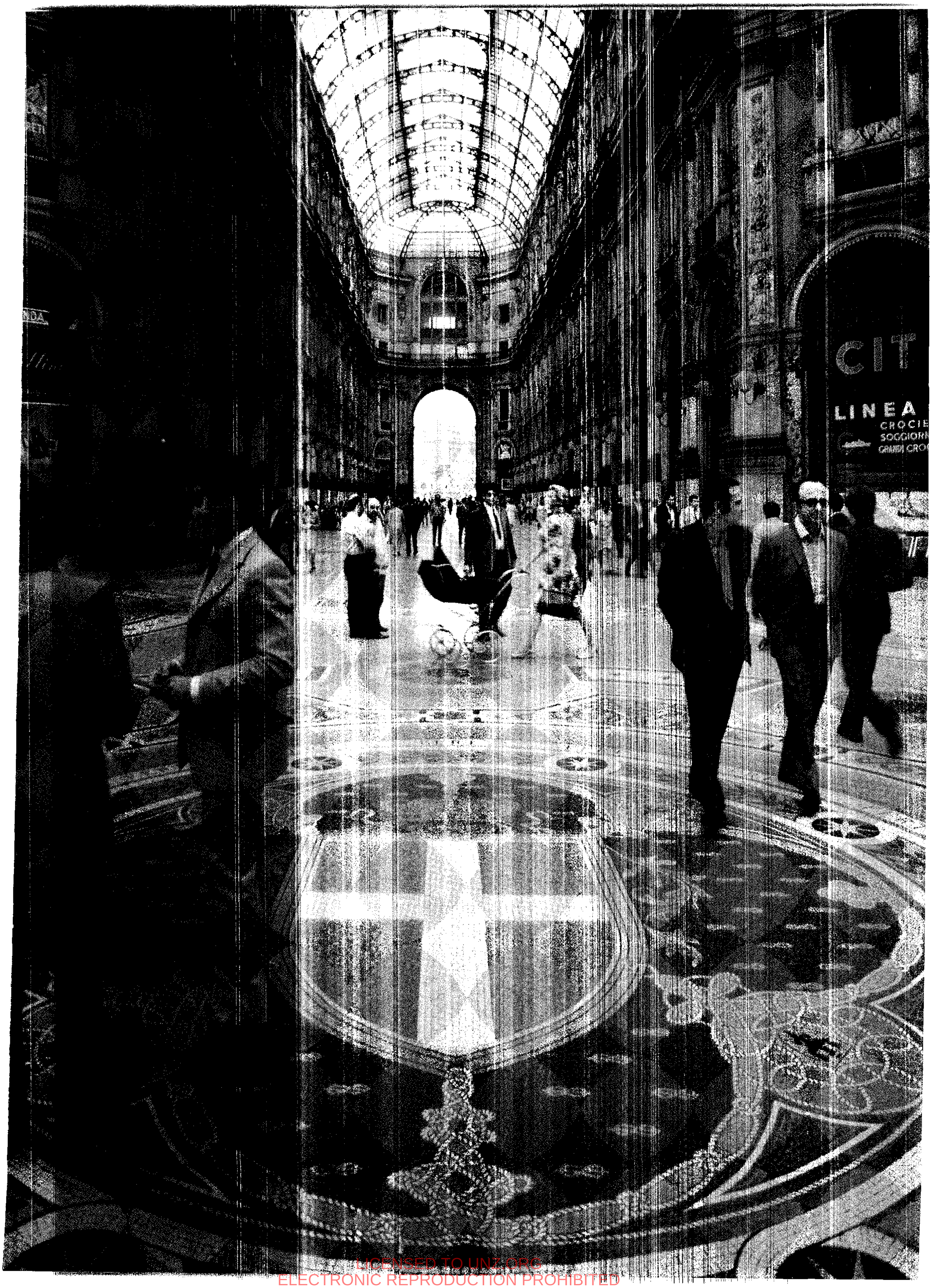
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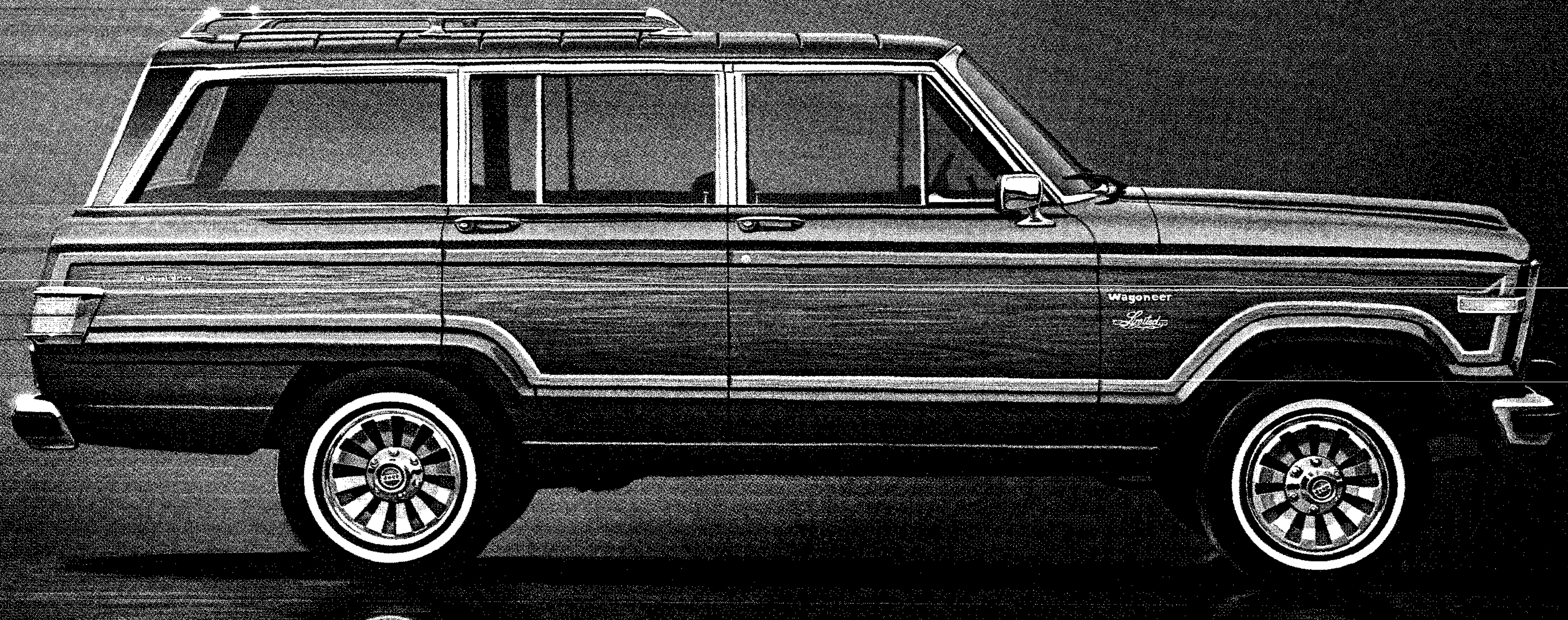

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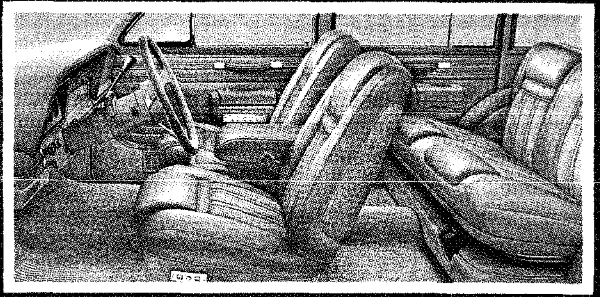


Night" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Bruno Ganz.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Ordinary People." (†) From May 8: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei. From May 8: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Excalibur." (†) From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci. From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through May 7: "Alice in Wonderland" (†); and "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby. From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through May 7: "Eyewitness." (†) From May 8: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Melvin and Howard." (†) From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Olympia Triplex, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "Eyewitness." (†) From May 8: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.
Theatre 3: Through May 7: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill. May 8-14: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach. From May 15: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Tanya's Island." From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "The Final Conflict" (directed by Graham Baker), with Sam Neill. From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through May 7: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†) From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through May 7: "Melvin and Howard." (†) From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 5: Through May 7: "Eyewitness." (†) From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 6: Through May 7: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder. From May 8: To be announced.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Thief." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)
Theatre 4: "Atlantic City." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"Alice in Wonderland" (†); and "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through May 7: "Heaven's Gate" (Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken.
From May 8: "Squeeze Play" (Samuel Weil), with James Harris.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner). From May 8: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "King of the Mountain" (Noel Nosseck), with Harry Hamlin and Joseph Bottoms. From May 8: "Last House on the Left" (1972; Wes Craven), with David Hess.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through May 14: "Excalibur." (†)
From May 15: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

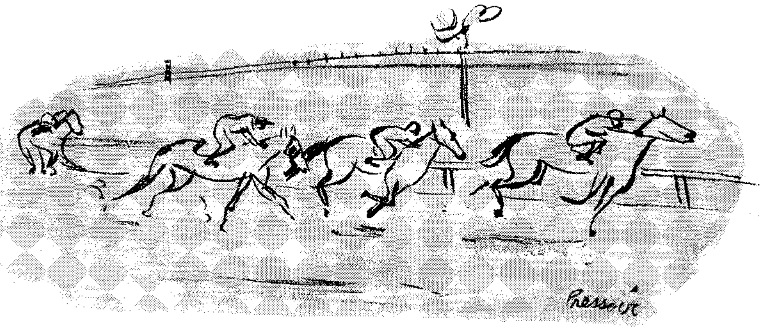
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 6: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; directed by Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic); and "Burn!" (1970; Gillo Pontecorvo), with Marlon Brando.
May 7: "Mondo Cane" (1963; Gualtiero Jacopetti); and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring.
May 8: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
May 9: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
May 10: "Catch-22" (†); and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
May 11: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
May 12: "Abashiri Prison #5: Duel in the Wilds" (1966; Teruo Ishi; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura; and "Harakiri." (†)
May 13: "The Trials of Alger Hiss" (1980; John Lowenthal), a documentary film. Mr. Lowenthal will be present.
May 14: "The Eternal Return" (†); and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.
May 15: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "They Came from Within" (1976; David Cronenberg), with Paul Hampton.
May 16: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), a documentary film about The Band; and "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 6: "La Notte" (1962; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Jeanne Moreau, Marcello Mastroianni, and Monica Vitti; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

May 7: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Cat and Mouse" (1978; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Michèle Morgan, Serge Reggiani, and Jean-Pierre Aumont.

May 8: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

May 9: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "The Odd Couple" (1968; Gene Saks), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

May 10: "A Song to Remember" (1945; Charles Vidor), with Merle Oberon, Cornel Wilde, and Paul Muni; and "Song Without End" (1960; George Cukor and Charles Vidor), with Dirk Bogarde, Capucine, and Geneviève Page. At 11:30 A.M., a free showing of "Carnegie Hall" (1947; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Marsha Hunt, William Price, and others, shown in celebration of Carnegie Hall's ninetieth anniversary.

May 11: "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas; and "Lacombe, Lucien." (†) Mr. Malle will be present at 9.

May 12: "Zazie" (1960; Louis Malle; in French), with Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret; and "The Lovers" (1959; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.

May 13: "The Fire Within" (†); and "Phantom India: Parts 1 to 4" (1972; Louis Malle), a documentary film. Mr. Malle will be present at 8.

May 14: "Elevator to the Gallows" (†); and "Phantom India: Parts 5 to 7."

May 15: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Lea Massari; and "The Thief of Paris." (†)

May 16: "Interiors" (†); and "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, and Jessica Harper.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 7: "Stay As You Are" (1979; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Nastassia Kinski; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini.

May 8-9: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

May 10-12: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972) and "Love and Death" (1975), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

May 13-14: "Sitting Ducks" (†); and "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin.

May 15-16: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 9: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Gold Diggers of 1935" (Busby Berkeley), with Alice Brady, Hugh Herbert, Dick Powell, and Gloria Stuart.

May 10-12: "Dames" (1934; Ray Enright), with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, and Joan Blondell; and "Footlight Parade." (†)

May 13-14: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman) and "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), both films with Mae West and Cary Grant.

From May 15: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Belle of the Nineties." (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

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10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Through May 9: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

May 10-12: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Marion Lorne, and Leo G. Carroll.

May 13-16: "Last Days of Man on Earth" (1974; Robert Fuest), with Jon Finch and Sterling Hayden; and "Death Race 2000" (1975; Paul Bartel), with David Carradine.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

May 6: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon.

May 7-9: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

May 10-12: "Camille" (†); and "Madame Bovary" (1949; Vincente Minnelli), with Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin, Louis Jourdan, and James Mason.

May 13-15: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Michel Auclair, and Kay Thompson.

From May 16: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Olympia Triplex I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

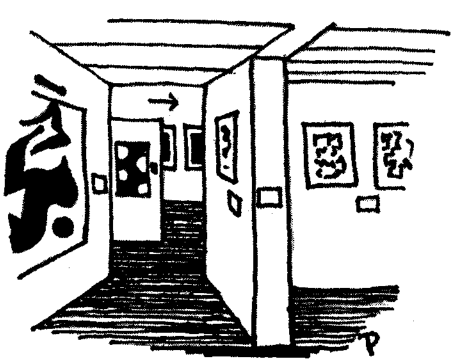
Through May 7: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

May 8-9: "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

May 10-12: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in French), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.

May 13-14: "Best Boy" (1980; Ira Wohl), a documentary film; and "The Apple Game" (1976; Věra Chytilová; in Czech), with Jiří Menzel and Dagmar Blahova.

May 15-16: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.



Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

A Laurence Olivier festival:

May 6: "Khartoum" (1966; Basil Dearden), with Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier; and "Battle of Britain" (1969; Guy Hamilton).

May 7-9: "Carrie" (1952; William Wyler), with Jennifer Jones, Laurence Olivier, Miriam Hopkins, and Eddie Albert; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957; Laurence Olivier), with Marilyn Monroe and Olivier.

May 10-12: "Hamlet" (1948), directed by, and with Laurence Olivier.

May 13-16: "21 Days Together" (1937; Basil Dean), with Vivien Leigh, Leslie Banks, and Laurence Olivier; and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 6: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "The Big Carnival" (1951; Billy Wilder), with Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling.

May 7: "China Gate" (1957; Samuel Fuller), with Gene Barry, Angie Dickinson, and Nat King Cole; and "The Big Red One" (1980; Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill.

May 8-9: "My Fair Lady" (1964; George Cukor), with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison.

May 10: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Lea Massari; and "Elevator to the Gallows." (†)

May 11: "The Honeymoon Killers" (†) and "The Fury." (†)

May 12: "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (†) and "The Clockmaker." (†)

May 13: "The Shooting" (†) and "Ride in the Whirlwind." (†)

May 14: "The Locket" (1947; John Brahm), with Laraine Day, Robert Mitchum, and Brian Aherne; and "Uncle Harry" (1945; Robert Siodmak), with George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Ella Raines.

May 15-16: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Les Enfants Terribles." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 6: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970; Christopher Miles), with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham.

May 7: "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Electra" (1962; Michael Cacoyannis; in Greek), with Irene Papas.

May 8-9: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe) and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

May 10: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, and Edgar Kennedy; and "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd.

May 11: "Virtue" (1932; Edward Buzzell), with Carole Lombard, Pat O'Brien, and Ward Bond; and "Three Wise Girls" (1932; William Beaudine), with Jean Harlow and Mae Clarke.

May 12: "Made for Each Other" (1939; John Cromwell), with Carole Lombard and James Stewart; and "Swing High, Swing Low" (1937; Mitchell Leisen), with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth.

May 13: "The Mask of Dimitrios" (†); and "The Verdict" (1946; Donald Siegel), with Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre.

May 14: "Odd Man Out" (1946; Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "Outcast of the Islands." (†)

May 15-16: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "One, Two, Three" (1961; Billy Wilder), with James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, and Lilo Pulver.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The final programs in a series of documentary films produced by the National Film Board of Canada: May 7 at 2:30: "Cree Hunters of Mistassini" (1974; directed by Boyce Richardson and Tony Ianzelo) and "You Are on Indian Land" (1969; George C. Stoney, Mort Ransen, Noel Starblanket, and Mike Mitchell). . . . May 7 at 7:30: "North China Factory" (1980) and "North China Commune" (1980), both directed by Boyce Richardson and Tony Ianzelo. . . . May 8 at 2:30: "Wet Earth and Warm People" (1971) and "Waiting for Fidel" (1974), both directed by Michael Rubbo. . . . May 8 at 6: "Le Canot à Renald à Thomas" (1980; Bernard Gosselin). . . . May 9 at noon: "Snow" (1961; Barrie McLean), "Above the Horizon" (1964; Roman Kroitor and Hugh O'Connor), "La Moisson" (1966; Arthur Lamothe), and "Gold" (1955; Colin Low). . . . May 9 at 2:30: "Going the Distance" (1979; Paul Cowan). . . . May 9 at 5: "North China Factory." . . . May 10 at noon: "Snow," "Above the Horizon," "La Moisson," and "Gold." . . . May 10 at 2:30: "Wet Earth and Warm People" and "Waiting for Fidel." . . . May 11 at noon: "Challenger: An Industrial Romance" (1980; Stephen Low). . . . May 11 at 2:30: "Le Canot à Renald à Thomas." . . . May 12 at noon: "Challenger: An Industrial Romance."

¶ The first programs in a series of Japanese films directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with English subtitles: May 14 at 2:30: "The Famous Sword" (1945). . . . May 14 at 6: "The Song of Home" (1925) and "Tokyo March" (1929), both silent films. . . . May 14 at 8:30: "Hometown" (1930), with Yoshie Fujiwara. . . . May 15 at 2:30: "The Song of Home" and "Tokyo March." . . . May 16 at 2:30: "The 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era, Part I" (1941). . . . May 16 at 5: "The 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era, Part II" (1942).

¶ Other, somewhat less exotic films scheduled during this period: May 7 at 6: "Fried Shoes, Crooked Diamonds" (1979; Constanzo Allione), a documentary film. . . . May 10 at 5: "Charlie Chan in Paris" (1935; Lewis Seiler), with Warner Oland, Mary Brian, and Erik Rhodes. . . . May 11 at 6: A program of silent works (1976-80) by Vincent Grenier. . . . May 12 at 2:30: "Charlie Chan in Paris." . . . May 12 at 6: "Awakenings" (1973; Duncan Dallas), a documentary about Oliver Sachs, who will be present. . . . May 15 at 6: "Camille 2000" (1969; Radley Metzger), with Danièle Gaubert, Nino Castelnuovo, and Eleonara Rossi; for adults only. . . . May 16 at noon: "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through May 10: "Time Zones" (1980; Ira Schneider), a videotape installation, with Tom Zafian. Continuous showings from noon to 6. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—May 6 at 8: "Liberty's Booty" (1980) and "Visibility: Moderate" (1981), both films directed by Vivienne Dick. . . . ¶ May 7 at 3: A video program by Bill Viola. . . . ¶ May 7 at 8: "She Has Her Gun All Ready" (1978) and "Beauty Becomes the Beast" (1979), both films directed by Vivienne Dick. . . . ¶ May 7 at 10: A program of films by Bob Branaman, Wallace Berman, Michael Stewart, and Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ May 8 at 8: "Vermont in 3½ Minutes" (1963; Linda Talbot) and "The Dancing Souls of the Walking People" (1974-78; Paula Gladstone). . . . ¶ May 8 at 10: "Liberty's Booty" and "Visibility: Moderate." . . . ¶ May 9 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ May 9 at 5:30: A program by Silvianna Goldmith. . . . ¶ May 9 at 8: A program of films by George and Mike Kuchar. . . . ¶ May 10 at 8: A program of films by George Landow, Mañuel de Landa, and Ericka Beckman. . . . ¶ May 12 at 8: A video program by Bill Viola. . . . ¶ May 13 at 3: A video program by Edin Velez, Suzanne Tedesko, and Dimitri Devyatkin. . . . ¶ May 13 at 8: "Guerillere Talks" (1978; Vivienne Dick) and "Children of the Golden West" (1974; Lenny Lipton). . . . ¶ May 14 at 8: A program of films by Vito Acconci. . . . ¶ May 14 at 10: "Vermont in 3½ Minutes" and "The Dancing Souls of the Walking People." . . . ¶ May 15 at 8: Three films directed by Ericka Beckman. . . . ¶ May 15 at 10: A program of films by Vito Acconci. . . . ¶ May 16 at 2: A video program by William Wegman. . . . ¶ May 16 at 8: Three films directed by George Kuchar.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Guild, and Embassy 5. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 7.)

Atlantic City—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/81.) (Paramount, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through May 7.)

Belle of the Nineties (1934)—Without Cary Grant, the Mae West pictures didn't have much class, and in this tawdry melodrama, with Roger Pryor and Johnny Mack Brown opposite her, she isn't funny enough, either. But the tawdriness is so explicit in her low-down script (about a nineteenth-century entertainer's romance with a prizefighter) that the movie is rather fascinating, and once again Miss West sings marvellous honky-tonk blues—perhaps even better than usual. This time, the songs include "When a St. Louis Woman Goes Down to New Orleans," "Troubled Waters," "My Old Flame," and "Memphis Blues," and Duke Ellington and his orchestra (sometimes on screen, sometimes off) provide the backing, so one can see Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard, Cootie Williams, and the whole troupe. Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag" can be heard on the soundtrack. Directed by Leo McCarey. With John Miljan and Katharine de Mille. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; starting May 15.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Gramercy, and Manhattan; starting May 8.)

The Blue Dahlia (1946)—This untidily complicated thriller threatens to turn into something, but it never does. The director, George Marshall, doesn't provide a tense atmosphere or a hard-boiled pace, and though the screenplay is by Raymond Chandler, the picture just drags along. The plot involves Alan Ladd as a Navy flier whose adulterous wife (Doris Dowling) is murdered; a night-club proprietor (Howard Da Silva) whose own estranged wife (Veronica Lake) is attracted to the flier; and the flier's psychoneurotic buddy (William Bendix) who can never remember just what he's been up to. There are also voyeurs, blackmailers, baffled cops, and mugs in the pay of the night-club proprietor. Ladd takes many a mauling before he gathers the heroine (Lake) in his arms. With Frank Faylen, Hugh Beaumont, Will Wright, Howard Freeman, and Tom Powers. Three of the players—Dowling, Da Silva (who wears a mustache here), and Faylen—had appeared in "The Lost Weekend" the year before, and each had done good, distinctive work, but, like the rest of the cast here, they sink without a trace. The performers' responses are too slow; the acting throughout seems lifeless, narcotized. (Harold Clurman; May 12-13.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse. Closed for a benefit on Monday evening, May 11.)

Camille (1937)—Like parents crowing over Baby's first steps, M-G-M announced "Garbo talks!" (for "Anna Christie") and "Garbo laughs!" (for "Ninotchka"), but they missed out on this one, when they should have crowed "Garbo acts!" Under George Cukor's direction, she gives a warm yet ironic performance that is possibly her finest. Her Camille is too intelligent for her frivolous life, too generous for her circumstances. Actually, Garbo is inconceivable as a whore—her Camille is a divinity trying to succeed as a whore. (No movie has ever presented a more romantic view of a courtesan.) With the exception of Henry Daniell, as Baron de Varville, the rest of the cast does not rise to the occasion. As Armand, Robert Taylor is inept but not completely unforgivable: he had, at least, a romantic profile. As M. Duval, Lionel Barrymore *is* unforgivable. (Both of them are irredeemably American.) The slow, solemn production is luxuriant in its vulgarity; it achieves that glamour which M-G-M traditionally mistook for style. But, in spite of M-G-M, Garbo's artistry triumphs, and the tearjerker "Camille" is transformed into the "classic" the studio claimed it to be. With Lenore Ulric as Olympe, Laura Hope Crews as Prudence, and Elizabeth Allan, Jessie Ralph, Rex O'Malley, and E. E. Clive. Screenplay by Frances Marion, James Hilton, and Zoë Akins. (Mini Cinema; May 10-12.)

Catch-22 (1970)—Mike Nichols' third picture was this hugely ambitious failure, from which his reputation as a film director has never fully recovered; he gave Joseph Heller's novel a grandiloquent staging—with Terry Southernish caricatures out of Kubrick and Fellini-esque episodes set in Rome—and the picture got so heavy that the ironies were buried. There's a beautiful flight-tower sequence early on, and there are startling effects and good revue touches here and there, but the picture keeps going on and on, as if it were determined to impress us. It keeps going so long that it cancels itself out, even out of people's memories. With Alan Arkin as Yossarian, Jon Voight, Richard Benjamin, Art Garfunkel, Buck Henry, Martin Balsam, Orson Welles, Robert Balaban, Paula Prentiss, Martin Sheen, Jack Gilford, Peter Bonerz, Charles Grodin, Tony Perkins, Bob Newhart, and, in a particularly offensive scene, Marcel Dalio. The acting of some of the high-ranking officers is so gross that at times one thinks the moral must be that as soon as your rank reaches major, you're a monster. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 10.)

The Clockmaker (1976)—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. His son is not even political-minded; he simply feels suffocated by the existing rules. A splendid, sober film. In French. (Thalia; May 12.)

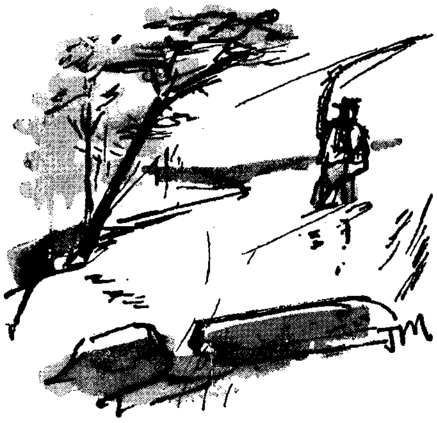
The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 7.)

Elevator to the Gallows (1957; also known as "Frantic")—Louis Malle's first film—a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, "The Lovers," is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate; the black-and-white cinematography is by Henri Decae. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French. (Thalia; May 10. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; and Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. In French. (Thalia; May 15-16.)

The Eternal Return (1948)—Jean Delannoy directed Jean Cocteau's modern-dress adaptation of the Tristan and Isolde story. Jean Marais, in a celebrated medieval-looking sweater, and the straight-silk-haired, snow-blond Madeleine Sologne are absurdly glamorous lovers; though the film has the decorative look of ballet and is heavy and stilted, they became the rage of Paris. With Yvonne de Bray and the dwarf Piéral. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 14.)

Excalibur—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. The imagery is impassioned and has a hypnotic quality. The film is like Flaubert's more exotic fantasies—one lush, enraptured scene after another. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. The film spans three generations—first Uther Pendragon and his feuding with the other Celtic lords, then his son Arthur's reign with the Knights of the Round Table gathered at Camelot, and finally, the challenge to Arthur's power by *his* son, the demonic Mordred. The characters aren't scaled heroically enough for the myths built on their adventures, so we don't experience the elation that we have come to expect at the end of a heroic story, but the film gives us a different kind of elation. It's as if Boorman were guiding us down a magic corridor and kept parting the curtains in front of us. With Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Loews 83rd Quad; through May 7. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Beekman, and National; through May 14.)



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Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (Gotham Cinema. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Triplex, and Criterion Center; through May 7.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffy, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. With Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody—the last of whom gives a subdued, exemplary performance as a dedicated drama teacher. The music is by Michael Gore, lyrics by Dean Pitchford. (5/26/80) (34th St. East; starting May 8.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 13.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of the more celebrated early Warner Brothers musicals—silly, but from time to time irresistibly wonderful. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 10-12.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—There's a bloom on everything Paul Newman does in the role of Murphy, a veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (2/23/81) (Criterion Theatres; through May 7.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Waverly, Cinema 3, and New Yorker.)

The Fury (1978)—Brian De Palma's visionary science-fiction thriller is the reverse side of the coin of Spielberg's "Close Encounters." With Spielberg, what happens is so much better than you dared hope that you have to laugh; with De Palma, it's so much worse than you feared that you have to laugh. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (Thalia; May 11.)

The Glass Key (1942)—Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, and Brian Donlevy in a not particularly memorable, though reasonably faithful, version of the Dashiell Hammett novel. Stuart Heisler directed, from Jonathan Latimer's screenplay. (Harold Clurman; May 11-12.)

Harakiri (1962)—As grisly as the title hints, but a classically beautiful film. Directed by Masaki Kobayashi and probably his masterpiece. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 12.)

The Honeymoon Killers (1970)—Based on the lives of the multiple murderers Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez, who met their victims through Lonely Hearts clubs, and who were put to death at Sing Sing in 1951. This low-budget black-and-white movie is so literal-minded that it resembles a *True Detective* account of the case; it's as if someone recreated the Grade Z pictures of the forties and did so in absolute seriousness. The movie goes through the chronicle of the Beck-Fernandez crimes with pedestrian relentlessness; it's paced as if the actors were walking in lockstep. After the almost incredible lack of depth of the first half-hour, the film begins to acquire a fascination *because* of its total superficiality—it becomes something resembling Minimal art. The writer-director, Leonard Kastle, whose first (and thus far only) picture this was, keeps the images so brightly lighted and so exactly planned and worked out that every ugly detail is in place—the hammer blow on the head, the trickle of blood, the ludicrous tongues sticking out of dead faces. As the two-hundred-pound Martha Beck, Shirley Stoler is much too shrill at the start but quiets down and improves as the movie plods on; as the sleazy charmer Ray Fernandez, Tony Lo Bianco is alarmingly authentic to the pulpy genre. The women victims include Marilyn Chris, Barbara Cason, and Mary Jane Higby. The film uses music by Gustav Mahler. (Thalia; May 11.)

Interiors (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (St. Marks Cinema; May 8-14. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 16.)

In the Year of the Pig (1969)—Emile de Antonio has gathered news footage from many sources for this overview of the background and issues of the Vietnam War. There are some almost forgotten faces, like Emperor Bao Dai's and Madame Nhu's, and some American speeches we might like to forget. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 12.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Festival; through May 7.)

Lacombe, Lucien (1974)—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teenage country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a very deep level. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her punctilious, cultivated father, Thérèse Giehse as her grandmother, and Gilberte Rivet as the boy's mother. The script is by Malle and Patrick Modiano. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

Lady in the Lake (1947)—A Raymond Chandler murder mystery with the camera functioning as the Private Eye—that is, as the eyes of Philip Marlowe, the narrator-protagonist (Robert Montgomery), who is seen in his entirety only when his reflection is caught in mirrors. This novelty is a nuisance, and is frustrating besides, since Montgomery (who also directed) is the only star and the plot isn't involving enough to compensate for the absence of star byplay. At one point, the face of Audrey Totter, the feminine lead, comes swimming out at you, lips ajar, as if to honor you with a great big kiss; then she's lost in shadows. That's about as close as you get to any fun. With Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, and Jayne Meadows. (Harold Clurman; May 9.)

The Last Tycoon (1976)—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. (Harold Clurman; May 15-16.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme (1975)—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit, and one sequence that points straight ahead to the Revolution. Highly knowledgeable and intelligent, with a low voice about dreams of power that rings in one's ears long afterward. In French. (Thalia; May 12.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Raymond Chandler's novel is the taking-off place for Robert Altman's heady, whirling sideshow of a movie, set in the early-seventies L.A. of the stoned sensibility. Marlowe (Elliott Gould) is Chandler's wryly forlorn knight, just slogging along, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. He's the gallant fool in a corrupt world—the innocent eye. Even the police know more about the case he's involved in than he does. Yet he's the *only one* who *cares*. Altman tells a detective story, all right, but he does it through a spree—a high-flying rap on Chandler and the movies and L.A. Gould gives a loose and woolly, strikingly original performance. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, Mark Rydell, Jim Bouton, Henry Gibson, Jack Riley, and Ken Sansom. (Harold Clurman; May 7-8.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart's most exciting role was Sam Spade, that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimension to the detective genre. This film, the first directed by John Huston, is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Sydney Greenstreet as Casper Gutman, Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo, Gladys George as Iva, Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer the gunsel, Jerome Cowan as Miles Archer, Lee Patrick as Effie, and Ward Bond and Barton MacLane as the cops. (Harold Clurman; May 9-10.)

Marlowe (1969)—As Raymond Chandler's detective in this adaptation of "The Little Sister," James Garner doesn't disgrace himself, but the film, directed by Paul Bogart, isn't very exciting. With Gayle Hunnicutt, Carroll O'Connor, Rita Moreno, Sharon Farrell, Bruce Lee, William Daniels, and Jackie Coogan. (Harold Clurman; May 6-7.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—Modest little "international" thriller from an Eric Ambler story. With Zachary Scott, and Peter Lorre as—surprise—the good guy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 13.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres; through May 7.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings on of her cad husband (Zachary Scott) and her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won an Academy Award for her performance here. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. (Harold Clurman; May 13-14.)

Millhouse: A White Comedy (1971)—A documentary about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 12.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed, in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (Harold Clurman; May 6.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground; the director seems to be feeling his way through a forest of possibilities (he shot a much longer film and then cut it down to a hundred and thirty-seven minutes). The effect is of desperately talented people giving off bad vibes. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. Though his role lacks depth and likability, De Niro, sleek and handsome and jumpy, brings it a locked-in, hotheaded intensity that almost holds the picture together—for the first half, anyway. But the story loses momentum once the girl gets pregnant. Trying to be subdued, Minnelli seems somewhat dazed—openmouthed and vacuous, and unpleasantly overripe. She pushes her scenes; in her hyper way, she's as false as Julie Andrews. Her two big numbers ("But the World Turns Round" and the title song) are, however, in their own wildly hysterical show-biz terms, smashing (and she's in superb voice). With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Harold Clurman; May 15-16.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Sutton, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 7. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; May 8-14.)

Outcast of the Islands (1952)—A marvellous film (drawn from Joseph Conrad's work) that relatively few people have seen. It's probably the only movie that has ever attempted to deal in a complex way with the subject of the civilized man's ambivalence about the savage. It also contains some of the most remarkable sequences ever filmed by the English director Carol Reed; it's an uneven movie, but with splendid moments throughout. Trevor Howard is superb as Willems, who makes himself an outcast first through contemptible irresponsibility and through betrayal of those who trust him, and finally and hopelessly when, against his will, he is attracted to the silent, primitive girl, the terrifying Aissa (played by Kerima). Willems is wrong in almost everything he does, but he represents a gesture toward life; his enemy, Almayer (Robert Morley), is so horribly, pathetically stuffy that his family unit (with Wendy Hiller as his wife and Annabel Morley as his child) is absurdly, painfully funny. With Ralph Richardson, whose role is possibly ill-conceived, and George Coulouris, Wilfrid Hyde-White, and Frederick Valk. The screenplay is by William Fairchild; cinematography by John Wilcox. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 14.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 12.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a runthrough of his overdeliberate sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" as though still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Coronet; through May 7. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia Triplex; starting May 15.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro). Scorsese tries to turn raw, pulp power into art and loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (St. Marks Cinema; May 8-14.)

Ride in the Whirlwind (1965)—Monte Hellman directed this film and "The Shooting" (see below) in Utah during a seven-week period on a budget (from Roger Corman) of a hundred and sixty thousand dollars for both. Jack Nicholson, who acts in both, was also Hellman's co-producer, and wrote the script for this one. The cast includes Millie Perkins and Cameron Mitchell, and the story has something to do with three cowboys on the run—a metaphysical run. The picture was a critical success in Paris, but Hellman (he later made "Two-Lane Blacktop") bakes the Western in the sun too long for most Americans. Maybe the person who wrote the subtitles in the French version added something to the austerity and the bleak riddles. (Thalia; May 13.)

The Shooting (1965)—The low-budget Monte Hellman film shot in Utah at the same time as "Ride in the Whirlwind." Carol Eastman, who sometimes uses the name Adrien Joyce and who later wrote "Five Easy Pieces," did the enigmatic script. Millie Perkins, on horseback, is searching for something unspecified in the desert; she has a gunman riding behind her, on a leash. The cast includes Jack Nicholson, Warren Oates, and Will Hutchins. They use a dialect that may be authentic to something but is largely indecipherable. To lift from Henry James, Monte Hellman asks a lot for the little he gives. (Thalia; May 13.)

Sitting Ducks (1980)—A very funny movie by Henry Jaglom, starring Michael Emil, Zack Norman, and Patrice Townsend. It claims to be about sex, money, and vitamins, but vitamins are the least of it. (4/21/80) (Cinema Village; May 13-14.)

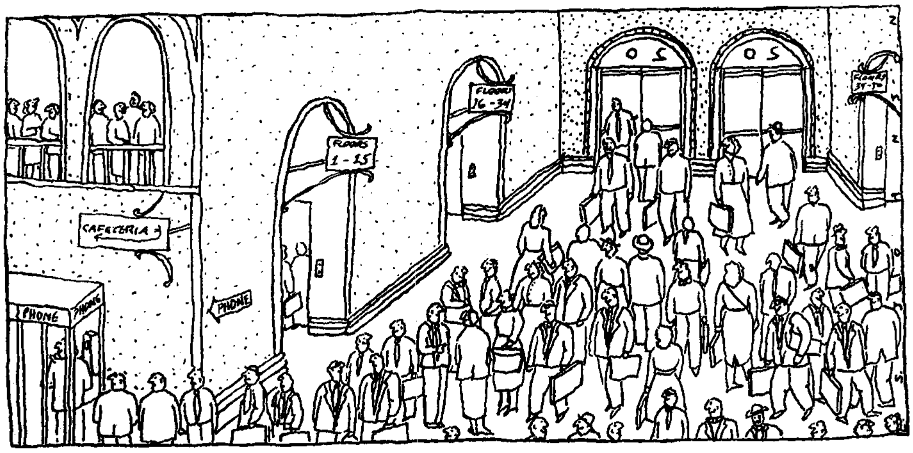
Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie. Closed for a benefit on Monday evening, May 11.)

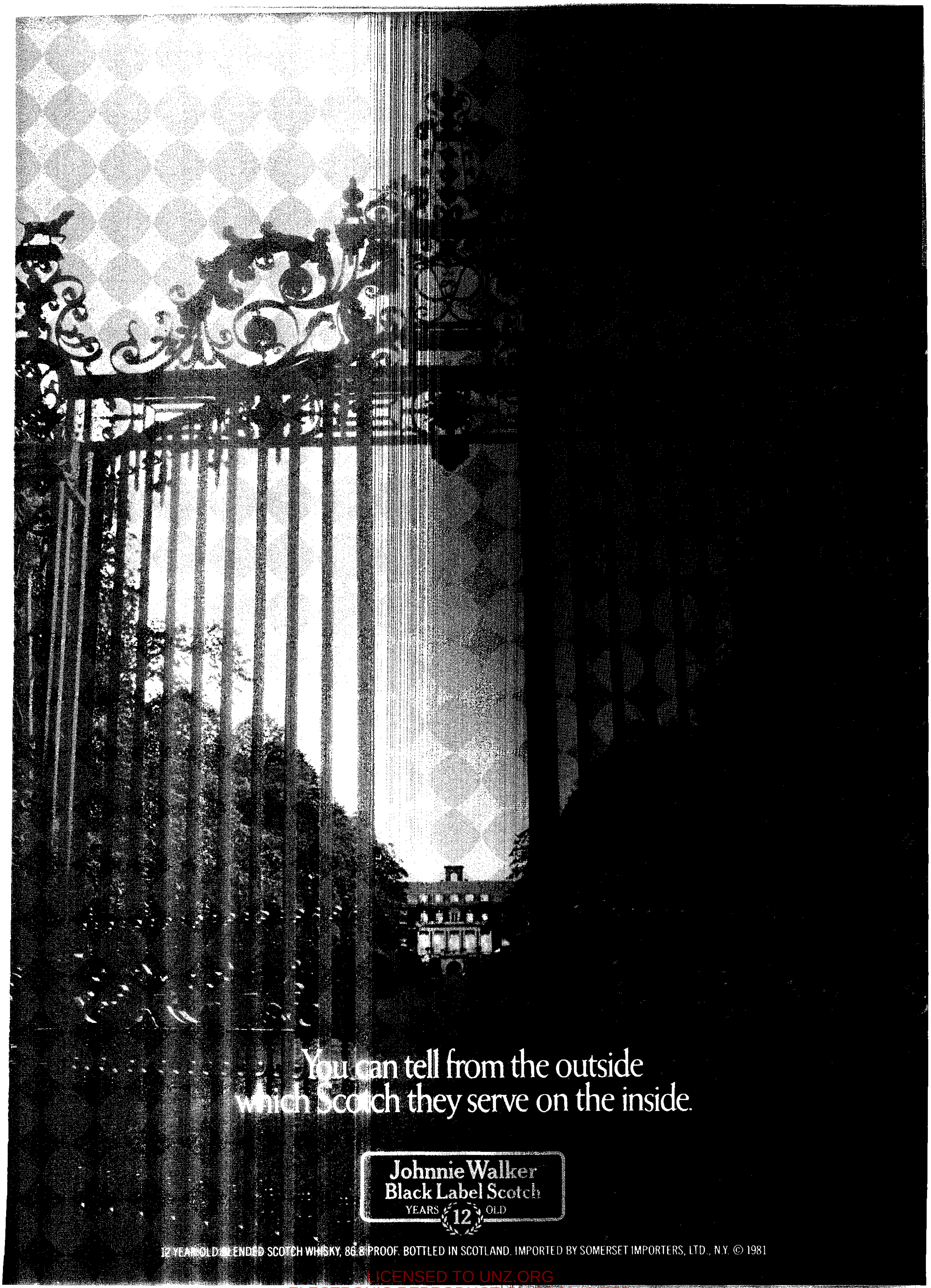
Thief—Grandiloquent masochism of the kind an adolescent boy might fantasize. With rain outside and smoke inside, this Chicago-set movie is almost a parody of *film noir:* it's the underworld movies of the forties and fifties made volcanic and abstract and existential. This is the first theatrical feature by the writer-director Michael Mann, and he has designed it like a choo-choo train to the box office. James Caan is the big-time safecracker who wants to take his bundle and retire, marry, have a nice house, and raise a family. But the corrupt System won't let him. The film is hyper-animated by this conception of existential tragedy: the thief—a loner in pain, the embodiment of a macho mystique—must learn that he's free only when he doesn't care about life and has nothing to lose. The film sets up an improbable character in a series of rigged situations and then leaps to universal despairing conclusions. Mann belongs to the pressure-cooker school of filmmaking: Tangerine Dream's synthesized electronic music pulsates like mad, and the cinematography (by Donald Thorin) is so snazzy it overwhelms the action. With Tuesday Weld as the dazed, frizzed-out woman whom Caan marries; Willie Nelson, oozing sincerity as Caan's only friend, who dies; and Robert Prosky and James Belushi. (5/4/81) (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through May 7.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in Louis Malle's slow-paced, romanticized view of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. This thief hates the bourgeoisie, yet is so successful he becomes part of it. Malle shows none of the seaminess of thievery; this is a study of compulsion, and though it's well shot by Henri Decae, it lacks substance and is tedious. With Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 15.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gombell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Harold Clurman; May 8.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (Festival; through May 7.)

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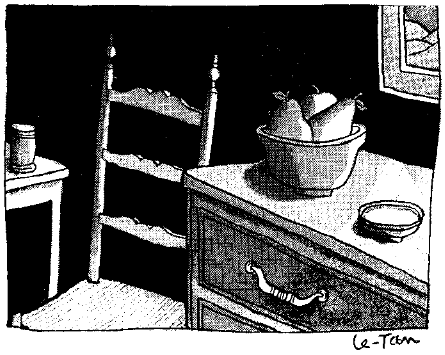
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOLLOWING the old convention, the press has taken the Reagan Administration's completion of a hundred days in office as an occasion to sum up its performance since Inauguration. On the subject of the Administration's handling of foreign affairs, one of the most frequent judgments has been that an excellent policy—often described as "getting tough with the Russians"—has unfortunately run into certain snags in being put into practice. And, indeed, time after time the transition from general intent to specific action has seemed to prove difficult or impossible. At some moments, it has even seemed that action and pronouncement have existed on two separate planes, as though we now had two foreign policies, one practical and the other rhetorical. The problem first surfaced, perhaps, in the Administration's abrupt elevation of the civil war in El Salvador into a major international crisis. At first, the Administration seemed to seize on El Salvador almost eagerly as an opportunity to give tough substance to its tough words. But tough words were as far as we got. According to one official, El Salvador had an importance that went far beyond itself, for it was a good place for the United States to send a "message" of its global resolve to the Soviet Union. According to another official, the civil war in that country was a "fortuitous" opportunity to apply the new tough policy in a specific situation. And Secretary of State Alexander Haig said that El Salvador was just one item on a Communist "hit list . . . for the ultimate takeover of Central America." But then, around the time a poll was taken showing that only two per cent of the American public favored American military intervention in El Salvador, White House aides reportedly became afraid that the issue might distract the public from the President's economic proposals, and the issue was soft-pedalled. Another opportunity to translate verbal toughness into action seemed to arise when Saudi Arabia pressed its request to buy five AWACS—planes that contain elaborate electronic gear for long-distance surveillance—and the Administration approved the sale. Again, the intention was somehow to counter the Soviet threat, but Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, the Saudi Oil Minister, seemed to dash Administration hopes of a primarily anti-Soviet role for the AWACS when he stated publicly that the "actual" threat from Israel was greater than the merely "potential" threat from the Soviet Union. Israel let its "unreserved" opposition to the sale be known, a large number of congressmen announced *their* opposition to it, and before long the Administration decided to delay submission of the proposal to Congress until the summer, or perhaps later. Still another opportunity to get tough with the Russians appeared to offer itself in the form of a possible willingness of the Pakistanis to receive American arms; but once again a local conflict—this time the India-Pakistan rivalry—proved an obstacle. The Indians feared that weapons given to Pakistan for use in threatening the Soviet Union in Afghanistan would be used against India instead. So far, no deal has been worked out. Finally, in the most puzzling of these episodes, the Administration lifted the embargo on grain sales to the Soviet Union (which had been imposed by President Carter precisely because of the Soviet presence in Afghanistan)—at one point offering the confusing rationale that the decision was "strictly domestic," not "foreign" at all. The confusion was not lessened when Secretary Haig stated that if the Soviet Union invaded Poland a total embargo on trade would be imposed, and then Richard Allen, the President's Assistant for National Security Affairs, seemed to withdraw the threat by saying that a total trade embargo was in fact only one option among many, and had not been ruled either in or out.



A number of explanations for this tangled state of affairs have been put forward. One is that bureaucratic warfare in the Administration, including the recent semipublic battle between Secretary Haig and the White House staff, has impeded the execution of policy. A more common explanation is that the Administration possesses a sound general policy but has so far failed to work out the details. For example, the writer Irving Kristol, who is one of the Administration's intellectual guides, recently said, "Though this Administration came to office with a clear-cut set of attitudes in foreign affairs, it had never thought through the implications of those attitudes for a coherent foreign policy." The distinction between "attitudes in foreign affairs" and "foreign policy" itself offers a clue to understanding the present political atmosphere but leaves one wondering how the clear-cut attitudes were arrived at in the first place, and in what sense they are clear-cut, if their implications for foreign policy haven't been thought through. Just as a sound generalization can only be built up out of particular facts, and cannot be put together out of sheer abstract thought, so a sound policy has to be framed in response to particular challenges. When policy has been arrived at in this way, it is unnecessary to comb the world for opportunities, "fortuitous" or otherwise, to apply it: the policy was framed to deal with needs that had already been identified. As the Kristol interpretation suggests, however, the Reagan Administration seems to have gone about things the opposite way—to have attempted, like medieval scholars as yet unfamiliar with the inductive method, to derive the particulars from the generality. Thus, the problem is not so much poor execution as uncertain contact with reality. But reality cannot enter into policymaking only as an afterthought. Either it is shown due respect at the start or it forces its way into the picture later, taking revenge on those who tried to ignore it.

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Rally

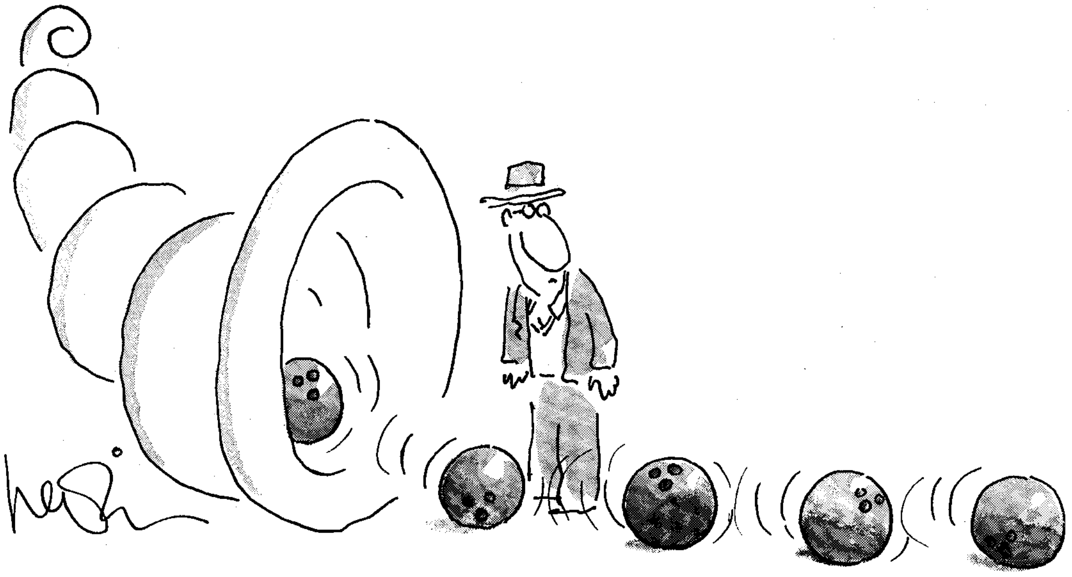
THREE hundred and fifty women who own businesses rallied recently in Citibank's plush auditorium on Park Avenue for pep talks, fund-raising, and strategy-building on behalf of the American Woman's Economic Development Corporation (AWED), which offers a highly successful management-training and technical-assistance program for women entrepreneurs, and whose federal funding is in danger of being cut off by the Reagan Administration. Clearly, these well-dressed women were resolutely independent, ruggedly determined, and bursting with enterprise. On hand also were some fifty men—speakers, board members, counsellors, and corporate executives.

Doris Colgate, president and co-owner of the New York-based Off-shore Sailing School, was the first speaker. "I am a classic example of a woman who was not conducting her business in a very businesslike manner," she said. "I had never written a business plan, my prices were too low, I wasn't looking at my financial statements. All I would do was ask my accountant, 'How am I doing?' In the two years that I've been with AWED, my gross has risen forty-four per cent; I'm now taking in over a million dollars a year and I'm employing close to fifty people. The AWED program is worth a year and a half of M.B.A. training at a top university; I got it in one-quarter of the time and it was absolutely free. When we heard that AWED was being threatened by arbitrary decision-makers who knew little or nothing about it or the program, we called this meeting."

Deputy Secretary of Commerce Joseph Wright, who had accepted an invitation to attend, then recited some figures. One of every two new businesses fails within two years, yet only three participants in AWED have declared bankruptcy since 1977, when the program came into existence. A survey showed that among two hundred and sixty-three respondents who had received AWED training during that period gross sales had increased to the tune of more than forty million dollars (a hundred and twenty-one per cent), seventy-nine per cent of the businesses had expanded, seventy-five per cent had increased their assets, and seventy-two per cent had reported an increase in profitability. Mr. Wright said, bravely, "Despite this good record, AWED should be funded by the private sector. You should not depend on the federal government for funding—it's too bureaucratic. In general, there should be no room for social programs for American business."

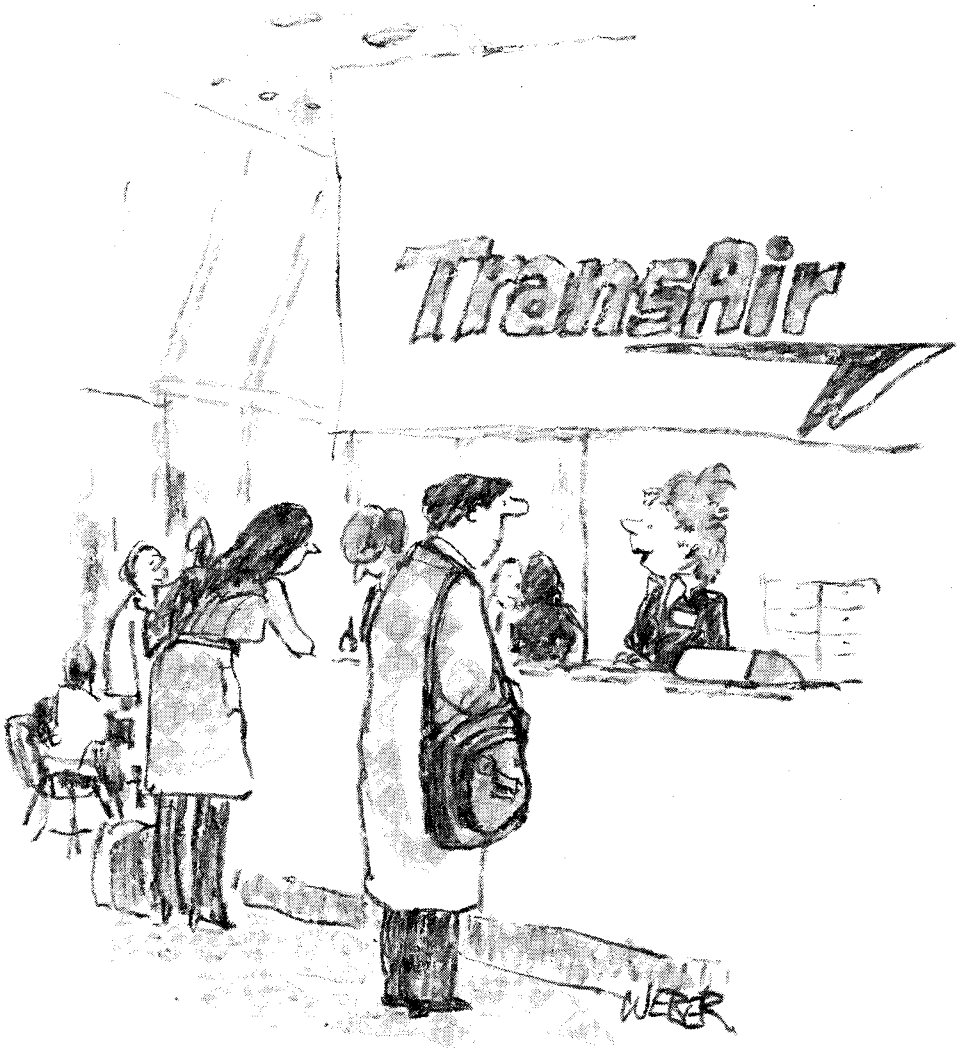
Osborn Elliott, the former editor-in-chief of *Newsweek*, the present dean of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, and a member of AWED's board, said, "Look, Joe, we're only asking for a lousy few hundred thousand." (Laughter, applause.) Then he introduced Beatrice Fitzpatrick, the organization's founder and chief executive officer. "*Boss* lady," a man said.

"Being on the federal dole is like being on a drug—you are assured that it's going to keep flowing in," Mrs. Fitzpatrick said. "It certainly did for five years, and we didn't make serious overtures for other money. We just kept building the program. We agree with the efforts to cut the federal budget; we just think it should be done in a businesslike way—when a business cuts its costs, it cuts the things that lose money, but AWED is a federal profit center. We would like the government to initiate a gradual withdrawal of funds; the proposed cut is precipitous. The Small Business Administration and the Economic Development Administration had a two-year grant commitment to us of eight hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars this year and six hundred thousand dollars next year. In mid-February, we were informed, without prior notice, that instead of receiving the two-year grant we would be funded only through April 30th, because some people's image of women is that we're all standing in line waiting for a handout. They didn't look at our bottom line in terms of results. AWED is responsible for creating and maintaining nine thousand jobs concentrated in the New York metropolitan area. If any company with that impact were to announce suddenly



that it was leaving New York, you'd have a front-page story in the *Times*. It is clear that we are going to have to raise private money in New York in much larger quantities, much faster, than we had anticipated. It's clear that we have a much better future now than we had when we were totally dependent on federal funds. But that doesn't mean that the government doesn't have a responsibility here." (Prolonged applause, whistling, stamping.)

After the rally, there was cheese and crackers and Chardonnay. (The host was Citibank.) Fredric P. Hans, a counsellor for AWED in the health field (he has been an administrator at Bronx-Lebanon Hospital Center and at Madison Avenue Hospital, and has also been a consultant to the New York State Health Commission), said to us, "I've noticed *two* themes common to every woman I've counselled: she doesn't know how to work with other people's money, and she needs a push. Women have been so subservient all these years. It's tremendously exciting to tell them all the tricks and secrets I know—how to deal with a hospital administrator, what his concerns and his board's concerns are, how to present themselves, what language to use if they're trying to sell something. The people here are just super; I get excited talking about it."



"The difference is, in first class they lavish you with affection."

• •

AWED was launched in 1976, when Beatrice Fitzpatrick approached the Economic Development Administration with statistics demonstrating that only four and six-tenths per cent of small American businesses were owned by women, and with her own conviction that "American women are the greatest single untapped human resource for small-business growth in the country." She won a hundred-and-twenty-four-thousand-dollar grant for a pilot program, which it was agreed would become a national program. Today, the organization offers a one-and-a-half-year program in which groups of thirty-five women—women who have been in business for at least six months and who have a need for expertise—are given a minimum of twenty evening seminars in every aspect of business operation, including basic business theory, accounting, marketing, selling techniques, banking and finance, analytic thinking and goal-directed behavior, advertising and publicity, dilemmas of women business owners, self-presentation, time management, and communications. Supplementary programs and workshops include a two-part tax clinic conducted by small-business tax specialists from the accounting firm of Arthur Young & Company; a basic-math course; and an apparel-industry workshop. AWED also has forty part-time counsellors on tap in special areas, for women business owners in those areas who need advice on problem-solving. Until recently, all the AWED supplementary programs were free. Now, because of the threatened cutback in federal funds, AWED is considering asking women to make nominal contributions to help offset the cost of its services. To date, there have been more than nine thousand individual counselling sessions at AWED headquarters, which are in Rockefeller Center.

Later, we talked with Mrs. Fitzpatrick at the headquarters. New York-born ("From the Bronx, Hunter High School, Hunter College, Bank Street College of Education, and the New School, where I specialized in social psychology," she said), Mrs. Fitzpatrick became president of the P.S. 116 PTA in the mid-sixties, and later held various positions in the city government. In 1969 and 1970, she served as director of special projects in the Mayor's Office of Education Affairs, and then she became the first paid executive director of the Administration and Management Research Association of New York City, an organization that had been established in the Mayor's Office in 1966 to conduct research studies in public-interest areas. "In 1976, I found that there was almost no organization doing anything to help women's economic development," Mrs. Fitzpatrick told us. "Women have always been entrepreneurial—they just haven't been paid for it. We're trying to teach them how to make money. It's like an investment. AWED takes the most talented women and invests in them by training them. All of them already have the creative end of their businesses in hand, but whether they come from Harlem or Park Avenue, from poor backgrounds or rich, they are all terrified of the financial end. We say, 'There's no excuse for not knowing the numbers.' Getting creative designers to focus on numbers can be difficult, but they do it. I find that women business owners need peer support more than any other group I've seen. They almost never get the social reinforcement needed to start and run a business. Being an entrepreneur is very lonely. It's not what is taught as 'appropriate feminine behavior.' When women run into trouble is when they begin to see that they could really be big and successful, grossing millions, with scores of employees. That's when they get scared—afraid of what will happen to their social relationships, especially with men."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick's confidence may well have been bolstered by the rally, for at the end of it contributions of nearly a hundred thousand dollars were announced, including substantial amounts from the J. Henry Schroder Bank & Trust Company, the Chase Manhattan Bank, the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, and AWED graduates. In addition, Citibank is lending an executive to AWED to develop a corporate-contribution campaign.

Metropolitan Party

THERE has been a lot of celebration lately around the Metropolitan Museum of Art in honor of Theodore Ward, Manager of Purchasing, who is retiring from the museum after forty-five years. We felt lucky to attend a reception that the people in the Purchasing Department threw for him.

The first thing we noticed was a stretch of old photographs, stuck up on lockers along a department wall. Among them was a large, framed portrait of the twenty-sixth Annual Meeting Dinner of the Metropolitan Museum of Art Employees' Association, at Turn Verein Ballroom on November 14, 1932, which showed a flag-draped room and all the women wearing hats. There was also a small, faded snapshot of nine serious men standing behind seven seated serious men with their arms folded. In front of them, a softball nestled in the crotch formed by three baseball bats standing on end, and on the ground in front of this stood a silver trophy with elegant lines. Beneath that was lettering that said:

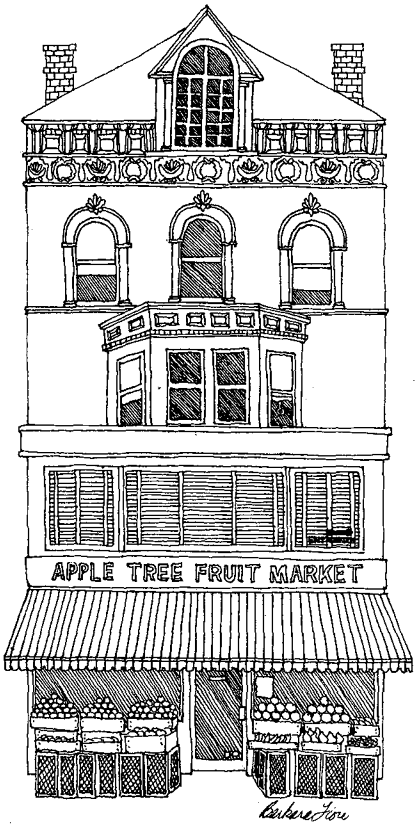
Halpern Smyth Fuller
O'Neill Brienza Carlin Reardon
Standing:
O'Mara Geiger Burbige
J. Kenny Fontaine Ward
Pflum Doyle Carroll

And the caption was:

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
Softball Team
Winners of Championship 1940
Museum Employees Softball League

Mr. Ward, a medium-sized man with a particularly big smile, appeared at our side and said, "The Metropolitan Museum Mummies won the league championship that year against the American Museum of Natural History Headhunters. We played them twice. There was a regular league: this building, Natural History, the Museum of Modern Art, the New York Public Library, the Bronx Zoo—or, come to think of it, it may have been the whole Botanical Garden complex—and the Brooklyn Museum. I think 1940 was our team's first year in the league."

Someone near us expressed surprise at Mr. Ward's forty-five-year tenure, remarking that he looked as though he might *be* forty-five years old now. He laughed. "And I was an old man when I started—I was seventeen!" he said. "You have to remember, only a few years before that they started at twelve or fourteen years of age. Rode bikes up here. I remember Harry Jackson left in '40 or '41 after *fifty*-five years. His job was Timekeeper; that was the fellow who stood there and watched people coming and going. At that time, they used to present you with a gold watch for fifty years. Harry Jackson got one; so did Jackie Foy, the security chief, and the museum photographer, Eddie Milla. Tommy McAdams was a fifty-year man. Meyer Barnett. Steve Grancsay was another one—Curator of Arms and Armor. Then he was here for twenty years *after* he retired! He started the way I did, as Office Boy. That was the title. We strictly opened the mail; I opened mail for two or three years. This was up in the Secretary's Office. There were only three important administrative officials in the museum then: Director, Secretary, and Assistant Treasurer. (The Treasurer was a member of the Board of Trustees.) Henry Watson Kent, the Secretary, was my first boss. He donated that trophy you see in the baseball photo. When I came, things were different—the museum was for students. At that time, all we sold was postcards and bulletins. You got them at the Information Desk. No shops. The staff cafeteria was called the Refectory. The museum was low pay, but it was a good job: even in the Depression, you never worried about a layoff. People didn't bounce from job to job then. But we all had second jobs. I was a basketball referee, a typist for a mail-order house. I was public stenographer at the Hotel McAlpin. The museum then was a family. Everybody knew everybody, was friends with everybody."



Mr. Ward led us over to his desk and pulled a slim blue booklet from a drawer. "The Employees' Association was chartered in 1905," he said. "This is the 1948 edition of the Constitution. Listen to this, from Article II: 'The object of this Association'—and this is still true—'is to promote a spirit of fellowship among all persons who are in the regular employ of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.' Isn't that beautiful?"

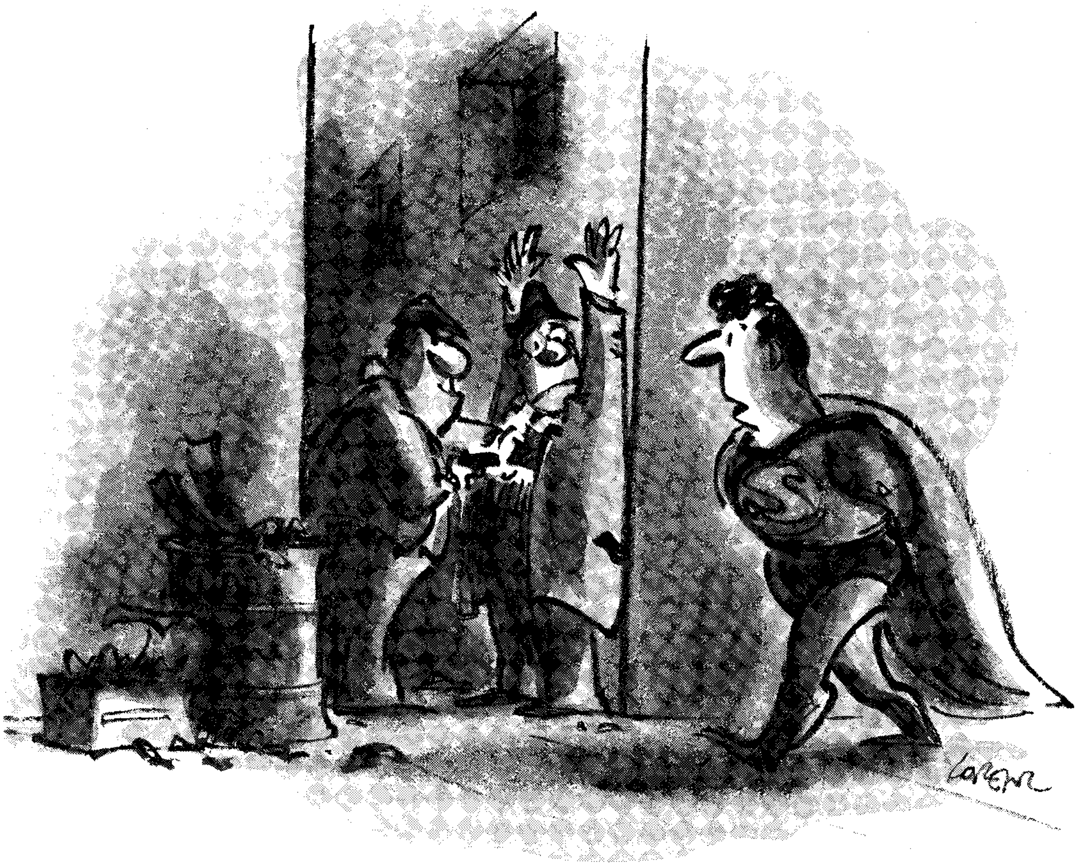
James Mawhinney, the Associate Manager of Purchasing, came over to escort Mr. Ward back to the festivities. "There are people here you haven't seen in twenty, twenty-five years!" he said out of the side of his mouth where his cigar wasn't.

Mr. Ward said fondly, "From the day I became Assistant Purchasing Agent, I've had Jim with me. He was Storekeeper, in charge of Central Supply. We've been together the whole time."

A tall, mustached man came over and shook hands. "I'm Hugh Clopton," he said. He was the image of John Huston, and spoke with nearly the same inflection. "Been here thirty-five years. Merritt Safford, over there, Conservator for Prints and Drawings, started about the same time. 'Conservation' was 'the Repair Shop' in those days. I'm General Foreman, Department of Buildings; I used to be Chief Electrician."

Mr. Clopton wandered over to the line of photographs, where Vincent Juliano, Principal Departmental Technician, Medieval Art, who has been at the Metropolitan for thirty-three years, was reminiscing with some other people. Mr. Juliano pointed to a small picture of a stern, scowling man behind a desk, and laughed. "That's Wallace. He was Building Superintendent," he said. He moved on to a photograph of the Frank Barrow Retirement Dinner. "Remember Aubrey? And there's Chapman. He was Superintendent after Wallace. Teddy Ward was Chapman's secretary for a while. Look, there's Bob Wilkinson. I worked on the old Venetian bedroom, as a laborer, with him. I knew them all. I don't want to give more names—it gets me here. All but Wilkinson are gone now."

Just then, we noticed a group of people signing a commemorative wooden ice bucket in the form of a filled beer stein—complete with styrofoam head—which Peter Fischer, Foreman of the Carpentry Shop, had made for the occasion. We sought out Mr. Ward to wish him well. He said, "My daughter Nancy has been working up in the Treasurer's Office as a Financial Associate, but she's coming to work in this department when I leave. Now maybe there will be a Ward in Purchasing for another forty-five years. I don't know why she wouldn't stay. This department is a lot of fun."



"Sorry, but all my power's been turned back to the states."

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Excuses

LAST week, a friend with whom we had been intending to have lunch called us on the morning of the day in question, and we took down his conversation, because we quickly came to feel that it belonged in the annals of memorable excuses. Here is what he said: "Look, I'm sorry, I have to explain to you what happened. You see, my girlfriend is a dancer, and she's away performing in Minneapolis this week, and she called me this morning about seven. She'd just called her service in New York, and there was a message from her landlord saying that the next day—that's today—at nine the men were coming to install a new door in her apartment and she had to be there or else there would be no new door, period. Now, see, the door she has is horrible—it doesn't fit right, it's not even a rectangle—and I'm the only person who has a key to her apartment, she having the other one in Minneapolis, of all places, so could I *please* go round at nine and be there when the door-bearers arrived? So I said of course, jauntily, because I hear that great boulder of anxiety in her voice, and I think, Well, doors are *important* things, so I go round (in fact I'm calling from her place) and the men turn up—ladders, floor cloths, the new door in its frame, all their tools. They're from the Dominican Republic, and I had been there not long ago, so we talk about that a bit; they spread out the cloths, unscrew the old door, and begin to hack at the old frame with hammers and chisels, so I ask them, 'How long is it going to take you to put in a finished door?'—by that I mean a lockable door—and they tell me, 'About five hours, but for you, Señor, maybe four and a half' (waggling their hands, shrugging), so you see where I am: I can't just leave a couple of Dominican chaps hacking away at her wall, and they're taking a coffee break right now, which is why I'm calling you, otherwise I couldn't hear. So I hope you understand. Let's do it soon—lunch, O.K.? Because I really want to talk about a couple of things."

"Have a good door," we said to him, and hung up.

VENEZUELA FOR VISITORS

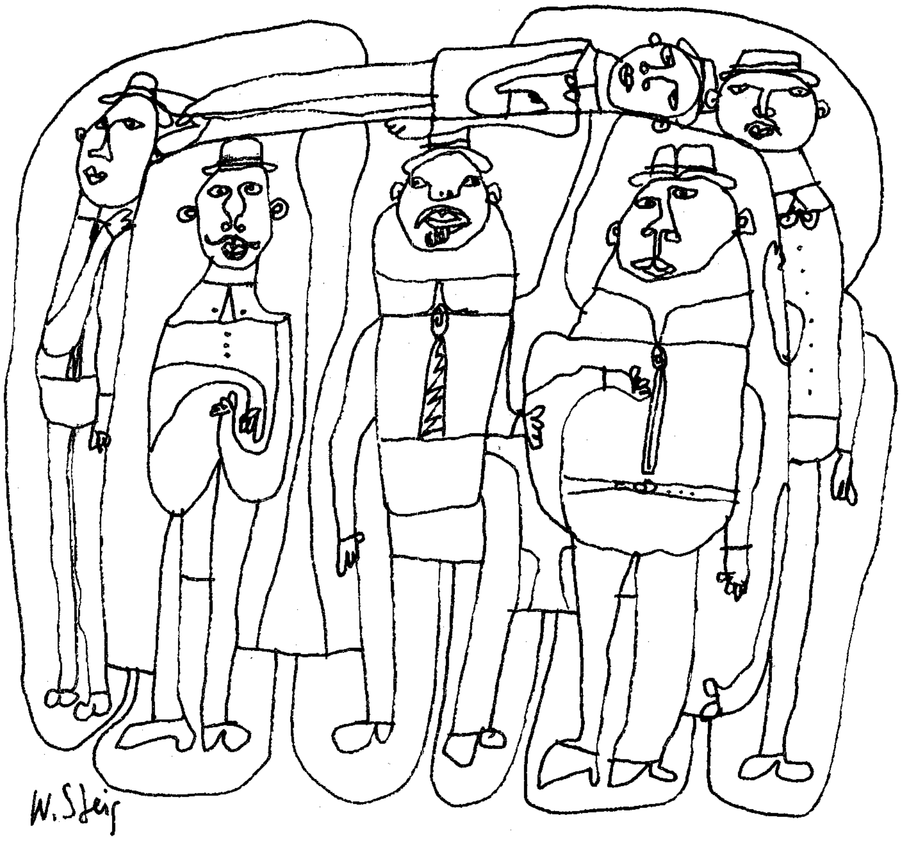
ALL Venezuela, except for the negligible middle class, is divided between the Indians (*los indios*) and the rich (*los ricos*). The Indians are mostly to be found in the south, amid the muddy tributaries of the Orinoco and the god-haunted *tepuys* (mesas) that rear their fearsome mile-high crowns above the surrounding jungle, whereas the rich tend to congregate in the north, along the sunny littoral, in the burgeoning metropolis of Caracas, and on the semicircular shores of Lake Maracaibo, from which their sumptuous black wealth is drawn. The negligible middle class occupies a strip of arid savanna in the center of the nation and a few shunned enclaves on the suburban slopes of Monte Avila.

The Indians, who range in color from mocha to Dentyne, are generally under five feet tall. Their hair style runs to pageboys and severe bangs, with some tonsures in deference to lice. Neither sex is quite naked: the males wear around their waists a thong to which their foreskins are tied, pulling their penises taut upright; the females, once out of infancy, suffer such adornments as three pale sticks symmetrically thrust into their lower faces like toothpicks into an olive. The gazes of both sexes are melting, brown, alert, canny. The visitor, standing among them with his Nikon FE and L. L. Bean fanny-pack, is shy at first, but warms to their inquisitive touches, which patter and rub across his person with a soft, sandy insistence unlike both the fumblings of children and the caresses one Caucasian adult will give another. There is an infectious, wordless ecstasy in their touches, and a blank eagerness with yet some parameters of tact and irony. *These are human presences*, the visitor comes to realize.

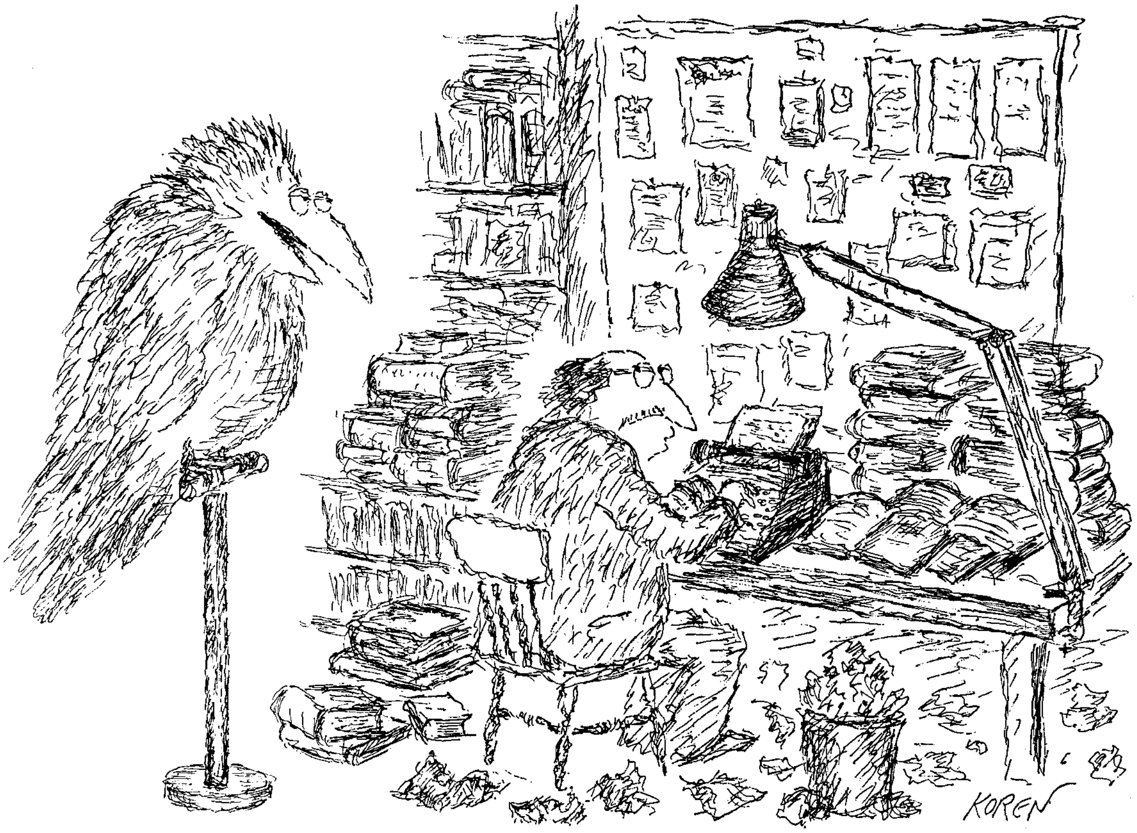
The rich, who range in color from porcelain to mocha, are generally under six feet tall. Their hair style runs to chignons and blow-dried trims. Either sex is elegantly clad: the males favor dark suits of medium weight (nights in Caracas can be cool), their close English cut enhanced by a slight Latin flare, and shirts with striped bodies but stark-white collars and French cuffs held by agates and gold; the females appear in a variety of gowns and mock-military pants suits, Dior and de la Renta originals flown in from Paris and New York. The gazes of both sexes are melting, brown, alert, canny. The visitor, standing among them in his funky Brooks Brothers suit and rumpled blue button-down, is shy at first, but warms to their excellent English, acquired at colleges in London or "the States," and to their impeccable politeness, which conceals, as their fine clothes conceal their skins, rippling depths of Spanish and those dark thoughts that the mind phrases to itself in its native language. They tell anecdotes culled from their rich international lives; they offer, as the evening deepens, confidences, feelers, troubles. These, too, are human presences.

The Indians live in *shabonos*—roughly circular lean-tos woven beautifully of palm thatch in clearings hacked and burnt out of the circumambient rain forest. A *shabono* usually rots and is abandoned within three years. The interiors are smoky, from cooking fires, and eye diseases are common among the Indians. They sleep, rest, and die in hammocks (*chinchorros*) hung as close together as pea pods on a vine. Their technology, involving in its pure state neither iron nor the wheel, is yet highly sophisticated: the chemical intricacies of curare have never been completely plumbed, and with their blowpipes of up to sixteen feet long the Indians can bring down prey at distances of over thirty metres. They fish without hooks, by employing nets and thrashing the water with poisonous lianas. All this sounds cheerier than it is. It is depressing to stand in the gloom of a *shabono*, the palm thatch overhead infested with giant insects, the Indians drooping in their hammocks, their eyes diseased, their bellies protuberant, their faces and limbs besmirched with the same gray-brown dirt that composes the floor, their possessions a few brown baskets and monkey skins. Their lives are not paradise but full of anxiety—their religion a matter of fear, their statecraft a matter of constant, nagging war. To themselves, they are "the people" (*Yanomami*); to others, they are "the killers" (*Waikás*).

The rich dwell in *haciendas*—airy long ranch houses whose roofs are of curved tile and, surprisingly, dried sugarcane stalks. Some *haciendas* surviving in Caracas date from the sixteenth century, when the great valley was all but empty. The interiors are smoky, from candlelit dinners, and contact lenses are common among the rich. The furniture is solid, black, pol-



Waiting for the Rain to Stop



"*We never laugh together anymore.*"

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ished by generations of servants. Large paintings by Diebenkorn, Stella, Baziotes, and Botero adorn the white plaster walls, along with lurid religious pictures in the colonial Spanish style. The appliances are all modern and paid for; even if the oil in Lake Maracaibo were to give out, vast deposits of heavy crude have been discovered in the state of Bolívar. All this sounds cheerier than it is. The rich wish they were in Paris, London, New York. Many have condominiums in Miami. *Haute couture* and abstract painting may not prove bulwark enough. Constitutional democracy in Venezuela, though the last dictator fled in 1958, is not so assured as may appear. Turbulence and tyranny are traditional. Che Guevara is still idealized among students. To themselves, the rich are good, decent, amusing people; to others, they are "*reaccionarios*."

Missionaries, many of them American, move among the Indians. They claim that since Western civilization, with all its diseases and detritus, must come, it had best come through them. Nevertheless, Marxist anthropologists inveigh against them. Foreign experts, many of them American, move among the rich. They claim they are just helping out, and that anyway the oil industry was nationalized five years ago. Nevertheless, Marxist anthropologists are not pleased. The feet of the Indians are very broad in front, their toes spread wide for climbing avocado trees. The feet of the rich are very narrow in front, their toes compressed by pointed Italian shoes. The Indians seek relief from tension in the use of *ebene*, or *yopo*, a mind-altering drug distilled from the bark of the *ebene* tree and blown into the user's nose through a hollow cane by a colleague. The rich take cocaine through the nose, and frequent mind-altering discothèques, but more customarily imbibe cognac, *vino blanco*, and Scotch, in association with colleagues.

These and other contrasts and comparisons between the Indians and the rich can perhaps be made more meaningful by the following anecdote: A visitor, after some weeks in Venezuela, was invited to fly to the top of a *tepuy* in a helicopter, which crashed. As stated, the *tepuys* are supposed by the Indians to be the forbidden haunts of the gods; and, indeed, they present an exotic, attenuated vegetation and a craggy geology to the rare intruder. The crash was a minor one, breaking neither bones nor bottles (a lavish picnic, including *mucho vino blanco*, had been packed). The bottles were consumed, the exotic vegetation was photographed, and a rescue helicopter arrived. In the Cessna back to Caracas, the survivors couldn't get enough of discussing the incident and their survival, and the red-haired woman opposite the visitor said, "I *love* the way you pronounce '*tepuy*.'" She imitated him: *tupooey*. "Real zingy," she said. The visitor slowly realized that he was being flirted with, and that therefore *this woman was middle-class*. In Venezuela, only the negligible middle class flirts. The Indians kidnap or are raped; the rich commandeer, or languorously give themselves in imperious surrender.

The Indians know only three words of Spanish: "*¿Cómo se llama?*" ("What is your name?"). In Indian belief, to give one's name is to place oneself in the other's power. And the rich, when one is introduced, narrow their eyes and file one's name away in their mysterious depths. Power among them flows along lines of kinship and intimacy. After an imperious surrender, a rich female gazes at her visitor with new interest out of her narrowed, brown, melting, kohl-ringed eyes. He has become someone to be reckoned with, if only as a potential source of financial embarrassment. "Again, what is your name?" she asks.

Los indios and *los ricos* rarely achieve contact. When they do, *mestizos* result, and the exploitation of natural resources. In such lies the future of Venezuela. —JOHN UPDIKE

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( ) Member ($35 fee)
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—Registration form for a conference sponsored by the University of Texas at Dallas.

That doesn't seem right, somehow.

PARADOX OF TIME

I. GRAVITY OF STONE AND ECSTASY OF WIND

Each day now more precious will dawn,
And loved faces turn dearer still,
And when sunlight is withdrawn,
There, over the mountain's black profile,

The western star reigns
In splendor, benign, arrogant,
And the fact that it disdains
You, and your tenement

Of flesh, should instruct you in
The paradox of Time,
And the doubleness wherein
The fleshly glory may gleam.

Sit on the floor with a child.
Hear laughter of that thing so young.
See loom its life-arch and, wild
With rage, speak wild words sprung

From vision, and thus atone
For all folly now left behind.
Learn the gravity of stone.
Learn the ecstasy of wind.

2. LAW OF ATTRITION

Learn the law of attrition,
Know that the mountain's crag-jut,
In its altitude of pride,
Knows the sledge and gnaw of seasons,
Each in its enmity.
Do you know how a particle,
Rain-washed downward, and down,
Is seized by the stream that boils
And roils in tumultuous white
Of flung spray, down the chasm
To reach falls that, airward, will leap,
Then plunge, in incessant thunder,
To the swirl of blind mist below?
Do you know how, in the heart
Of the river's majestic, slow
Flow riding, it does not know
Desire or destination?
Then think how in the broad
Estuary, somnambulistic
Under the glitter of sun,
Musing, musing seaward, it
Is borne: to enter unto
The dark inwardness of sea-wisdom
Far from the breakers' roar
And anger hurled against
Whatsoever headland or rock-shore,
And below, below, how far
From the surface agitation
Perceived by sun or star,
It moves in sea-wisdom's will,
Or hangs still, if that is the will.

As aeons pass, in a time
Unpredictable, it may be,
In turn and churn of the globe,
A single, self-possessed grain
Of sand on an unmapped strand,
White but backed by shadow
And depth of rain-jungle, and
The utterance of the victim
When, in nocturnal prowl-time,
It feels the fang at the throat.

Day dawns and then the sand grain
Exposes the glaze of a tiny
And time-polished facet that now
Will return from its minimal mirror
The joy of one ray from above,
But no more joy from this than
When tropic constellations,
Wheeling in brilliant darkness,
Strike one ray at that facet
And the facet, across howling light-years,
Makes what answer it can—
With the same indifferent joy.

For safe, safe in the asylum
Of self that is non-self, it lies
On a beach where no foot may come.

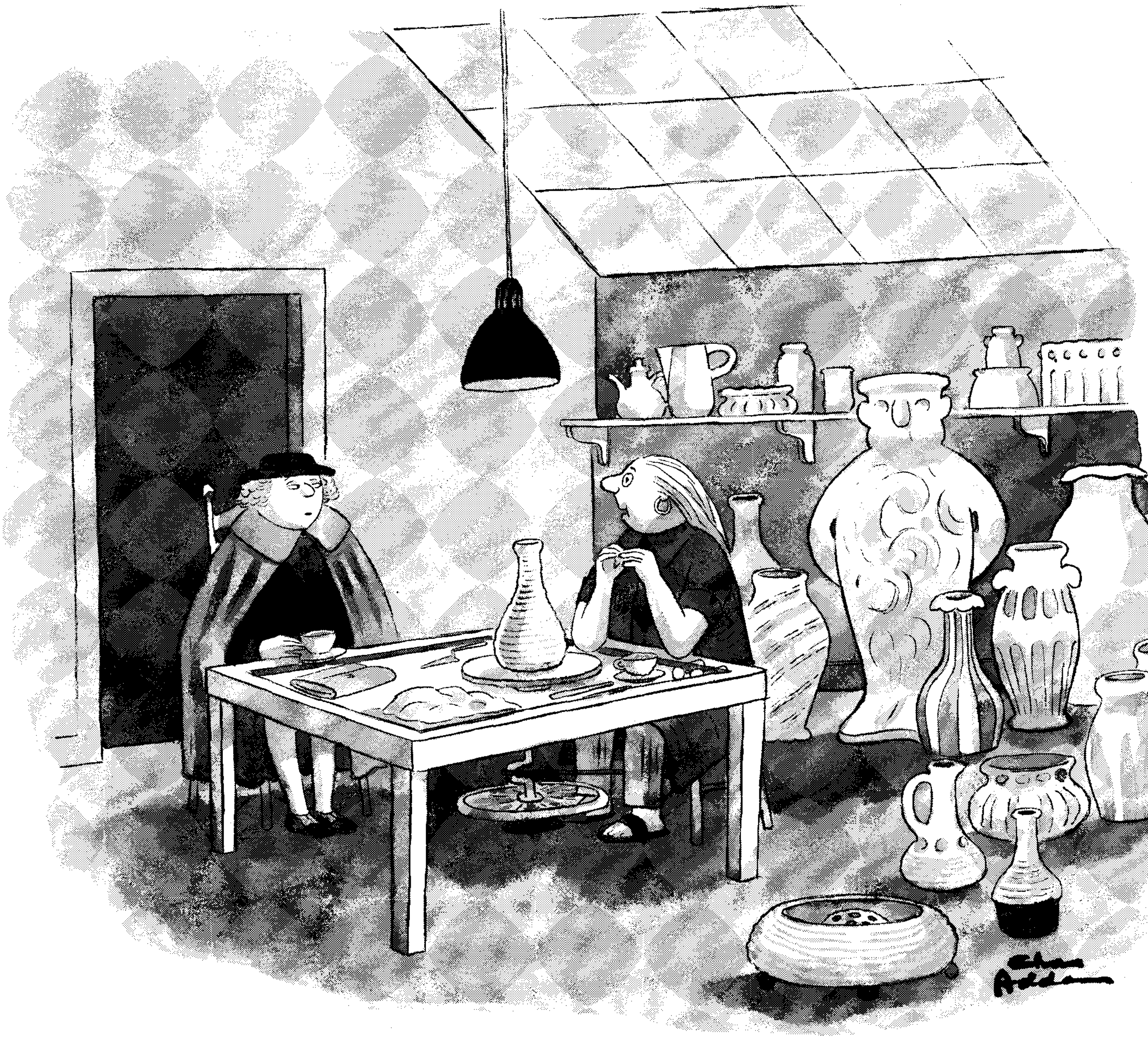
3. ONE I KNEW

At the time of sinew dry
And crank, you may try
To think of a snow peak glimpsed
Through a sudden aperture
In clouds and one last sun shaft
Flung to incarnadine
In glory that far, white
Arrogance before
Clouds close.

Or try,
As you stare at an evening sky,
To put your mind on those
Who once stood
Erect and prophetic in
Age's long irony.
Try to name their names, or try
To think of the nameless ones
You never knew.

I knew
One once, old, old, alone
In his unselfed, iron will,
Who once had said: "To deny
The self is all." So
He sat alone in that spot
Of refuge for life's discards,
His only joy a book or
Thought of the living and dead
He loved. No—one companion
He had, closer than hands
Or feet: the cancer of which
Only he knew.
It was his precious secret.

It was as though he leaned
At a large mysterious bud



"*Finally, Howard said I had to choose between him and ceramics.*"

• •

To watch, hour by hour,
How at last it would divulge
A beauty so long withheld—

As I had once sat
In a room lighted only by
Two candlesticks, and
Two flames, motionless, rose
In the summer night's breathlessness.
Three friends and I, we sat
With no conversation, watching
The bud of a century plant
That was straining against the weight
Of years, slow, slow, in silence,
To offer its inwardness.
The whiskey burned in our throats.

So the man I knew in daily
Courtesy lived, until
The day when, at his desk
In his cramped sitting room, he
Collapsed and, unconscious, slid
To the floor, pen yet in hand.
They revived him only for
The agony of the end.
At last, the injection.

I saw the end. Later,
I found the letter, the first
Paragraph unfinished. I saw
The ink-slash from that point
Where the unconscious hand had dragged
The pen as he fell. I saw
The salutation. It was
"Dear Son."

The shimmering
White petal, the golden stamen
Were at last, in triumph,
Divulged. On the dusty carpet.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

FREUNDSCHAFT

I WORKED on nine talking pictures with Ernst Lubitsch from 1930 to 1947, yet I never quite felt that I knew him or that he knew me. We were too much the creatures of our separate careers. I was a playwright. A play was something you worked on for a year or two, during which you managed to feed, clothe, and shelter your family, and then, if the play had the sheer soaring luck to be produced and even to survive on the stage and become a hit and pile money in your bank, something could sneak up from behind—for instance, the 1929 crash. Thus a pure, unadulterated playwright, which I was, could find himself in good company—other pure, unadulterated playwrights—when he accepted occasional employment in Hollywood, where you were paid while you wrote, week after week. Lubitsch, in contrast, was cinema incarnate. Beginning with his early years as a silent-film director—in Berlin, then in Hollywood—he had captured the imagination of Europe and America; the "Lubitsch touch" was born ("Madame Dubarry," "Sumurun," "The Marriage Circle," "So This Is Paris"). Then, in Hollywood, with talking pictures, the "Lubitsch touch" gained in dimension, and soon he stood high and alone as the creator of a special kind of sophisticated, disarmingly warm comedy never seen before or since ("The Love Parade," "Trouble in Paradise," "The Merry Widow," "Angel," "Ninotchka," "The Shop Around the Corner," "Heaven Can Wait"). When he died, in 1947, I mourned his loss. I stayed away from California for the next three decades, wrote on my own, travelled, "lived"—as ever hot on the trail of the future. But recently the future has been getting more and more predictable, and the past—all I have to do is turn around—has been coming alive, full of enigmas, clues, and challenges. Lubitsch comes up from under. He has been due to reënter my life, even without the reminders from today's seething film culture, because I have begun to feel that he meant much more to me, and perhaps I to him, than I've ever taken the time to realize. Looking back, I can now discern a trail, not so shadowy, of signs we gave each other outside the thousands of work hours we shared—signs of giving a damn about each other as human beings.

LUBITSCH was not what a writer would call a writer, nor did he waste time trying to be. I doubt if he ever tried to create a story, a film, even a scene entirely on his own. He had no vanity or illusions about himself. He was shrewd enough to cherish writers, and he welcomed the best available, roused them to outdo themselves, and at the same time contributed on every level and in ways that I cannot measure or define. This much I know: his feel for how good a scene or a picture or a performance could be was that of a genius. Such a gift is rarer by far than mere talent, which is epidemic among the mediocre.

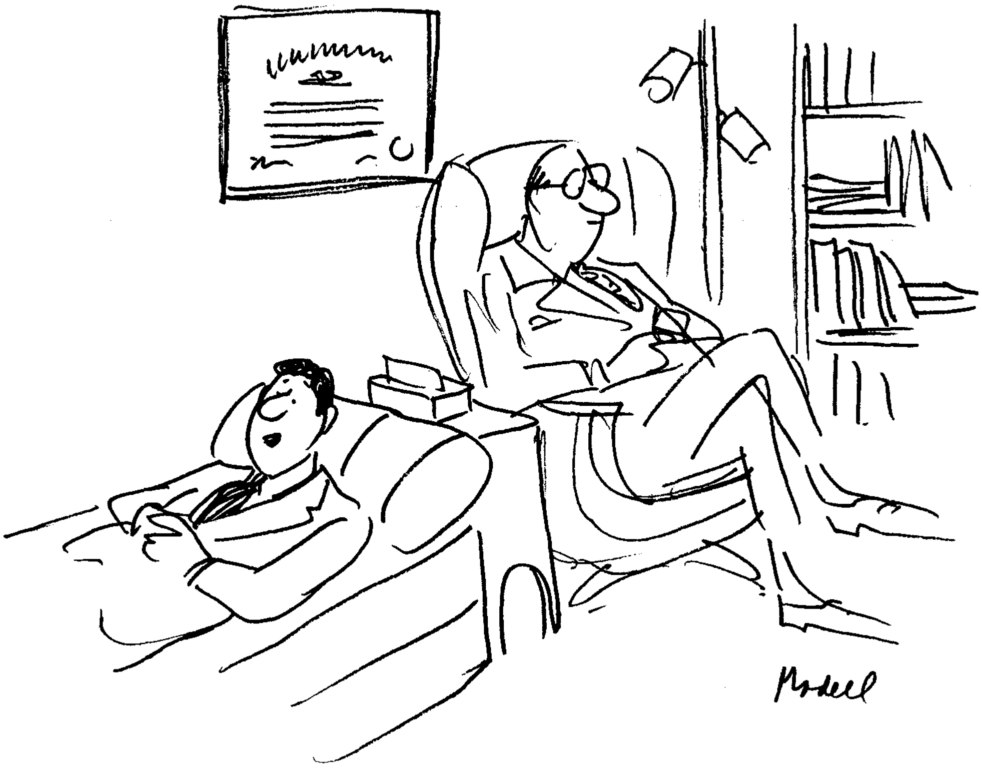
I try to remember what those thousands of hours we spent together were like. I knew nothing about film; he was the greatest film craftsman of his day. We always worked together in the same room. It might be his or my office in a studio building, a room in his home or mine or in a New York or Palm Springs hotel. We worked six hours a day, five days a week. There was no clash of egos, no rancor when we disagreed, sometimes violently, about a scene or a line. No matter how loudly we hollered, it was always in terms of the given task. We talked our writing. I always wrote by talking, anyway; I was no good alone with a typewriter. Fortunately, Lubitsch was a talker, too, and of course we always had a secretary with us. He wrote some of my best lines, and I supplied some typical Lubitsch touches. I did not keep score, and I never came home from work with details lingering in my mind. I had done the daily stint, earned the precious pay. The screen credit was incidental. The moment I left Lubitsch and movies, I rushed back to my "real" life—the next play, mine and mine alone. I did have a mild curiosity about seeing the finished film, but in all those seventeen years I visited a movie set less than half a dozen times, and then usually because Lubitsch wanted to change a line of dialogue. And I never hung around; there was nothing to learn by watching a three-minute scene being shot over and over.

After our first few films together, Lubitsch almost always wanted me, and I gladly came whenever it was feasible. We were an odd pair. He was short, rotund, eyes brilliant and black, hair shiny black. I was tallish, thin, nearsighted, eyes blue and bespectacled, hair brown. He was a Berlin creature—straight out of *Gymnasium* into Max Reinhardt's theatre, educated by clowning in Shakespeare and Molière, a comic star in silent pictures at twenty-one, a world-famous director almost ten years before the

AL BANK
HAPPY HOUR
2 TO 3PM
ALL CONSUMER LOANS
REDUCED BY
2%
S. GROSS

advent of talking pictures. I was a Chicago product, middle-class, West Side; my goal was literary and lofty, but my youth had been misspent in four years of journalistic antics on the campus of the University of Illinois, saturated in the cultural ambience of *The Saturday Evening Post*. I soon gravitated to New York and Greenwich Village, where my culture ascended to the level of *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and *The Smart Set* of Mencken and Nathan, and I vacillated between odd jobs reporting news or concocting advertisements and writing unsalable short stories full of integrity. I looked down on movies; to me they were all Douglas Fairbanks jumping over parapets or Rudolph Valentino looking silly. I saw two or three Chaplin films, thought they were funny, and that was that. I had seen none of Lubitsch's silent pictures and barely knew his name. I was theatre-mad, but I never dared aspire to playwriting. I had graduated from O. Henry to Maupassant, but Shaw, Molnár, George Kaufman, Eugene O'Neill, and Sidney Howard were beyond emulation. The mere concept of three successive acts—anything longer than fifteen pages—paralyzed me. I didn't know that drama was my métier until 1924, when, out of the blue, at age twenty-eight, I wrote "The Jazz Singer," a theatre piece—heartfelt, corny, and dramatic. It hurtled me into a lifetime dedicated to never again being so shamelessly effective.

Two plays later, my first time in Hollywood, I met Lubitsch, only four years older but in his prime and, in the new talkies, greater than ever. It was late 1930 at the Paramount studios, where, married and the father of two small children, I was recovering from the 1929 crash. I was more than happy to meet him, because earlier that year I had chanced upon "The Love Parade," which Lubitsch had produced and directed, and it was the first movie that ever caught me completely. In fact, it sent me cheering into the streets. That is what I had for him when we met—what "The Love Parade" had done to me. And it seems he wanted, for the script of "The Man I Killed," his first attempt at tearjerking drama, someone who could write a play like "The Jazz Singer" and really mean it. At the time, neither he nor I suspected that I could write his kind of comedy.



"*And then I say to myself, 'If I really wanted to talk to her, why do I keep forgetting to dial 1 first?'* "

• •

Our work was based always on a play, always European and usually unknown here. Lubitsch would tell me briefly the general line of the plot. I never read the play, because he wanted me not to be hampered by someone else's writing. He chose material for its possibilities, material that left us free for rampages of invention in what was known as his style, a style I loved and never ceased loving—for him, not for myself. From the first, I found that a certain kind of nonsense delighted him. I would toss in preposterous ideas —"Here's a terrible example of what I mean"—while we were struggling over a scene. He encouraged such nonsense, even during the first assignment, the melancholy "The Man I Killed," and when we got into the next, the prankish "Smiling Lieutenant," he began actually using the stuff, to my surprise. I soon discovered that these conversational doodlings were serious business. For instance, the opening love scene of "Trouble in Paradise," in a Venice hotel: Herbert Marshall is a master crook posing as a baron, and Miriam Hopkins is a lady thief posing as a countess. During their first rendezvous in Marshall's suite, their romance flowers when each unmasks the other. It turns out that she has pickpocketed his wallet and his watch and he has lifted her jewelled brooch and then somehow conjured the garter from under her evening dress. It was phony, incredible, and inconsistent with the image of Marshall as a supreme crook. But Lubitsch pounced on the idea, and we juggled it past all sanity. He loved my wild doodle of Miriam handing Marshall his watch and remarking, "It was five minutes slow, but I regulated it for you."

We were socially congenial, in the Hollywood fashion. My wife and I were often invited to his home, and he and his wife (the second) were invited to ours, but almost never was it merely a foursome. In Hollywood, anything less than a dinner for ten was a faux pas. I am sure we thought of each other as friends, but my private life held no interest for him, and I had little curiosity about his. As for my plays, they were fiercely my own, and he was the last man on earth I would turn to if I needed advice. I think he preferred it that way. During the long stretches when I was in the East, neither of us wrote or phoned the other, except on business. I hardly ever knew what other pictures he was making until long after they were made and I managed to see them. My wife says that we exchanged Christmas gifts when we were working together—boxes of candy or beribboned baskets of fruit and nuts.

I AM not quite giving a sense of the fullness of this odd and inconsistent relationship. An example, perhaps, would be how I felt about Lubitsch's courtship of Vivian Gaye and how he gave me the news of their marriage. It was in the mid-nineteen-thirties. I had done five films with him, and I had been calling him "Ernst" since the first weeks of our first movie. (To Walter Reisch, the writer from Vienna, probably his most intimate friend, he was always "Herr Lubitsch.") He called me "Sam" and occasionally "Rafe," which I am more accustomed to. Yet underneath the informality, especially in the earlier years, I must have held him in awesome esteem. It included my concept of his male charisma. I didn't notice, for months, that he was a short man—about five feet five or six. Only when an envious Berliner mockingly compared him to Napoleon did I think of Lubitsch in terms of height. Actually, not only was he short, but his hands and feet were small, and he walked with a faintly bowlegged, lilting step. He also had a bulge at the waistline. But his remarkable face and those brilliant eyes and his true feeling for every art that went into the making of movies gave him towering stature in my eyes, and I took it for granted that he could have any woman who struck his fancy. I could not conceive of a beautiful woman in her right mind hesitating if she had to choose between, for instance, Gable and Lubitsch. Or take a society man—blue-blooded, handsome, a polo player with a yacht. Hell, take Hemingway. I could write the scene. It would be no contest.

Well, I gradually learned that he was far from being a grand vizier of love. I knew almost nothing of his first marriage and divorce; when I met him, he was unattached and free-wheeling and, although not a chaser, had an appetite for and did very well with the fabulous cuties of Hollywood. But pretty soon it became clear that a wife to him meant a lady, and as much of a lady as the nineteen-thirties would tolerate. He was smilingly unimpressed by glamour women (except for an occasional soupçon of awe in the presence of Garbo), and he treated other men's wives, including mine, with fond boredom. But any female with the icy look of ancestry—unmarried, of course, and not too old or too homely—made him stop, look, and listen. He wanted to marry, and I heard that he had proposed, at one time or another, to several qualified ladies, but without success. This humbly born, self-educated specimen from *unter* no Berlin *Linden*, in his art so hilariously superior to kings and dukes and earls, was touchingly modest in the presence of even an ex-lady-in-waiting to some obscure royal dowager of some distant realm—which more or less described Vivian Gaye.

She was a not untypical European émigrée of the early nineteen-thirties, highborn and footloose. Her real name was copious and impressive and (I think) Slavic, and she spoke grammatical English with an expensive accent. My wife and I knew her first as one of the presentable, unclassifiable young women who appeared around the swimming pool of one's house on Sunday afternoons. I haven't the slightest idea who brought her to ours. She was handsome; her figure was good but not ravishing or imperious, and, to the best of my knowledge, she bewitched no one before Lubitsch came along. I believed her when she said she had been lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Denmark, but since I did not know the requirements of such a job I was not impressed. Lubitsch dropped in one Sunday—he had met her some time before, got a whiff of pedigree, a dab of encouragement—and they were now in a courting stage where she smiled but held back and he, truly guileless, was on his best behavior. Being a man of many humors, he couldn't avoid subtleties—deadpan ironies and extravagances. Vivian, who I'd have said had a limited sense of the comic, did seem to know when to smile, when to approximate laughter, and when to nod in recognition of a noteworthy remark—at least two out of three times, and I don't think Lubitsch was counting. I report all this from my own grudging viewpoint. The lady may have been the choicest of choice womanhood, but in my eyes she was not good enough for him.

I did not see Lubitsch for months after that, but one day I heard that he and Vivian Gaye were often together, and it made me, in a comfortable-bystander way, unhappy. Then, in October of 1935—I was in Palm Springs working on a play and must have missed the papers that day—someone told me they were married (something about running off to Arizona), and I readjusted my view of life, deciding that anything could happen to anybody. And, after all, the man and I merely worked together once in a while.

One day a few months later—I was still in Palm Springs, but the play was going badly—Lubitsch called me. He had a story; was I available? The next day, we lunched in great spirits at Paramount.

"What are you doing, Sam?"

"Oh, you know—a play."

"Ah. How's it going?"

"Bad. I threw it away."

"Fine, fine. I think you're going to like this story."

Back in his office, he began telling me the general idea of "Angel." The telephone interrupted. "Yes?" His face brightened. "Hello, darling!" He spoke affectionately about domestic matters. When he hung up, his eyes became watchful and his lips curled in a naughty little grin. He said, "Maybe you heard that Vivian and I got married?"

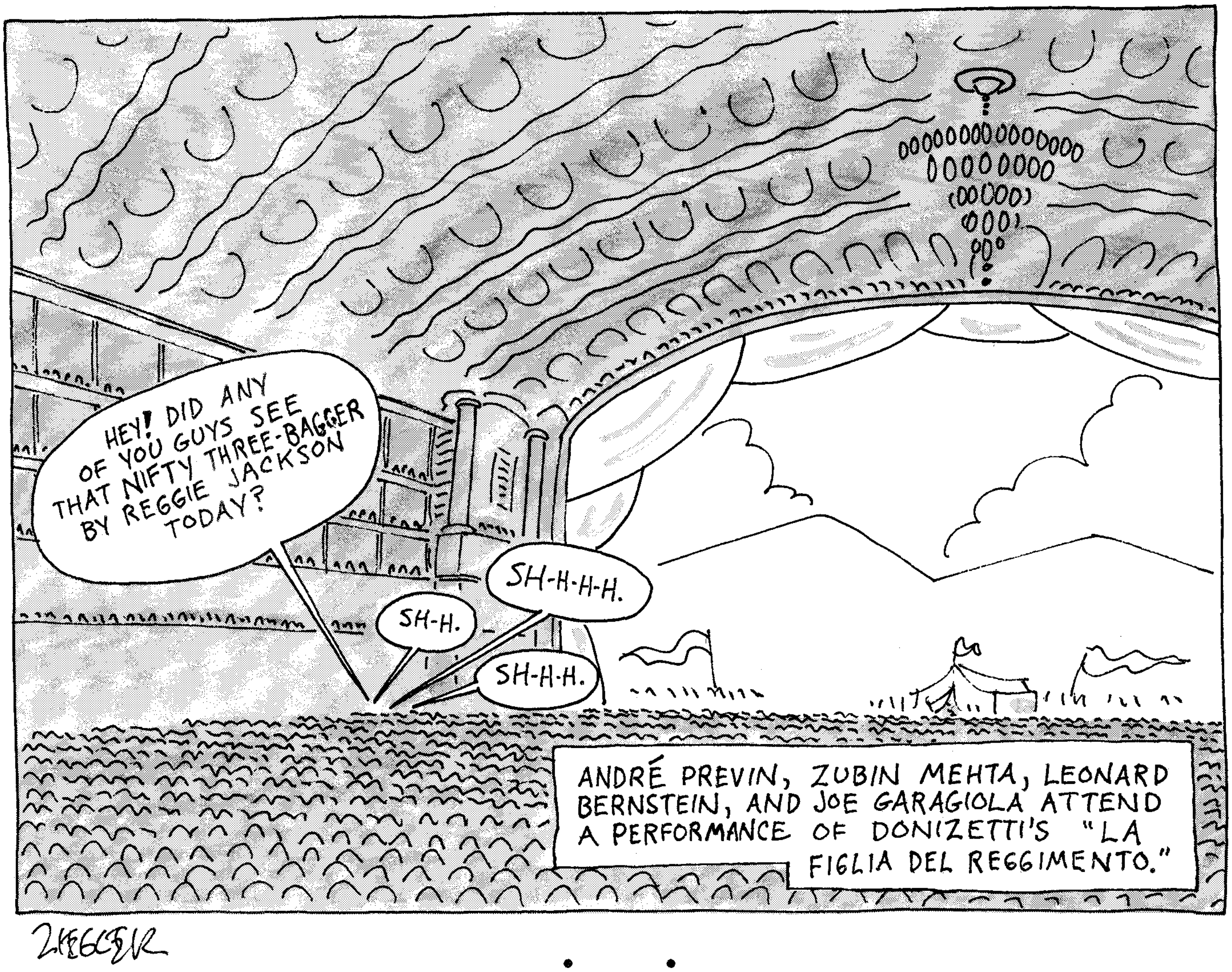
I said, "I think I *did* hear somebody say . . ."

Still with that grin, he said, "Well, it's true." Then, after a moment, brisk and on his feet, "Now, where were we?"

I grinned back and told him where we were.

That is as near as I can come to an indication of how life was between him and me apart from our intimate existence in the more tangible world of applied imagination.

THEN, in 1943, Lubitsch had a heart attack, and there were signs of reaching out, at first mainly


HEY! DID ANY OF YOU GUYS SEE THAT NIFTY THREE-BAGGER BY REGGIE JACKSON TODAY?
SH-H.
SH-H-H-H.
SH-H-H.
ANDRÉ PREVIN, ZUBIN MEHTA, LEONARD BERNSTEIN, AND JOE GARAGIOLA ATTEND A PERFORMANCE OF DONIZETTI'S "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO."
ZIEGLER

• •

on my side. I had last been with him in the spring of 1942, when we finished our eighth picture together, "Heaven Can Wait"—a blithe experience. Blithe because we were at the height of our productive years. (I had written "Accent on Youth," "Skylark," and "Jason"—a head start toward immortality, I thought; Lubitsch, pitching for the here and now, had been steadily making Lubitsch pictures with and without me.) Blithe because, separated at last from Vivian Gaye after several years of a troubled marriage, and with a four-year-old daughter to adore, he was in fine fettle. Blithe because we did our work on "Heaven Can Wait" in his Bel Air house, luxuriously at ease, me often laying aside my pipe for one of his special Upmann cigars. Blithe because we combined our individual gifts in that script and felt it was flawless. When the job was over and done, however, we parted with the usual brief handshake, knowing little more about each other than we had known before.

Jump a year, during which Lubitsch, at Twentieth Century-Fox, was bringing "Heaven Can Wait" to consummation on the screen and my wife and I, in Pennsylvania, were purchasing a farm. In the summer of 1943, leaving my family to rural bliss, I returned to Hollywood for a stint at M-G-M. I lived at the Chateau Elysée, and it was there, over the radio at breakfast, that I heard the news of Lubitsch's heart attack. He had fallen down unconscious the night before at a party, in a large tent set over a portable dance floor on a large lawn at the estate of Sonja Henie. He was brought to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, where desperate measures were being taken to save his life. The news certainly did something to me. That was thirty-eight years ago; I remember the day in patches. My wife told me later that I had called her and sounded badly shaken. I know that I did not call Lubitsch's home or the hospital and that I felt awful about it. But I hadn't seen him for a year and, as always, was not sure where I stood in his life or he in mine.

I remember the day as a long morning in my office at M-G-M. I arrived and got the latest bulletin from Tildy Jones, my secretary: Lubitsch was dying, if not already dead. Tildy had been with us on "Heaven Can Wait" (the working secretary was always mine), and she was continuing at my side through Hollywood thick and thin. Her news was authoritative and nearly firsthand: with nothing like my qualms, she had called the Bel Air house and simply asked for her friend, Lubitsch's private secretary, Steffie Trondle. Steffie, a dear elderly German woman who had been with Lubitsch since long before I knew him, had just returned from the hospital. She was hysterical, but also apparently in charge, talking with mad efficiency of coffins and pallbearers and, according to Tildy, referring to me as "one of the few who never let him down." (I remember those words exactly, because over the years several

Donald Reilly

"... *and if '60 Minutes' calls back, tell them to forget it.*"

• •

people have quoted them—the only precise clue to how Lubitsch felt about me. The rest of the dialogue I am improvising—as close as possible to what was said.) Tildy went on, "Steffie says that she realizes what a terrible loss this must be to you, and that you must express your grief while you feel it most, and I agree. You must write something beautiful to be printed, so that future generations will know what a wonderful man Mr. Lubitsch was."

I recall no stirrings of grief. My imagination could not, and cannot, play around death; it is all offstage stuff. I certainly was sorry he was dead. Actually, I must have felt more, because, though I had promised some work to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., an M-G-M producer, I could not get at it. I could not write anything, anything at all. I remember making random telephone calls, and that Tildy looked at me impatiently, perhaps reproachfully.

Then Hornblow dropped in—a cultivated and imaginative man, and one of the few producers with a fine feeling for writers—and told me to forget the assignment. He said, "Why don't you write something about Ernst while you're in this state of mind?" He left, and I turned to Tildy and tried to explain that I didn't know what to write, because, incredibly, I didn't know the man well; I didn't even know what I *felt*. The subject obsessed me, however, and I kept on explaining for an hour or so, until suddenly I said some words, then some more, and they sounded right. She got them down. The rest poured out like a scene suddenly ripe and ready. I did know him. I did feel about him. In no time at all, there was a first draft. Here it is:

> Lubitsch loved ideas more than anything in the world, except his daughter Nicola. It didn't matter what kind of ideas. He could become equally impassioned over an exit speech for a character in the current script, the relative merits of Horowitz and Heifetz, the aesthetics of modern painting, or whether now is the time to buy real estate. And his passion was usually much stronger than that of anyone else around him, so he was likely to dominate in a group. Yet I never saw, even in this territory of egoists, anyone who didn't light up with pleasure in Lubitsch's company. We got that pleasure, not from his brilliancy or his rightness—he was far from infallible, and his wit, being human, had its lesser moments—but from the purity and childlike delight of his lifelong love affair with ideas.
>
> An idea mattered to him more, for instance, than where his forkful of food happened to be traveling at a given moment. This director, who had an unerring eye for style, from the surface of clothes and manners down to the most subtle intonation of an aristocrat's heart, was, in his personal life, inclined to reach for the handiest pair of trousers and coat whether they clashed or not, to shout like a king or a peasant (but never like a gentleman) and go through life unaware of many refinements and shadings, with that clumsiness which is the passport of an honest man. He had no time for manners, but the grace within him was unmistakable, and everyone kindled to it, errand boy and mogul, mechanic and artist. Garbo smiled, indeed, in his presence, and so did Sinclair Lewis and Thomas Mann. He was born with the happy gift of revealing himself instantly and to all.
>
> As an artist he was sophisticated, as a man almost naïve. As an artist shrewd, as a man simple. As an artist economical, precise, exacting; as a man, he was always forgetting his reading glasses, his cigars, manuscripts, and half the time it was an effort for him to remember his own telephone number.
>
> However great the cinema historians will eventually estimate him, he was bigger as a person.
>
> He was genuinely modest. He never sought fame or coveted prizes. He was incapable of employing the art of personal publicity. You could never wound him by speaking critically of his work. And somehow he never wounded his fellow-workers with his innocent forthrightness. If he once accepted you, it was because he believed in you. Thus he could say, "Oh, that's lousy!" and at the same time you felt his rich appreciation of what you hoped were your hidden virtues. A superb actor, he was totally incapable of acting in his human relations. He did not have one manner for the great and another for the lowly, one style for the drawing room and another for the bar. He was as free from guile and pretense as children are supposed to be,

and this made him endlessly various and charming.

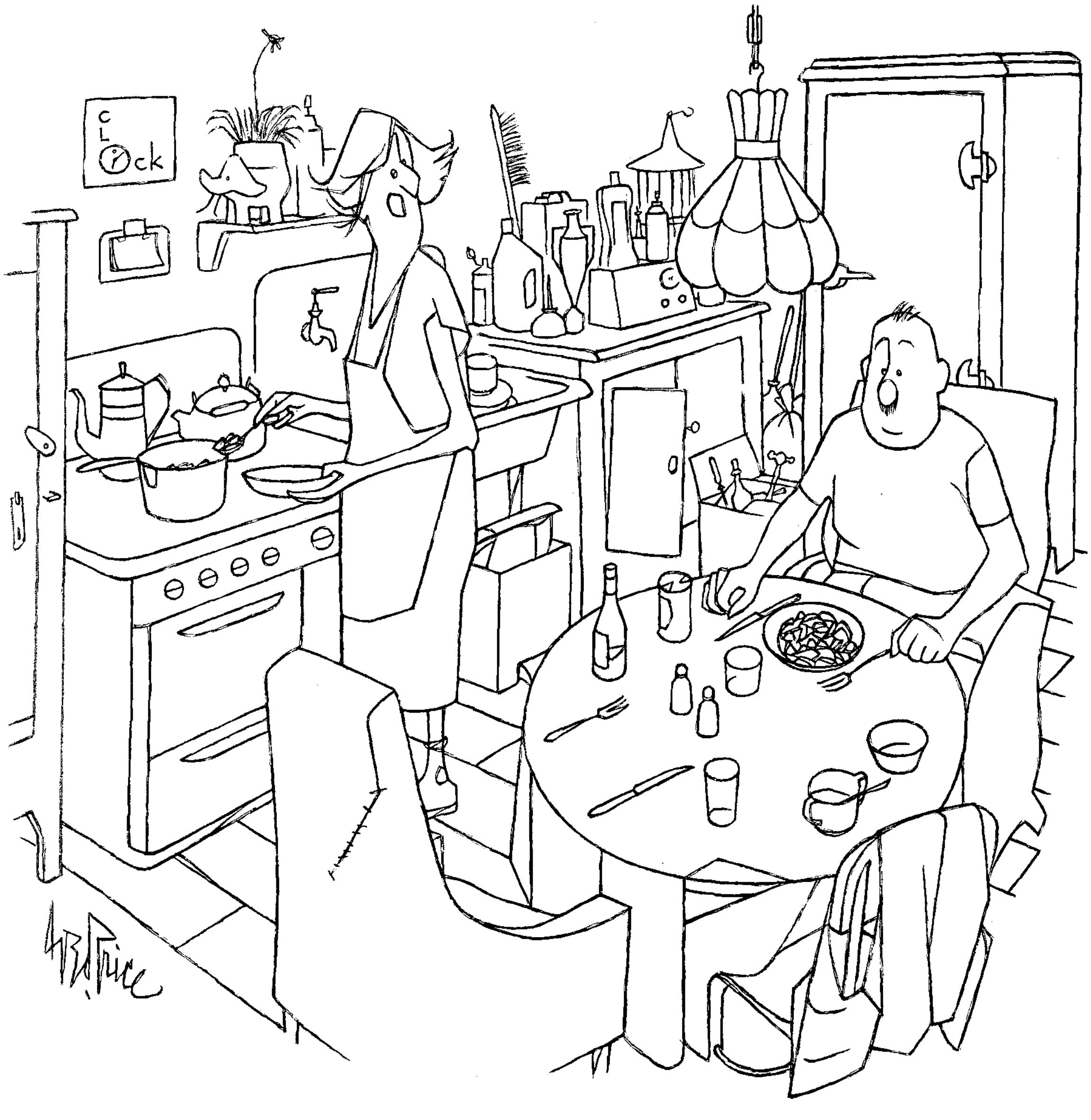
I am sorry I was never able to say some of this to him while he was alive.

I was pleased—more than pleased. It was better than a first draft. The real test was its effect on Tildy, a Hollywood product of a kind that I don't think exists today: about thirty, studio-bred since her teens in the silent-picture days, a virgin self-programmed to marry no one less than a thousand-dollar-a-week cinema underling, and very, very script-wise. Here my memory is clear: as I was dictating, I saw a tear rolling down her cheek. Then, after Tildy had typed it—long past lunchtime, but neither of us noticed—I read it aloud to make sure it was heartfelt yet not effusive, laudatory but judicious; and her responses were just right. At one point, she remarked that she hadn't realized how strongly I felt about Lubitsch, and of course I hadn't realized it myself. I had never before seen him defined and clear, framed and final, as by death.

A few weeks later, when I was allowed ten minutes with him at the hospital, I was deeply moved. He had to lie very still; even the use of his expressive hands was forbidden. I reassured him, mentioning John Golden, my producer on "Skylark," a man over seventy, who was in great shape a year or two after a near-fatal stroke. Lubitsch smiled wanly. "I know, I know. But when I die, this is what I'll die of."

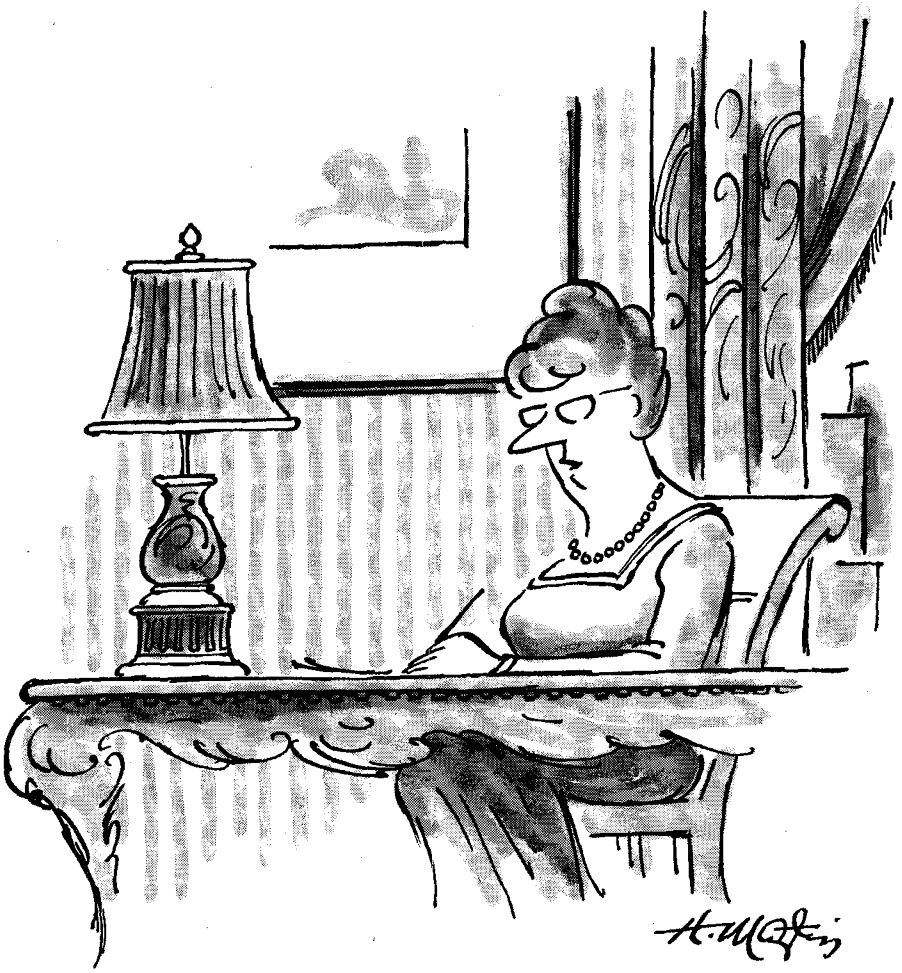
HE did not die, and as time went on the accent of death faded. The regular life pattern took over. In the next four years, on the farm, my wife and I went through the ordeals of our children's adolescence, and I was busy with plays and stories. Lubitsch, in Hollywood, was doing his usual incomparable stuff. He probably knew I had a play on Broadway, and I must have heard of his next film, "Cluny Brown." We were both back to normal. As for my funeral tribute, although it was now distinctly out of order I kept the two-page script—the original and a few carbon copies—where I could always lay hands on it. I reread it, and found labored adulation, inaccuracies, and a glib style. I didn't do anything about it, but I knew that if the time came I would write more truly. After all, in 1943 I was forty-seven. I was maturing. I could not quite forget the pale man on the hospital bed. My change consisted of past fragments seen anew—evidence of Lubitsch's humanity, and mine. I felt that one of us had failed the other. Maybe the original fault was mine. How did he take my obvious lack of interest in movies? True, I never received a wire from him on my Broadway openings, never felt he owed one to me. But how had he felt about no word from me on the premières of films we had created together? In many instances, I hadn't even known they had been released until weeks later. I didn't see "Angel" until it came to Bethlehem, twenty minutes from our farm. Conceivably, all this might have chilled him. He might have opened up if I had been a total film man, ambitious to be a director myself. I doubt if there would have been envy. He was too secure in his cinema cosmos.

I began reinterpreting, finding clues in things that had passed me by before. Maybe he had tried and I had failed him. One spring afternoon way back



"It's gizzards and grits—a bit of Americana."

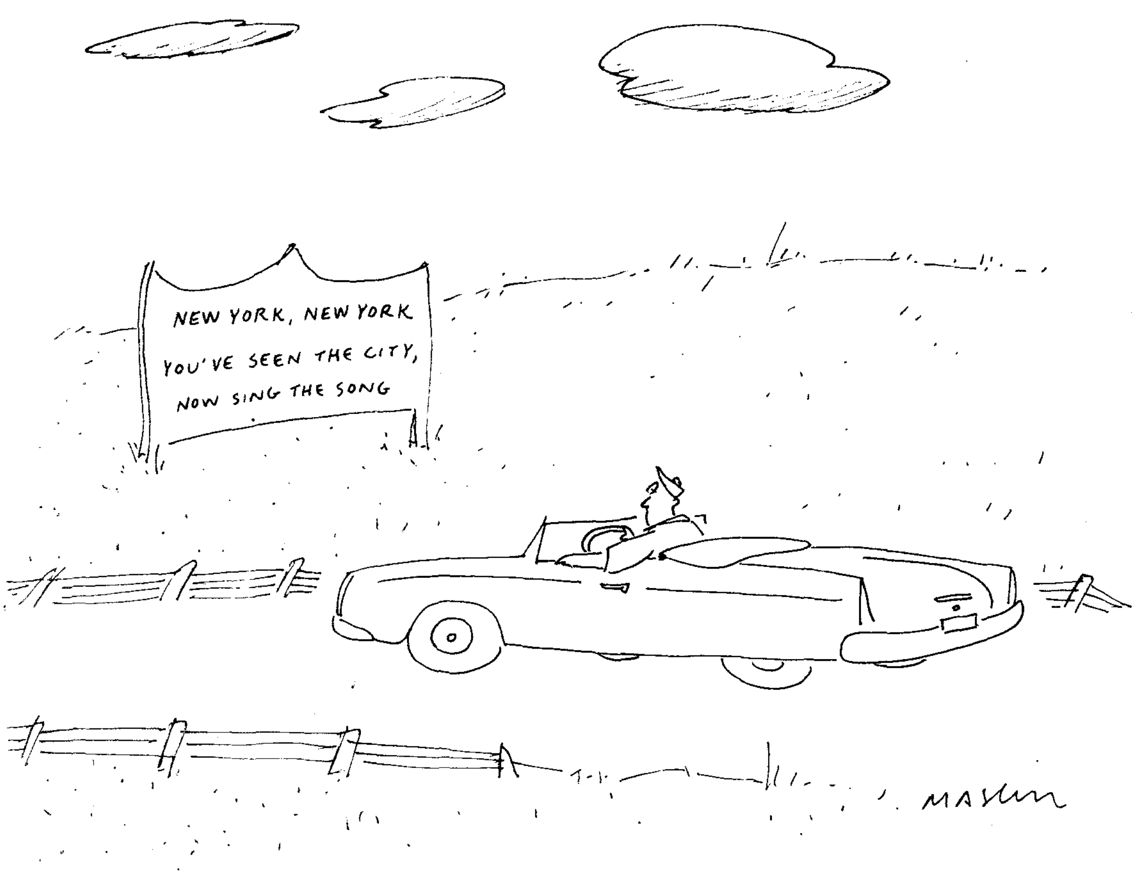
in 1932—we were working on "Trouble in Paradise" in his Santa Monica beach house—he asked me to stay and stroll the beach with him. I was sure he had something special to say, but we walked along with small talk, and after a while he began telling me about his father—unusual, but I gave it no great importance at the time. He was very fond of the old man and maintained him comfortably in a Berlin apartment. The apartment required a housekeeper, and Papa was constantly writing for additional money and sending bills—always for repair work on the main door. It was the housekeepers; there was a great turnover in housekeepers. If they didn't yield to the old boy, out they went. If they did yield, he got tired of them after a while, and the great lover had to have a new door lock to keep a rejected sex-mad female away. Lubitsch told this with his usual glee about fun in bed and with obvious filial pride, but, looking back, I recalled a difference—some pauses, as if he were waiting for me to speak, and a watchfulness that I could sense out of the corner of my eye but that disappeared when I glanced directly at him. But I, enjoying the telling, just smiled and laughed. Then, at the end, there was a long silence. It may well have been an invitation. It was the only time he had ever asked me to stay after work. Probably he was trying to create a more intimate atmosphere and, when I failed to respond, impulsively came up with a random intimacy about his father. Why didn't I tell him about my father? Why didn't I ask for more about Ernst? Was his mother alive? How did he feel about her? How was it between mother and father? Did Ernst have brothers, sisters? We were both Jews. That was something to talk about. My family, before two American generations, had owned, or leased, or labored in vineyards or orchards near Jerusalem. How far back was his family German? And before that—Poland? Spain? Palestine? I had heard, from others, that the father had been a tailor. A little tailor in a shop? An elegant tailor, custom-fitting the rich? I resolved that, next assignment, the very first day together, we would have a fine time bandying childhoods.



"Dear Postmaster: I am writing to apologize for a gross inadvertence on my part. Earlier today, I wrote several letters and, on my way to shop, by mistake I dropped the 'Local' letters in the 'Out of Town' box and the 'Out of Town' letters in the 'Local' box. Such carelessness, I realize, causes inconvenience, confusion, and disruption of the United States Postal Service . . ."

I began also to reëxamine some of my own behavior. Often, when talking about Lubitsch, I had said, "I love the guy." It came easily in Hollywood—a common phrase. You might say it about someone who agreed with something you said, or someone you didn't even know who did something you liked. But maybe I really cared. I recalled an evening in the second or third year of his marriage to Vivian Gaye—a dinner party. My wife and I were at the same table with Lubitsch and Vivian. I already knew—felt it, found evidence every time I saw them together—that the marriage had gone bleak. Lubitsch was out on the floor dancing, which he loved. My wife was dancing, too, and so were the others. Vivian preferred not to dance, and we were making talk. I said something about their baby girl, Nicola—that the child was beautiful and exceptionally bright, which was true. Vivian smiled and began praising the American melting pot. She believed in that melting pot, she said earnestly. Here it was not like tired old Europe. Then she said, "I'm all in favor of mixing, for instance, the blood of the aristocrat with the blood of the peasant." I lost my customary aplomb. I said, "I know exactly what you mean, Vivian. You are of course referring to Ernst and yourself—he the aristocrat, and you the party of the second part." I remember the remark well, because I was proud of my wit, and because I felt the lady had inspired it and deserved it. I also remember that we both smiled hideously at each other, pretending that nothing homicidal had been said. Then someone must have returned from dancing. I don't remember any more, but Lubitsch and I did not again work in his home until "Heaven Can Wait," after he and Vivian had parted.

I often thought ruefully of that



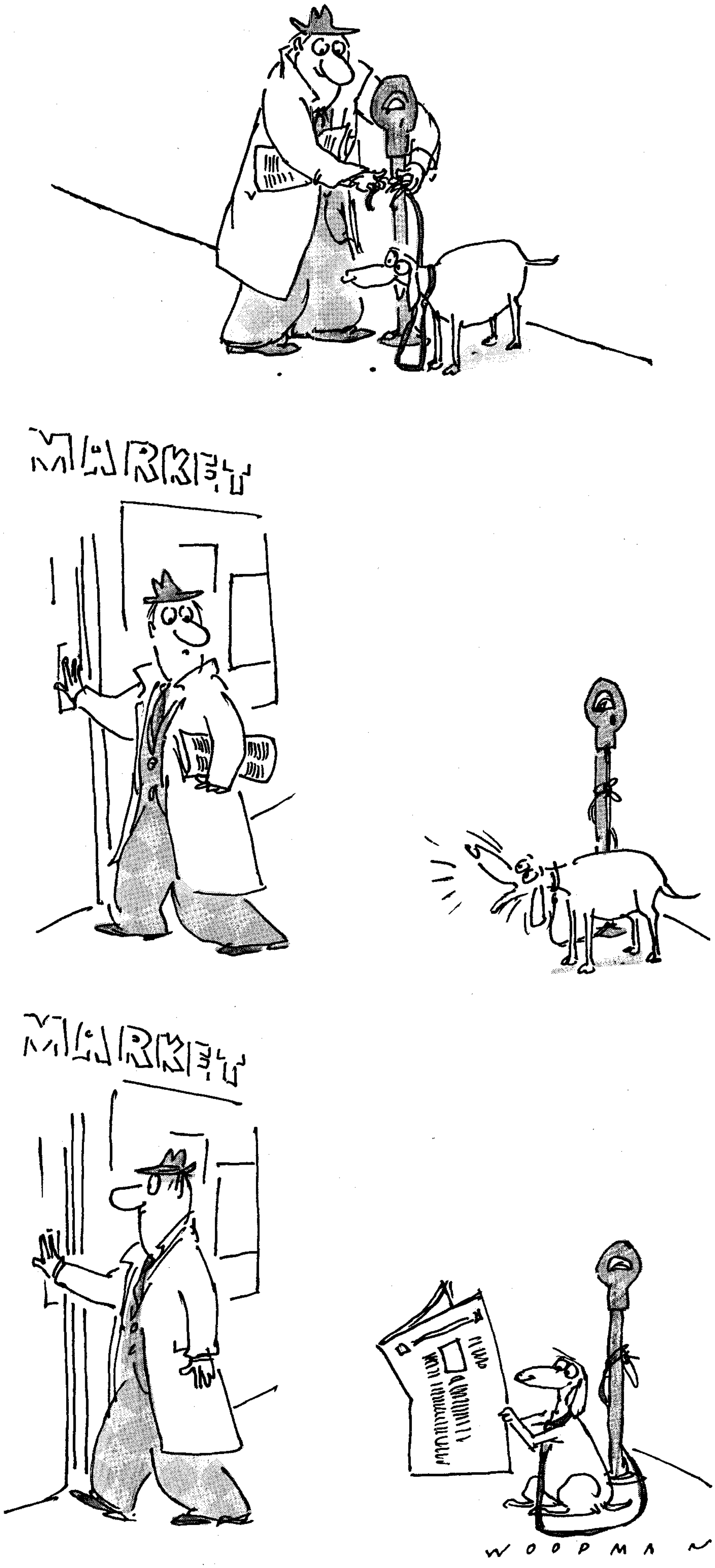
gauche and ungentlemanly remark, and I always attributed it to my rugged American resentment of the lady's ladyhood. It did not occur to me that it was an explosion of loyalty, to say nothing of love, for my friend, the husband. But in the years after 1943 I saw it in a different light: I hoped and prayed that my words had not added to the dolorousness of his marriage. Did that mean that I cared about the man and hadn't realized it? It was possible, but in those four years I never wrote Lubitsch or called him on the telephone. Maybe the annual Christmas card, but that is all. I was changing only in the sense that in odd moments I reinterpreted events that seemed to have other values when they happened. (I must add still another view of Vivian: All this goes back forty-five years; I was not as mellow and evenhanded as I am today; and if that episode seems in any way a reflection on the actual Vivian's character, I herewith state that I can be as wrong about fellow-humans as any man. It is quite possible that Ernst was no dreamboat in the dark mazes of matrimony, and, for all I know, Vivian may have had a prodigious sense of humor.)

I thought about Lubitsch again in a new way in 1944, after the ordeal of my play "The Perfect Marriage." Before production, the script had an extraordinary reception. It was praised high, wide, and handsome by every theatre magnifico who read it. All my other plays, especially the ones I brag about, had first been rejected, sometimes by more than a few producers. But this time there was not a single dissenting voice, beginning with my producer and friend Cheryl Crawford and fanning out to financial backers, theatre owners, and stars yearning for the leading roles. Even a Hollywood studio hailed the script with a lavish pre-production offer, which Cheryl and I, in the belief that we were outsmarting them, sneered at. Should anyone question my veracity, I have ample evidence in my files. I saved every scrap: letters from the wealthy, the wise, and the glamorous, telegrams, cajoling cards attached to boxes of flowers—every scrap except the reviews of the New York critics, which were unanimously unfavorable.

It was not exactly a box-office failure, however, perhaps because Miriam Hopkins starred in it. But she was also one of the mistakes I had made. I chose her against the advice of others, including Cheryl Crawford. Miss Hopkins did not enhance the part. I might have survived the reviews if I could have put the blame only on my not too bright choice of star. But I knew that the play itself had missed. In the past, I had learned from my failures; there always came a day, not long after, when I saw why I had missed, and that was rejuvenating. But here I remained in the dark. I learned nothing from the critics or from soul-searching. Could all those distinguished people who had loved the script be wrong? Yes indeed, they could. I longed for a godlike intelligence, and naturally I thought of Lubitsch. He and I, when going good, had the gift of catching the other on a wrong trail, thus saving what easily could be months of going nowhere, writing one splendid wrong scene after another. I found myself thinking, Just five minutes with him after I had finished that script and five minutes on the phone when we were casting—what a difference it could have made!

IN 1947, when Lubitsch called me from Hollywood for "That Lady in Ermine," I was punch-drunk from a year with a frustrating comedy about a young couple who survive the destruction of the world, and so eager for a break that I welcomed the assignment without fussing about the story. Lubitsch said, "You'll love it," and I took his word for it. I threw away the cluttered comedy script. It did not occur to me that I might bring it along and show it to him and—who knows?—get five lifesaving minutes. I did, however, take the almost forgotten funeral piece, with the vague feeling that anything might happen, and that with some cuts and careful rewriting it could be made sound and less irritatingly glib. (I abhorred "love affair with ideas.")

My wife and I arrived in Hollywood on a Sunday morning in February,



called Lubitsch from our rented house, and went to his Bel Air home in the afternoon. He looked lively and fit. We greeted each other as always—two fellow-workers starting another job. We did not embrace. Unlike many Middle Europeans, he did not press lips to ladies' hands, nor did he salute males with a hug and a two-cheek kiss. We did our usual handshake, not the long granite grip and eye-to-eye contact of the true American but a sort of flap—something to get out of the way.

He had changed. He had settled into living a single life, but Nicola (now nine years old) was there, and he adored her slavishly. He had drawn closer to a few European friends, friends steeped in the film world—German-speaking cronies like Walter Reisch, Willie Wyler, Billy Wilder, and Henry Blanke. And he had, probably for the first time in his life, a real camaraderie with a lovely woman. She was Mary Loos (niece of Anita)—young, beautiful, splendidly tall, a blue blood of California-pioneer ancestry—whose platonic devotion Lubitsch received, to the surprise of everyone, with gratitude and affection. And he seemed to have an increased awareness of me as a man with a family. My wife and I felt it that first evening when we dined with him. He asked about the school life of our teen-age children and about life on the farm. After we told him, however, there were no more questions. And somehow we didn't get around to our own childhood days, then or ever. There were also changes in his work life, and I soon found myself involved in them. Two more heart attacks in the past year, slight ones, had somehow been kept secret, especially from Darryl Zanuck, who revered him but might well have hesitated about giving him carte blanche on this expensive production. To impress Zanuck, we worked on the lot, in Lubitsch's studio suite, where I was given an adjoining office.

I did not know about any of these developments on the morning we started work. I saw that Lubitsch no longer smoked his Upmanns but chewed on cheaper cigars; otherwise he was in fine form, acting out every part, selling me his approach to the original old German operetta, while the secretary, taking no chances, was making notes like crazy. (She was new; Tildy was living in Seattle, married, I think, to the owner of a movie theatre.) I began finding fault the moment I saw what he was up to—

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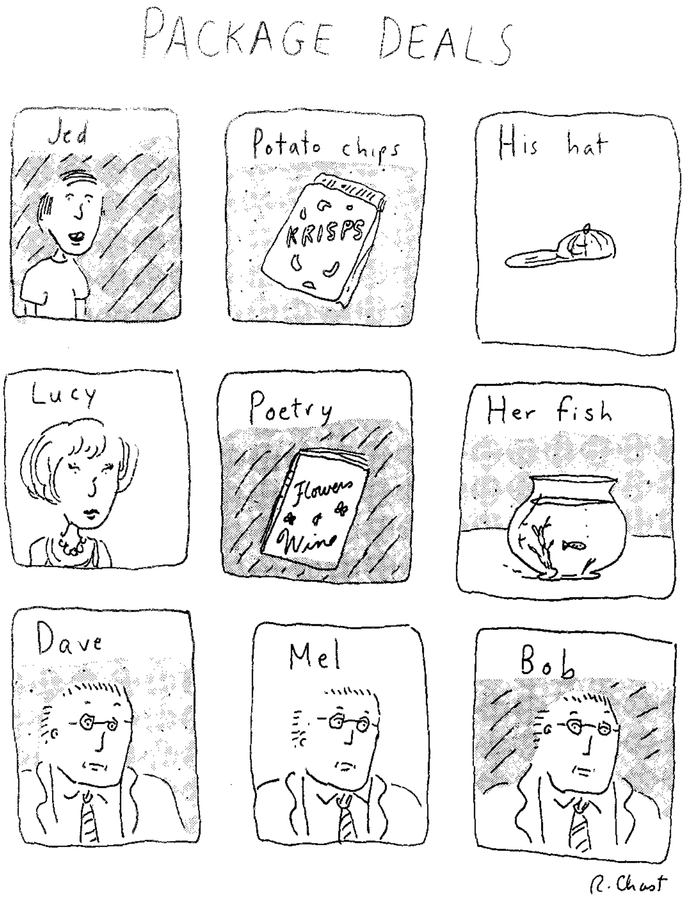

just another variation on the old Lubitsch fun-in-a-castle triangle. He thought the stuff was great, and I felt that he was kidding himself. We had a typical knock-down-and-drag-out hollering session.

Came lunchtime, and as we walked across the lot toward the executive dining room—part of his design to be seen every day, as it turned out—he looked around to be sure no one was within earshot, swore me to silence, and told me about the two "very small, believe me" heart attacks. He added, "And you can see, Sam, I'm taking good care of myself. I'm in great shape. I didn't smoke this morning—I chewed on that cigar. Did you notice?" He went on about taking walks, going to bed early, and eating sparingly—"You'll see at lunch."

I did see. And as I watched this former trencherman diddling with a cup of consommé and an insipid slice of boiled chicken, I decided then and there to forgo my customary integrity (in those days "integrity" was in constant use by Eastern writers; so was "truth;" we tried to get them into every story, regardless of what that did to the story), and in the afternoon, after a series of properly reluctant retreats from my uncompromising position, pretended to see the light. So let it be warmed-over 1930 Lubitsch, I decided; it's still good. I rolled with it and developed everything his way—which was no cinch, and nothing to be ashamed of. I don't think I fooled him. Looking back, I believe he knew precisely what we were doing, shared my viewpoint, but preferred survival to glory. That vociferous first morning probably had scared the hell out of him.

Nothing else about his behavior—not a look, a word, a gesture—asked for special treatment. There was no off-moment when those brilliant eyes lost their immediacy and betrayed an underlying colloquy with death. Nor did I have, as I recall it, any sequel to the random stirrings toward him I had experienced when I had been three thousand miles away. Here he was; we had a job to do; his days were numbered; and there was no space for friendship fantasies in the limited workaday future.

My feeling for him, especially in the first few weeks, took a modest form. I merely wanted somehow, somewhere, at his table, at our table, or on his terrace on a weekend afternoon—I wanted to lift a glass, make a little speech, a statement. It sounds easy, but whenever an opportunity seemed to arise I realized, each time, that there was no way of doing it which would not be margined in black. Pretty soon, life was about the same as in earlier years. Lubitsch and I took each other for granted; I began privately circling around a new play idea and, in my spare time, cheating on "That Lady in Ermine" with a lady who eventually became "Hilda Crane."

OUR last day together, as it reached its end, brought a breakthrough, for Lubitsch as well as for me. It was cockeyed, somewhat demoralizing, and in some ways perhaps dramatic. The initiative, astonishingly, came from him. Fortunately, I can report in considerable detail on what led up to it. I made notes, dictated them late that same day to my wife, before packing. And the next day, on the Super Chief, I added some observations that are relevant here.

My wife's chicken soup, for instance. In the earlier years, Lubitsch had been inclined to use chicken soup, noodles, and dumplings as lumpen metaphors for domestic felicity. But this chicken soup of 1947—very good but nothing sensational, my wife said, and I agreed—captivated him. He lauded it to one and all, using gourmet terms—on the level, with no mockery.

And his photograph. I had never been a collector of photographs, had never thought of asking or giving. But I saw this one lying loose on his office desk—it was during the first week of work—and I admired it. He said, "Would you like it?" I said, "I certainly would." He picked up the picture as if to hand it to me and, I thought, hesitated slightly—which is why the moment stayed with me. I recall thinking, Isn't he going to inscribe it? Does he expect me to ask? Then he said, after what I may have wrongly seen as hesitation, "Do you want me to sign it?" "Hell, yes," I said. I thanked him warmly for the inscription: "To Raph, with friendship, Ernst." I was not overwhelmed; it seemed a routine, cautious, adequate inscription. But I did know that, in German, "friendship"—"*Freundschaft*"—is a loaded word, carrying the privilege of using the intimate "*du*" instead of the formal "*Sie*" when saying "you." And he had written "Raph" (his spelling of "Rafe"), which my wife and American friends call me. Conceivably, the inscription was a signal, a message of feeling.

And then there was Steffie Trondle. Steffie is one of the many dear human beings that I failed to appreciate in the graceless interludes of my life. Over the years, I had known her only as a figure behind a desk in Lubitsch's outer office. On my way in, we would exchange descriptions of the weather and assurances of each other's health. On my way out, she would entrust to me, itemized, a series of good wishes for my wife and children, which I earnestly promised to deliver. Now, daily at the studio, these amenities had ex-

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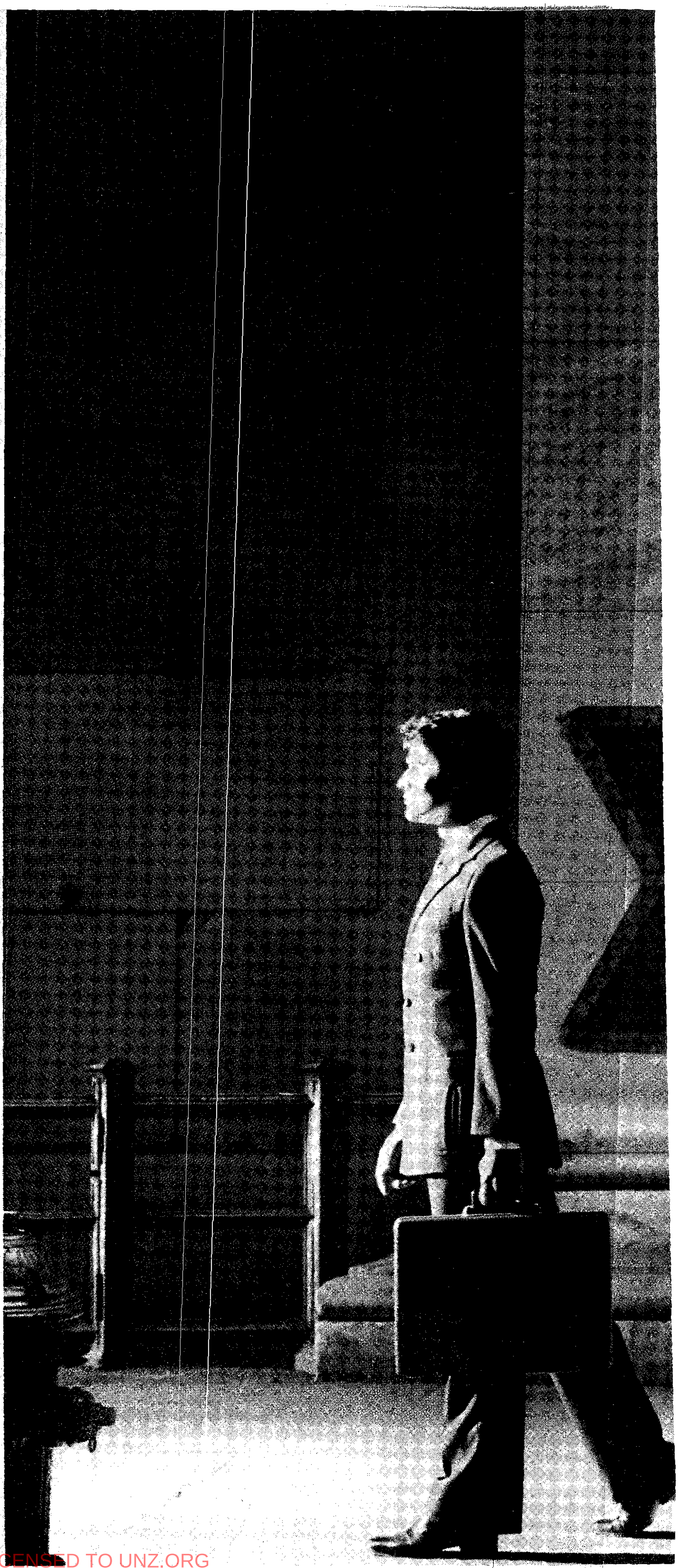

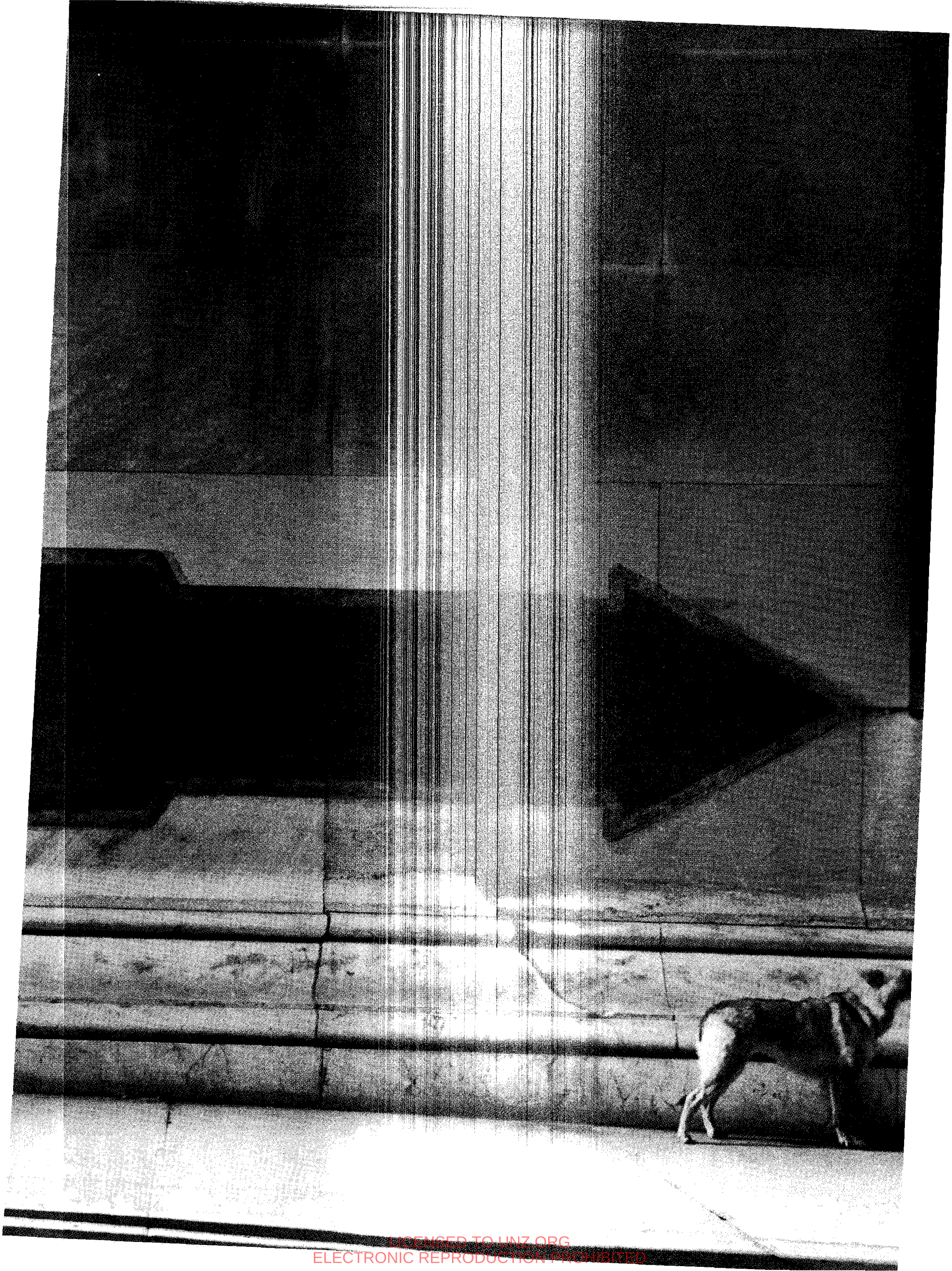

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panded, taken on substance. Still unobtrusive, she seemed almost motherly, and I saw her as a person, but I felt no special significance in any of it. I had not seen her at all during the time of Lubitsch's 1943 heart attack. Our only contact had been Tildy's account of her hysterical telephone equivalent of a death announcement, but I doubted if she remembered much of that. Certainly she would have been astonished if I told her I had actually written a funeral piece. Her new family tone merely had meant to me: She's getting older and more chummy, and so am I.

But it turned out that she did know about the funeral piece, had known for a long time. Both she and Lubitsch! Throughout these Hollywood months in early 1947, and long before, they had known, *had read every word of the piece*, with never a hint to me—understandably, for they had got it from Tildy, from whom I had exacted a vow of silence the afternoon of that day back in 1943. I did it the instant I heard that Lubitsch was recovering. You don't want a living man to think you were in such a hurry to eulogize over his coffin that you didn't even bother to inquire if he had stopped breathing. It was more than that. I just could not bear for Lubitsch to know about it, let alone read it. Well, it seems that Tildy had broken her vow. (Tildy Jones is not her real name, by the way.) She kept her shorthand notes, which she had pledged to destroy and, purely as a lover of belles-lettres, had made a few secret copies. But she had not told anyone, not even inadvertently at lunch that first day; there was a secretarial code, a taboo protecting the inspirations of one's writer. (They might be stolen by another one's writer.) But one fine day, after I had left Hollywood, still in 1943, she ran into her friend Steffie—Steffie, who lived and breathed only for Lubitsch. After all, who had a better right to see his eulogy? Pausing only to extract a hasty duplicate of her vow to me, Tildy delivered a copy to Steffie. Whereupon Steffie, overwhelmed by my prose, and an undiscriminating worshipper of Lubitsch, went straight to her deity and broke *her* vow.

NOW *comes that last day, a Friday.* I stopped at the studio, gathered my things, and said a fond farewell to Steffie. (I never saw her again; she died a few years later.) I drove to the Bel Air home, where Lubitsch and I had a typical windup of a typical job, leisurely checking the mimeographed script. I had long since left behind the sense of imminent death, and I had long relinquished the notion of a love statement. Only the coming evening of packing and last-minute chores was on my mind. Lubitsch, too, seemed to be taking everything in stride. No nostalgia. No "Well, Sam, this is our ninth picture together." We lunched; I don't recall whether Nicola was there. We returned to the study and, as usual, dozed for a half hour in our easy chairs. Then, I smoking a guest Upmann and he chewing his lesser cigar, we cleaned up the last sequence.

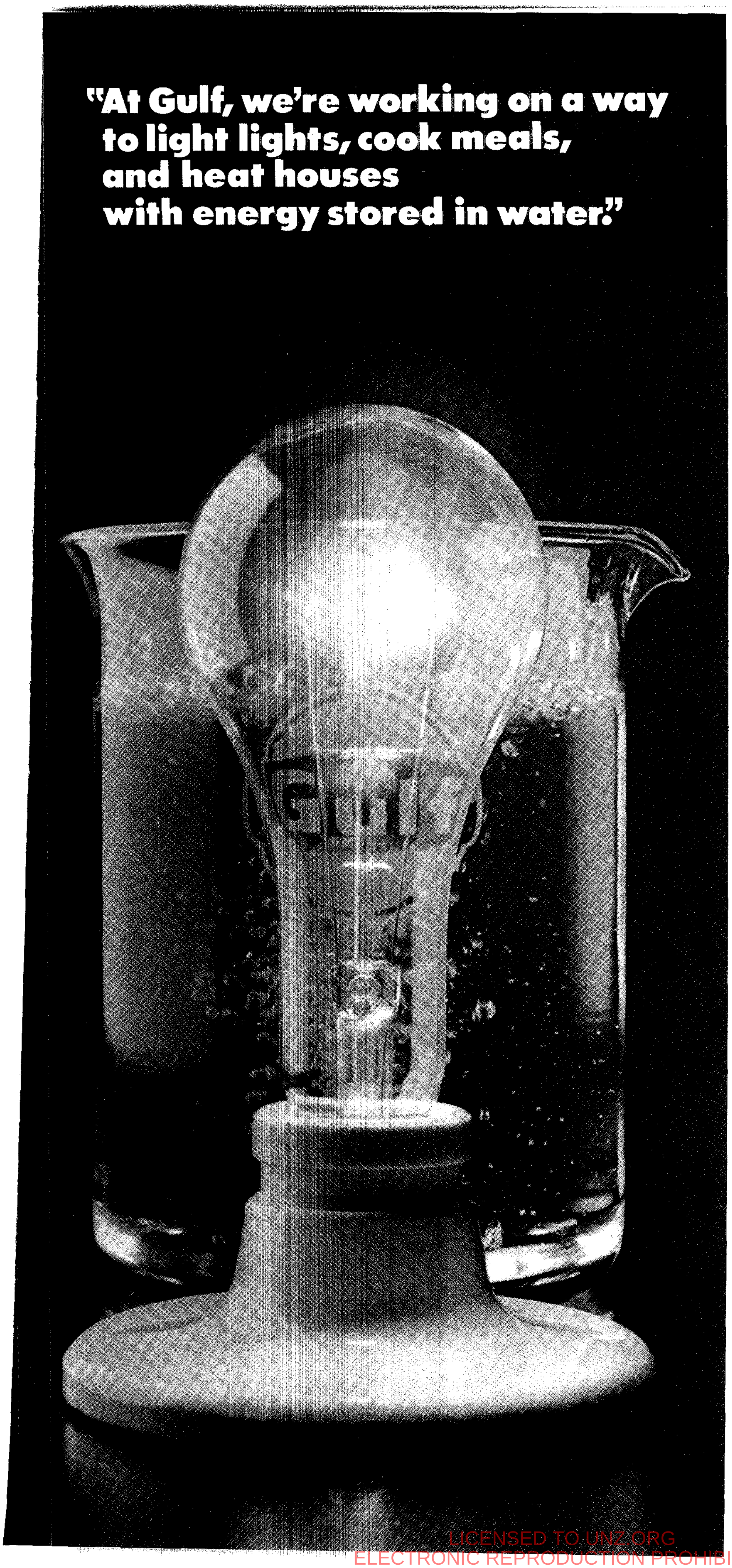
About three, we were finished, and we both got up. He seemed to be in great shape—tan, brisk, on the beam. He tilted his head a little and took a measuring look at me. Then he said, "By the way, Sam, I heard that you wrote something a few years ago when I was sick—you wrote something very nice about me, and I appreciate it."

It came casually, part of the goodbye—a bit more than a trifle, something even to give pause, calling perhaps for a mutter of surprise and pleasure, and then out with you, I've paid my friendship dues, goodbye and good luck. But I stood there, upset. He said, "What's the matter, Sam? You worried how I heard about it? Come on, you should know how things leak in this town. So what? I'm telling you, I appreciate it."

There was something missing, and —we were still standing in the study, where we had written "Heaven Can Wait"—automatically I turned away from him, a writer with a problem, and began pacing the room. It was easy to guess that the leak had come from Tildy. He, wasting no time in petty deception, admitted it—Tildy to Steffie to himself. And then—of course! Now it came out from under, my awful suspicion: "You read it!" His guilty grin gave him away, and he told me the little story—made a humorous anecdote out of it—dwelling with wry indulgence on the broken vows of Tildy and Steffie, and on his own. "Please, Sam, don't ever tell Steffie I said a word!"

As he went on, I found myself visualizing that piece of writing through his eyes, and its defects became scarifying. My God, it was all about him; he was the subject matter—his *life*, total and complete. Was that the best I could or would do, once he wasn't there to pass judgment?

All he seemed to care about, how-



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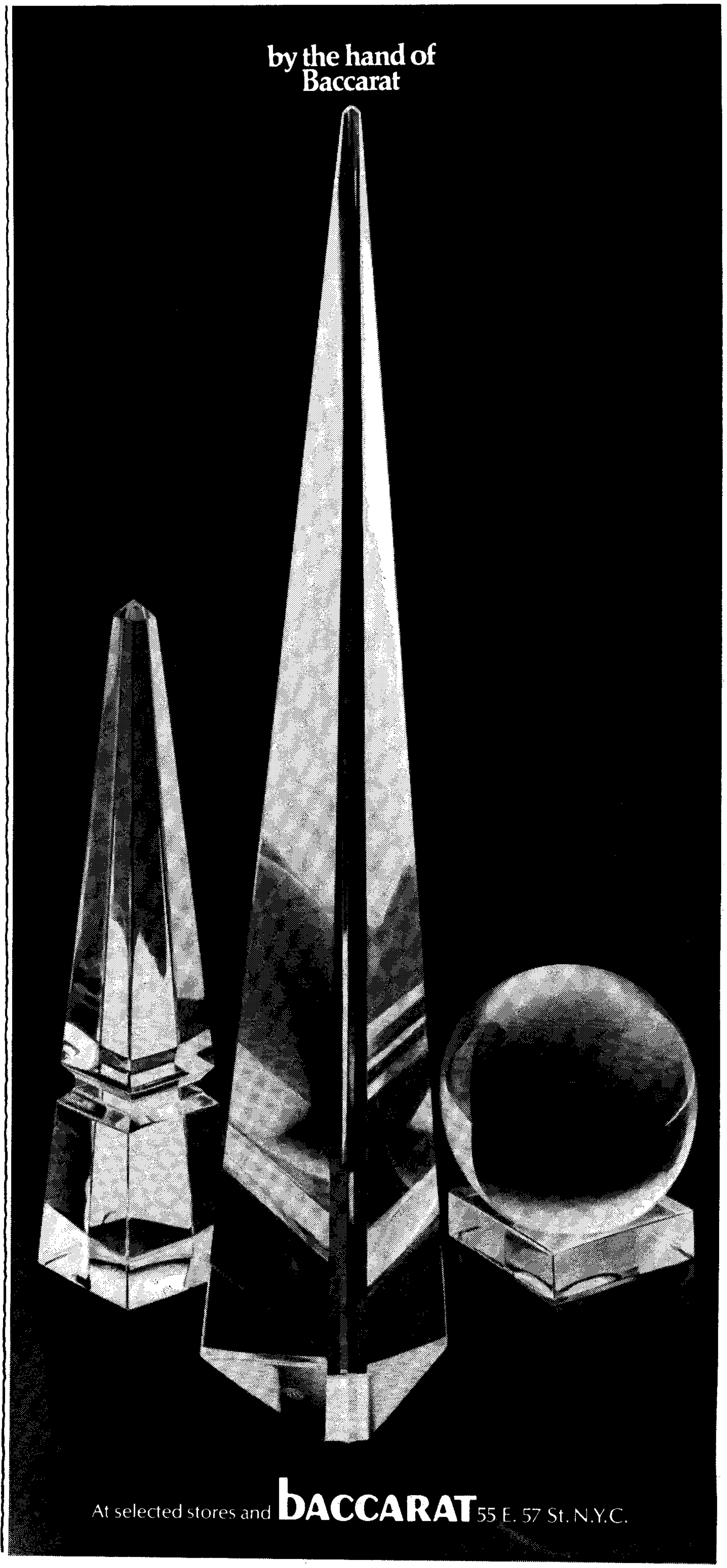
ever, was getting the whole thing over with, and he became serious and brisk. "What's the difference?" he said. "I *liked* what you wrote, Sam. I really appreciated it." This from the man who time and again, through the years, when I had drudged over a scene and he had read it would say, "Sure it's good. But good isn't enough—you know that. For *us*, it has to be *terrific*." And here he "liked," he "appreciated." It was sinister. It was ironical. The man hated me.

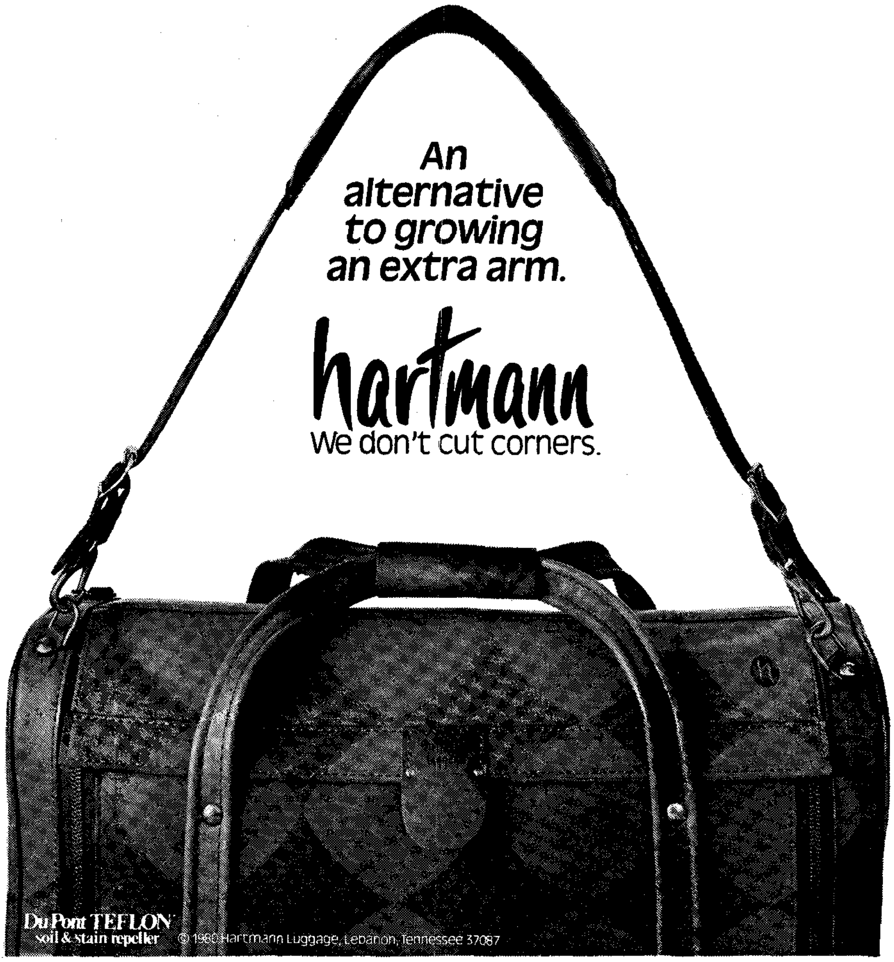
I had to have it out. "It's only a first draft!" I cried, and I floundered on in fragments, saying and not saying and almost saying that I positively would have seen the inadequacies of those two pages the very next day if he had been dead according to expectation. "You know damn well the jumps I can make from the first to the second or third version," I said. I threw his words back at him—"You *liked*, you *appreciated*"—accusing him of insulting my intelligence. I practically called him a monster for waiting four years to tell me, if he truly did "appreciate" and "like" what I'd written, and a double monster for speaking now. I dared him to be honest and specify the defects; I challenged him, betting I saw more than he did; and somewhere along the line he laughed at me, and I laughed, too. Of course, it was funny, but part of the laughter came from my relief at discovering that he was not in the least squeamish about his own death or any of the chapel-and-cemetery high jinks it would beget—that to him the whole subject was comic. I laughed, but I returned to what I was really trying, in my writer's pride, to say: that when and if he did die, that piece would be corrected, perfected, illustrious, accurate—a true monument.

It got to the point where, according to my notes, he said earnestly, "I believe you, Sam. I am satisfied absolutely that if I drop dead tomorrow you'll do a polishing job that I would rave about if I read it in advance."

He was not smiling, nor was I, and suddenly we were looking at each other in a very familiar way. I was thinking, "My God—he and I together—right now—it would take just an hour, that's all!" And I saw in his eyes exactly the same thought.

Inevitably, that is what happened. We started working on the piece as if it were a speech in a film. No, it was not like that. I'll come to it. I pause only to caution against false expectations. Let it be clear that this is not heading into a big scene, climactic,

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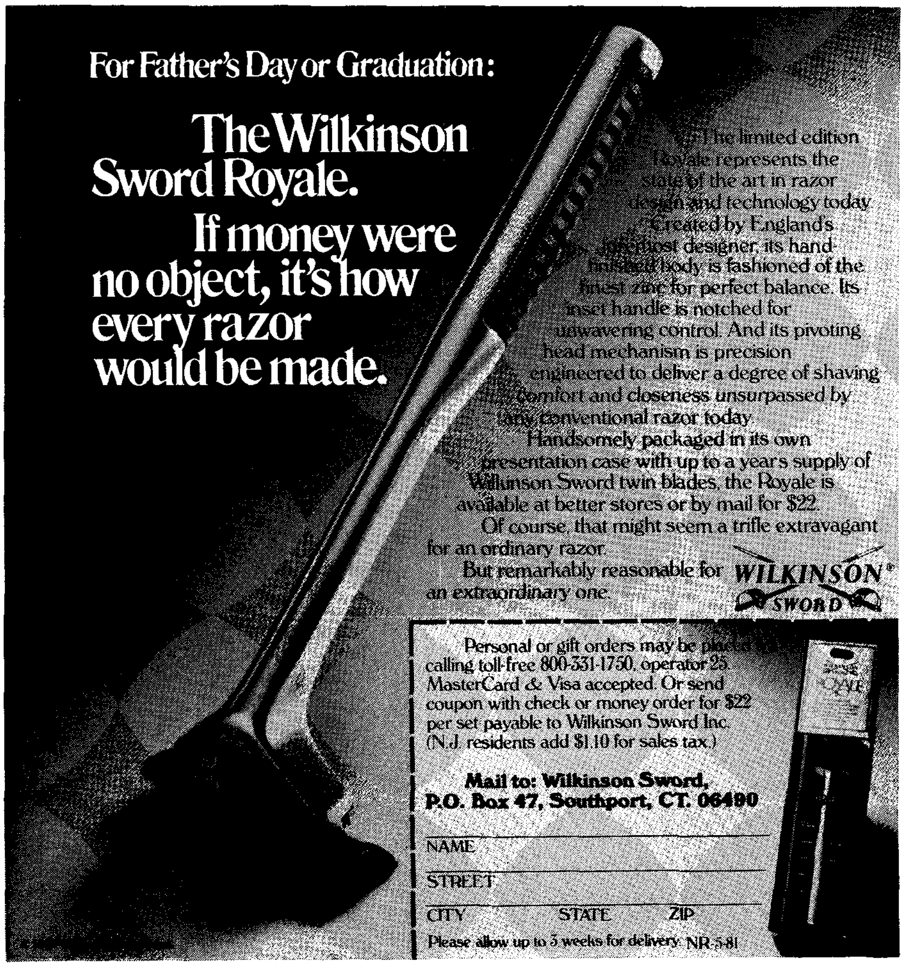
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revelatory, or dazzling. A scene, to be sure, and worth telling, because, in its awkward way, it was the nearest Lubitsch and I came to a friendship that now, at eighty-five, I think was there and waiting to be found.

IN that eye-meeting moment, I must have felt that we had been switched, transposed, as it were, to our private working domain—two veterans, tried and true, royally at ease, who together could lick anything in the realm of words on paper. It seemed simple and natural when I leaped up and said, "I have the script at home—I'll be back in ten minutes." And it seemed natural—at the time, I'm sure it didn't strike either of us as funny—when Lubitsch said, "Wait—I think I have a copy here." He went to his desk, opened a drawer, and the next thing I remember is the old familiar scene—Lubitsch at the desk, glasses on, pencil in hand, chewing a cigar, going over a piece of work line by line, and me, sitting opposite, watching the face I could read so well.

Halfway down the first page, he marked something with the pencil, then quoted it: " 'An idea mattered to him more, for instance, than where his forkful of food happened to be traveling at a given moment.' " His tone was impersonal, editorial, as he looked up over his glasses. He said, "I like the way you describe my bad table manners, Sam."

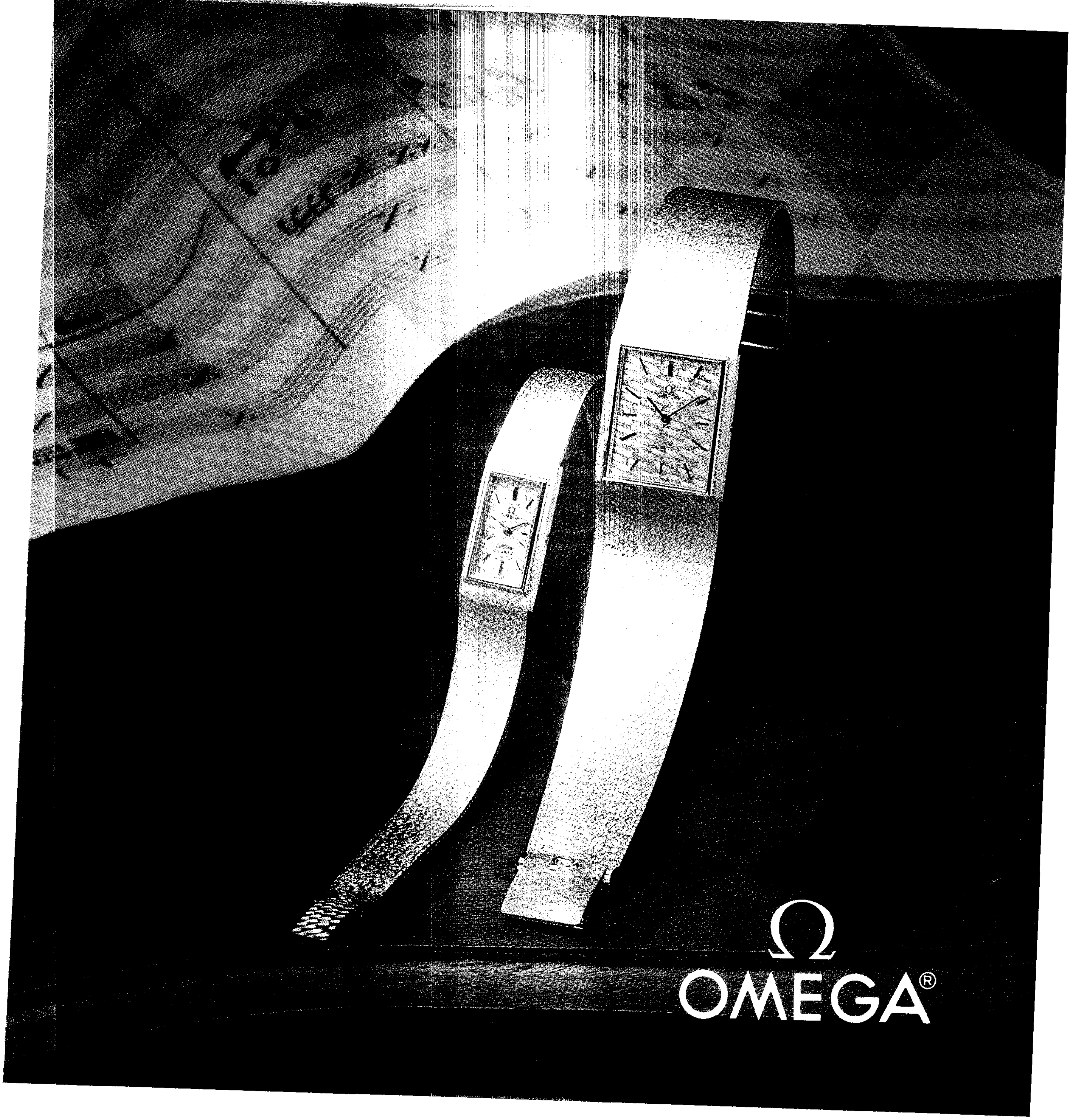
The man was obviously not praising my style but rankling at that single fine careless forkful. I must have made a lightning readjustment. It was easy, for I was also telling the truth. I said, "Well, I *don't* like it. I was exaggerating for effect. Your table manners are damn good ninety-nine per cent of the time."

Lubitsch said, "Now, be exact, Sam. Because I don't go around watching myself—and now that we're on the subject . . ."

I said, "Make it ninety-eight."

He returned to the script. I pulled my chair over beside his and followed him through that dangerous paragraph. Mumbling, he lingered over phrases like "aristocrat's heart," "handiest pair of trousers and coat whether they clashed or not," "shout like a king or a peasant." I trembled at "aristocrat" and "peasant," praying that Vivian had never, in some twisted, aberrant moment, added my unfortunate remark to the unhappy vocabulary of their marriage.

Apparently, she had not, for he



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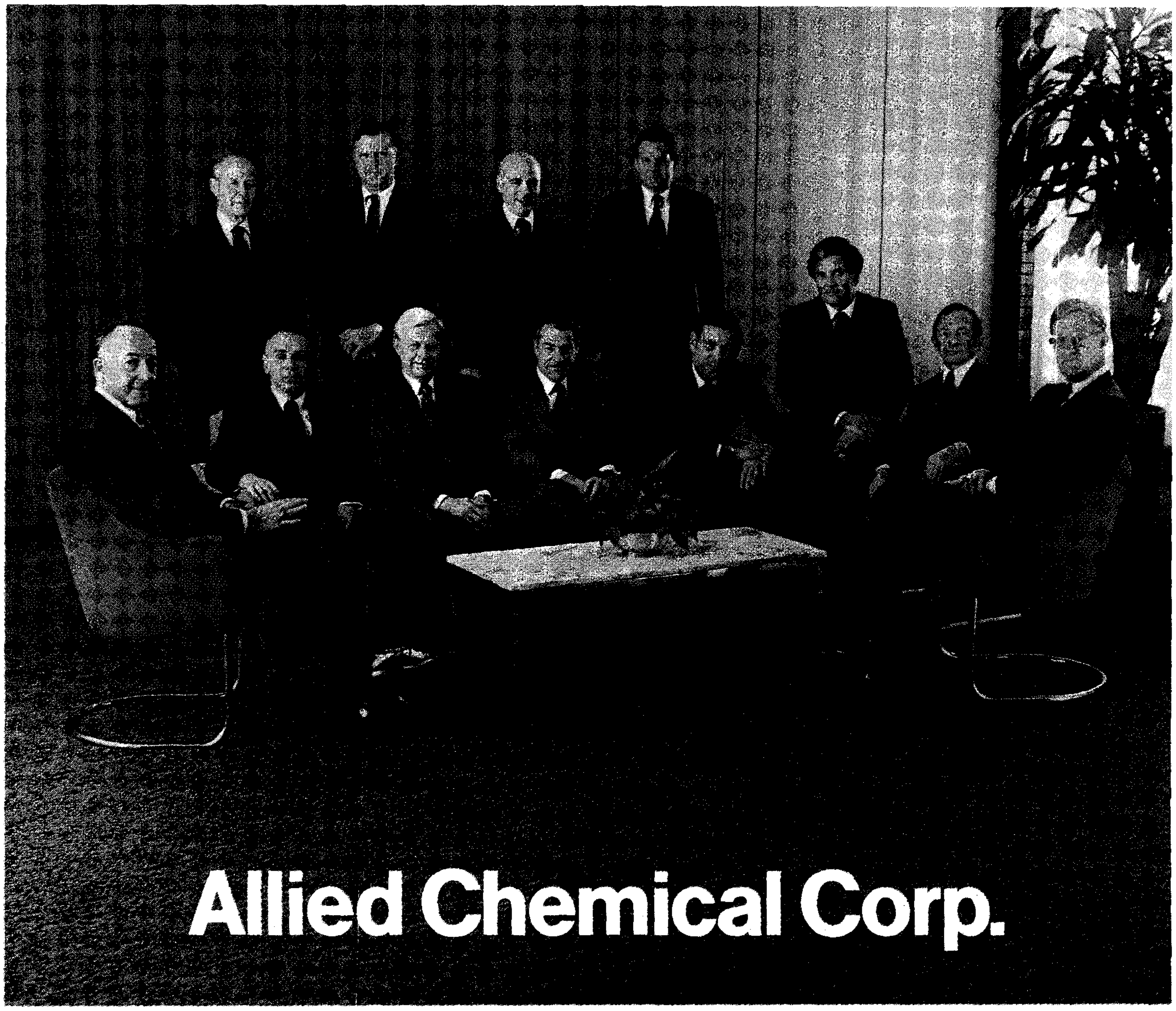
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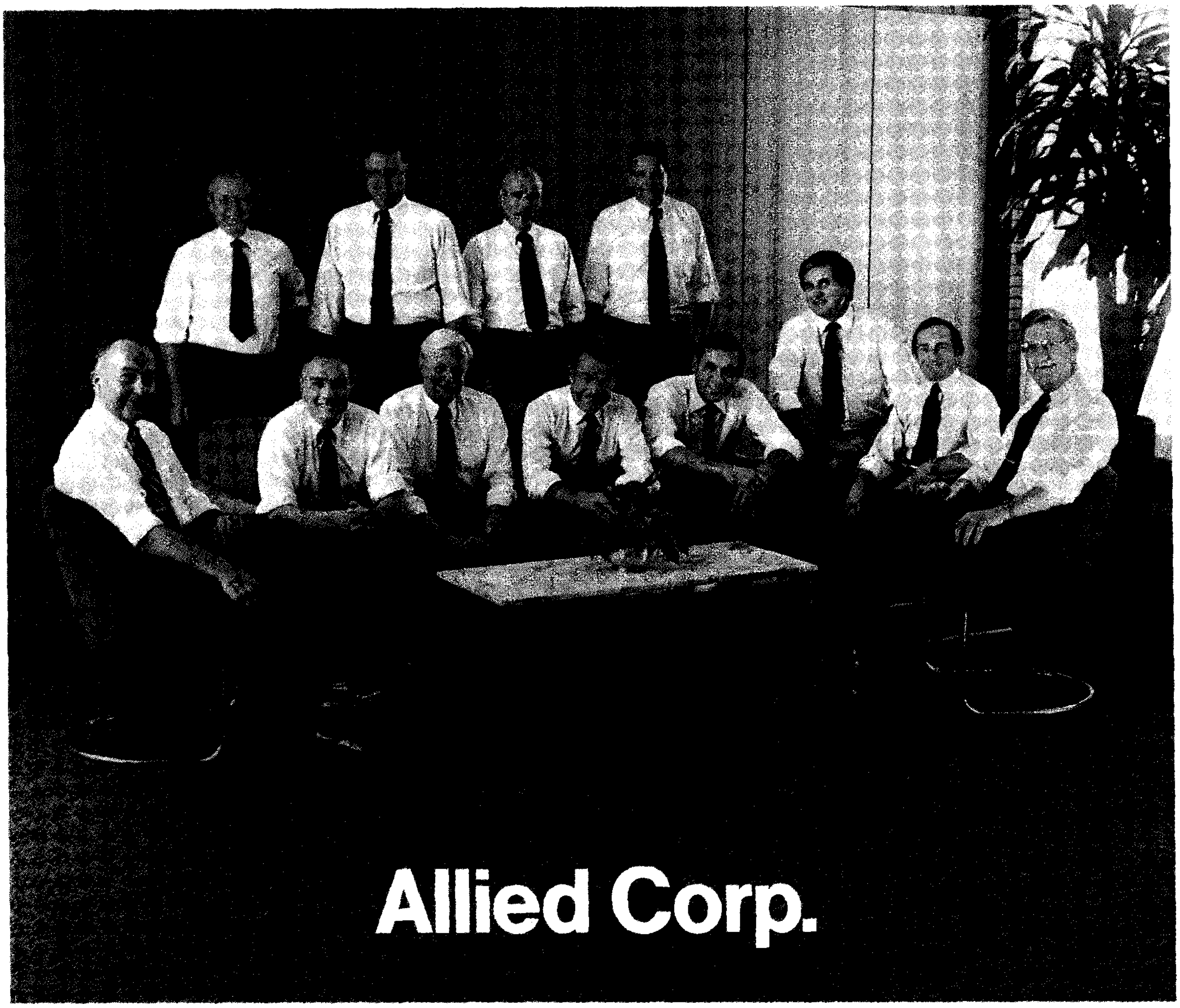
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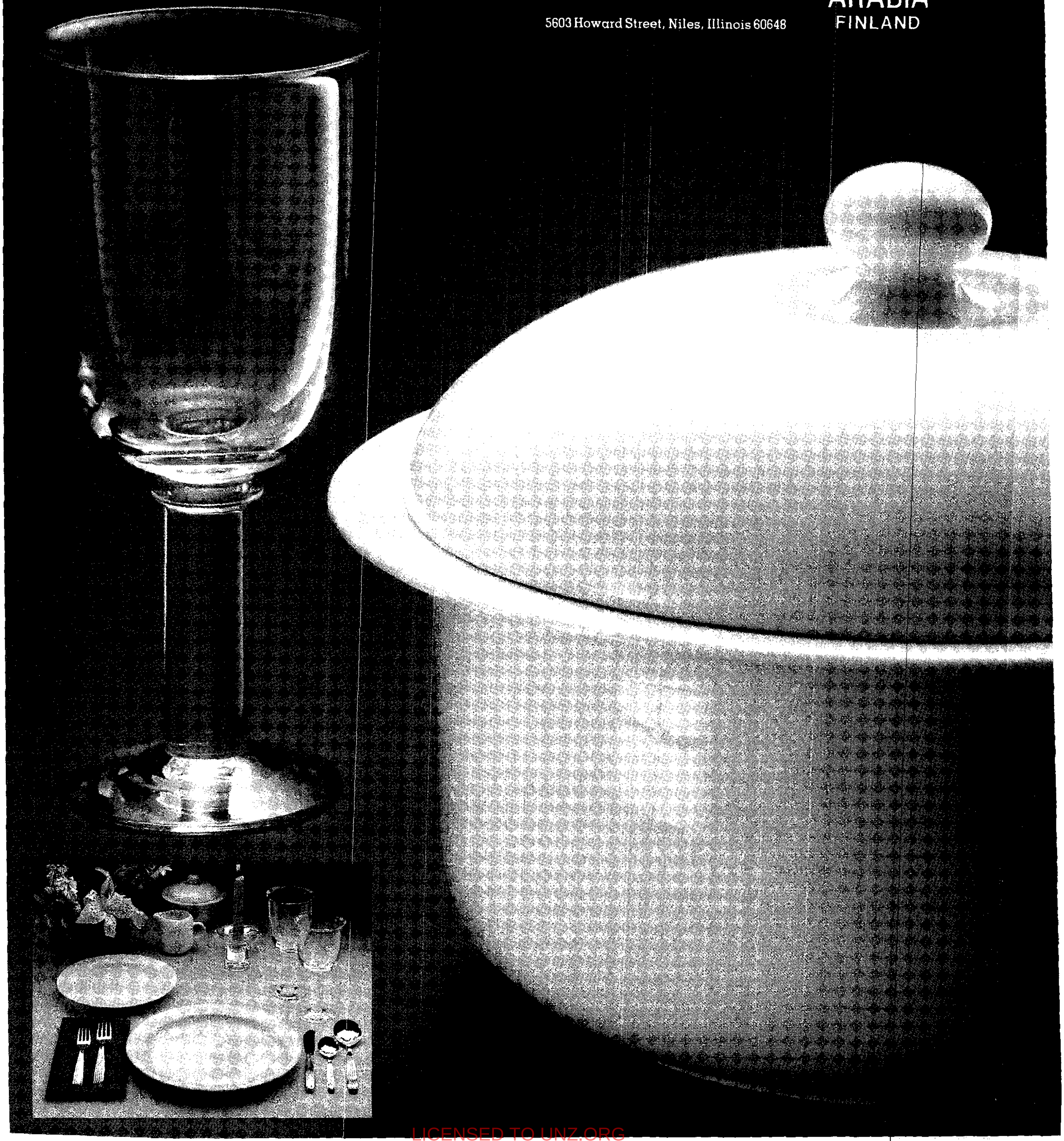

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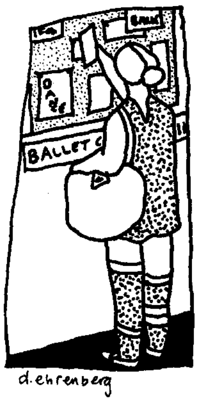
mumbled on to the end of the paragraph. Then he paused and, in that same phony, workmanlike tone, inquired, of all things, about the clashing pants and coats, and, he added, what about shirts and ties? For a moment there, I think he was actually alarmed at the image of himself trotting down the corridors of Time in a series of outlandish ensembles. I said, "Nonsense!" I made the point that his shirts and ties were all too quiet for any glaring contrast, and I gave my word that only once in a while his coat and pants didn't exactly match. He pinned me down: How often? I said, "Twice, maybe, since 1930." I swore that all this was calculated to give an endearing image, to "humanize" him, as he should be the first to understand. He came to his senses and grinned at me. Let me emphasize here that Lubitsch was a modest and unpretentious man, and if any of this sounds out of character, so be it.



d. ehrenberg

Then he got to "However great the cinema historians will eventually estimate him," and his tone changed. He said, with a touch of bitterness, "What historians? They'll laugh at you. A movie—any movie, good or bad—ends up in a tin can in a warehouse; in ten years it's dust." He really believed that; I had heard him say it before. He also said, to my surprise, "You're smart that you stick with the theatre, Sam. What college teaches movies? But drama is literature. Your plays are published. Someday a student gets around to you—you have a fighting chance." I secretly agreed with him on both counts and made a note to rephrase his greatness.

Then he picked on the part about lack of guile. That made him uncomfortable. He was always leery of people whose word was as good as their bond. He said, "You know better than to call me honest, Sam," and, indeed, in the ambience of Hollywood I did know better. We agreed that he and I—I reasonably included myself here—were *comparatively* honest. More honest, probably, than Josef von Sternberg and less honest than Abraham Lincoln—or even than Samuel Hoffenstein, a lovely man we both admired. Then, completely steeped in his viewpoint, I took over. I went back to the opening paragraph and denounced it as misleading. In truth, as we both knew, he was hardly ever the dominant figure in a group and never wanted to be. He always felt that social life was for the flow of easy talk, and he was against, for instance, Chaplin taking over a party with his pantomimes—"Let him save it for the screen!" I reminded him of all that and promised to cast a benign light on his social unobtrusiveness. He nodded, but said nothing.

I think there was a pause here. Then he looked at me over his glasses, reached for a fresh cigar to chew, and said something like Tildy's remark four years earlier: "I didn't know you had such feelings about me, Sam." And I said something like "Well, I didn't know it, either, but when I thought of you as dead, it gave me . . ." I remember hesitating and his supplying the writer's word: "A springboard?" I said, "Exactly!"—and we both smiled. He questioned whether such feelings would happen to—and he dryly named one or two writers who had worked with him. I told him he was being childish, of course, that he was enormously liked, and I added quite a few more names. He didn't seem impressed.

That was about all. It petered out. Maybe he hadn't even known that our eyes had met. And, actually, what could I possibly have expected? At best, a few lucky minutes in which one of us, preferably himself, would conveniently scintillate—a touch, a phrase, a word—and the room would brighten and Lubitsch would deliver a ringing "Terrific!" to wipe out that grudging "I appreciate."

According to my notes, I looked at him and he looked at me—uneasily, it seemed; but I didn't kid myself into thinking that I could read his mind. I got up. Still in there pitching, I said something like "Well, I'm glad we had this talk, Ernst. A thing like this, a person loses perspective. But now I really begin to see the possibilities. . . ."

He said, "Don't go yet, Sam." An expression of deep thinking had come over his face. He put on his glasses again and picked up the script. "You want to know something?" he said. "This piece is beginning to grow on me. Just the way it is—every single word, from first to last."

I listened in a slight daze as he went on, arguing reasonably to the effect that here was a first-draft spontaneity that had a truth of its own, transcending the literal truth. (I don't remember whether it occurred to me then, but today I suspect he was suddenly smitten with the fear that—behind his back, as it were—I might do a lousy rewrite job.) Well, I kept standing there, probably looking untrustworthy, and suddenly he was up on his feet and around the desk. "Listen, Sam," he said, "this is different from the way we work on a *scene*," and he vigorously argued that here I would not be condemned for literary lapses, that these very lapses, in a person of my taste, were the stammering, decisive evidence that the heart, not the mind, was speaking. As for the inexactitudes about himself, he said, "Who can object? It's your opinion."

The matter had become undisguisedly personal and important to him—much more so than it could be to me. After all, it was his funeral. I saw the point and had no trouble agreeing with him. He was making sense. However, for the record, I carefully reminded him of his own ample critical observations. He dismissed them, reminding me in turn of my ironclad belief that in creative work if you go for the whole truth, honoring every crumb, you're a clerk, not an artist. I accepted that, too, even if it did not exactly apply. But still he wasn't sure of me. "Promise me, Sam," he said, "that you won't change a *single word*." I promised at once, of course. I was on the verge of volunteering a vow, but I refrained; vows were a dime a dozen that day. Anyway, he believed me at last, and all was well.

It was nearly five o'clock when we said a brief final goodbye, both having been thrown off schedule and fretting to get things done. However, as I drove in my rented car to our rented house, I was aware that I most likely would never see him again, and that this last hour had been truly cockeyed, running aslant in all directions, full of implications that might take on meaning in time. I tried to memorize highlights—phrases, expressions on his face, my own thoughts at a given moment. At home, my wife agreed that our packing—everything—could wait, and I dictated to her all I could remember. I couldn't figure out, and I still can't, whether somewhere toward the end his "I appreciate" had been transmuted into "It's terrific!"

I HEARD the news of Lubitsch's death over the radio on the farm in Pennsylvania. That was in late No-

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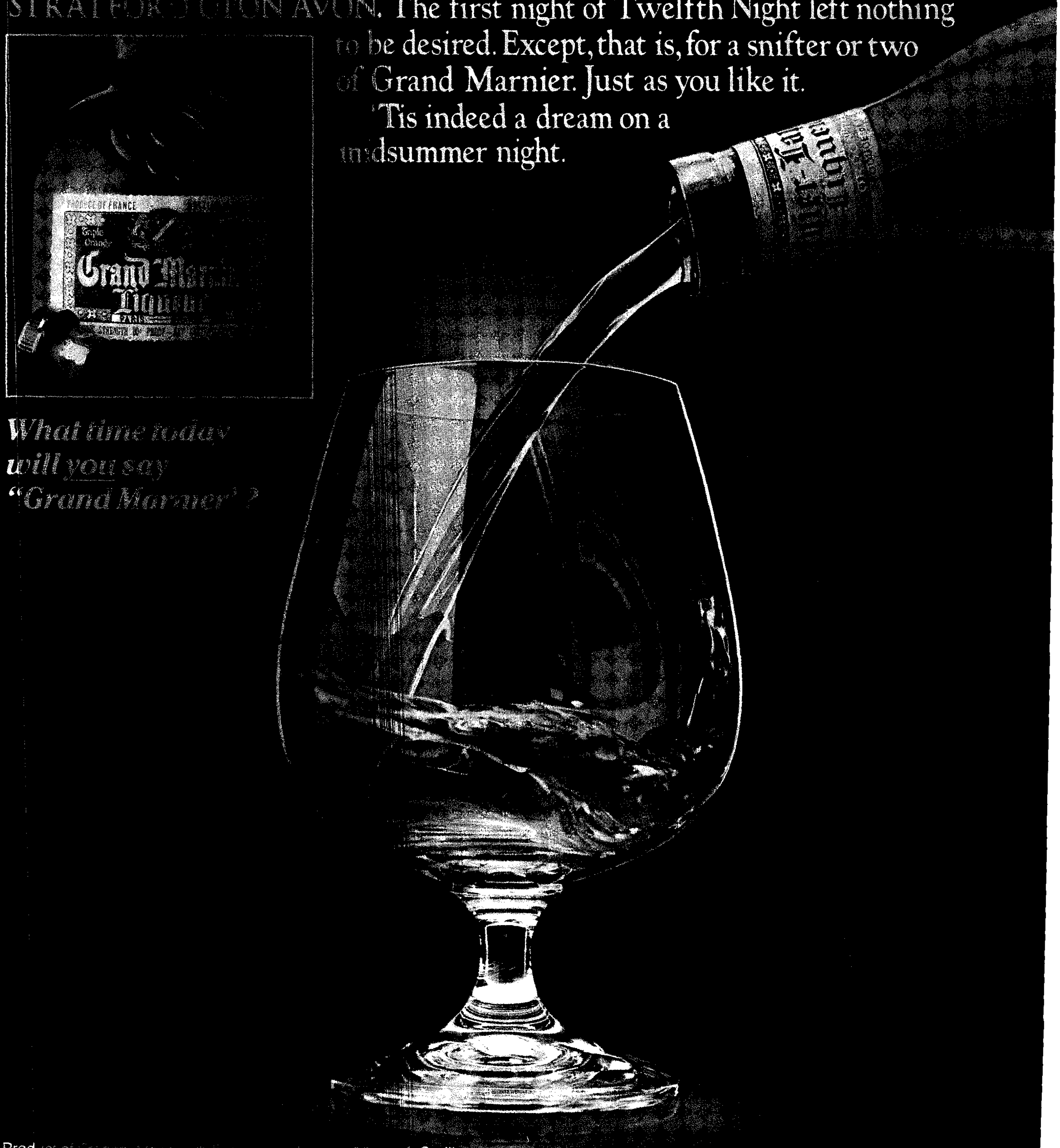
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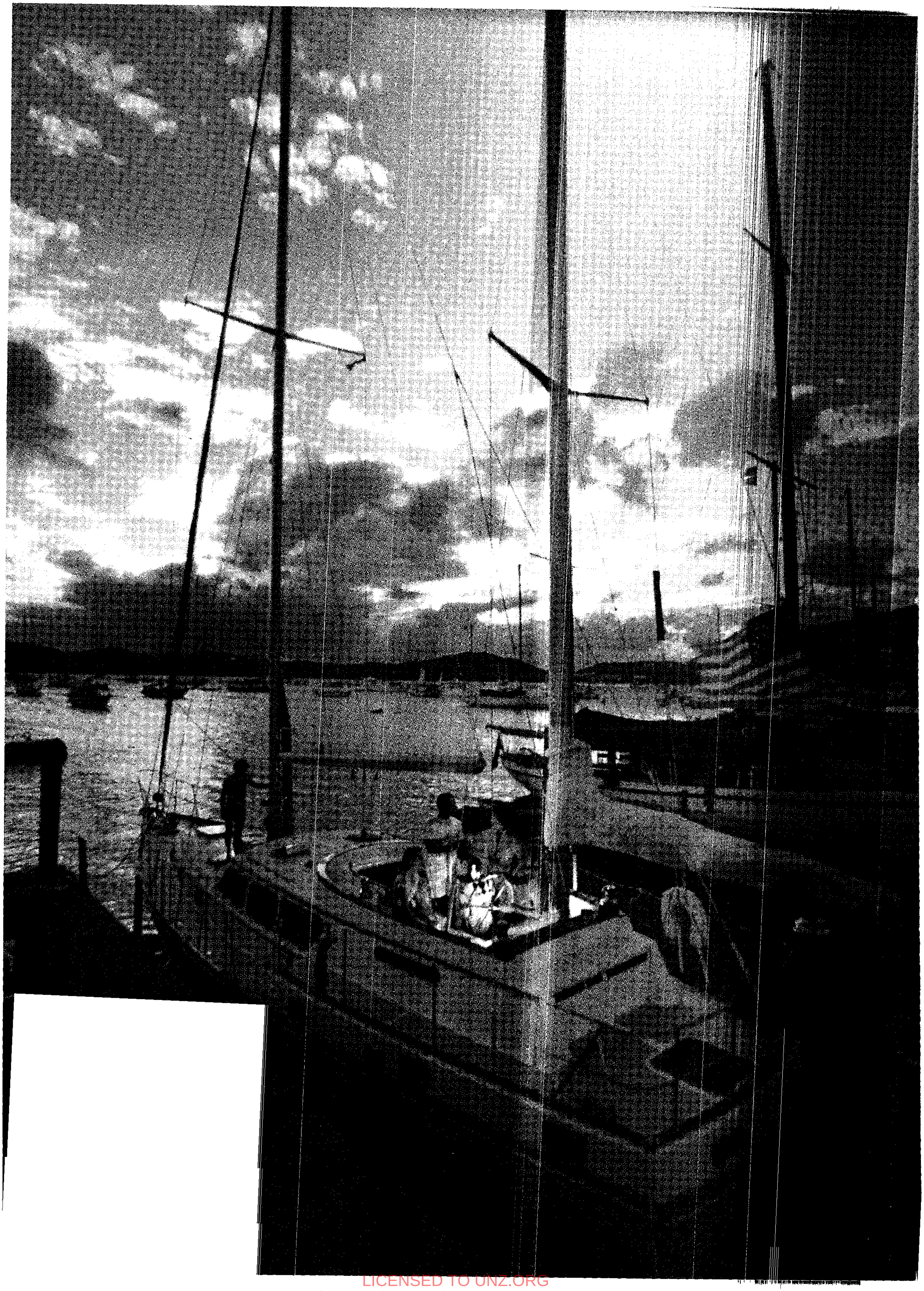

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vember of the same year, 1947. I am sure I sent flowers, telegrams, and letters. I was immersed in a series of short stories, and there was little else I could do until sometime in December, when a letter came from Richard English, editor of *The Screen Writer*. He was publishing a symposium of tributes to the Master and would I write one. English gave a brief report on the funeral. It was impressive and without pomp. Lubitsch rested not in a formidable crypt but out in the open—a simple tombstone, uncrowded, accessible, and pleasing. English admired the eulogy by Charles Brackett, and he enclosed the text. He also dwelt glowingly on Jeanette MacDonald's rendition of "Beyond the Blue Horizon," adding that it was too bad she hadn't sung it that well originally for Lubitsch in "Monte Carlo."

I kept my promise to Lubitsch and sent the untouched first draft—untouched except for a brief obeisance to Brackett's graceful and scrupulous eulogy. Otherwise not a comma or a period was altered. I did hesitate about the little postscript in which I regretted not having made my sentiments known to the deceased while he was alive. Lubitsch and I had overlooked that item. I decided to take my promise literally, and launched the dissembling postscript intact, not even revising its sloppy wording. I knew then and there, of course, that I was thus proclaiming myself a liar if ever in the future I should find occasion to write what I am writing now, in 1981, when, had he lived, Lubitsch would have been almost ninety and, in my opinion, most amenable.

—SAMSON RAPHAELSON

•

The United States Navy has recently engaged in public criticism of the Electric Boat Company of Groton, Connecticut, for poor management and defective workmanship that have raised the cost and delayed the deployment of the huge marines intended to carry Trident.—*London Times.*

More pushups before breakfast—that's the answer.

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THIS DEHUMANIZED WORLD

[*Subscription offer from Time received by a Cerritos College doctor of philosophy*]

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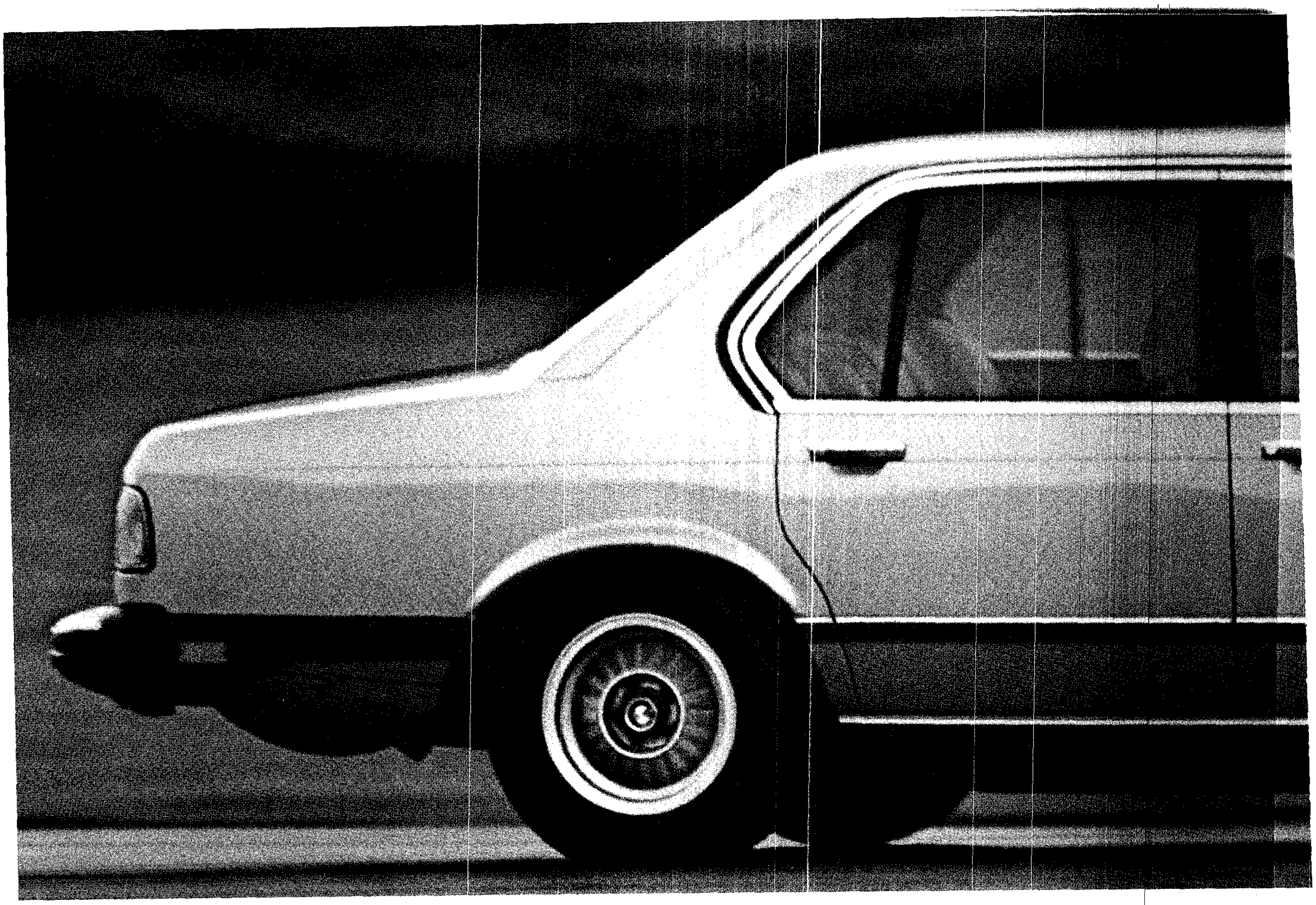

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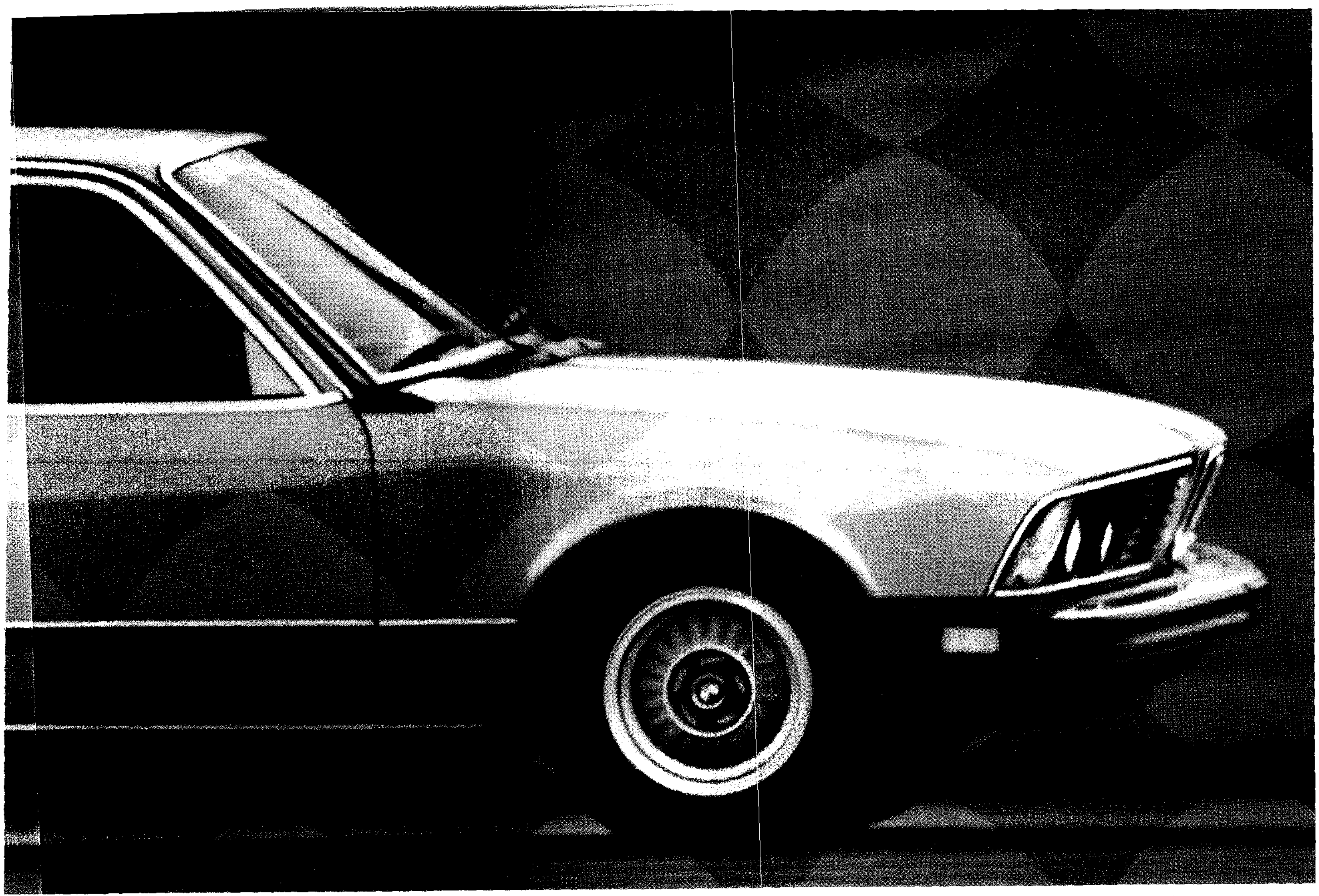

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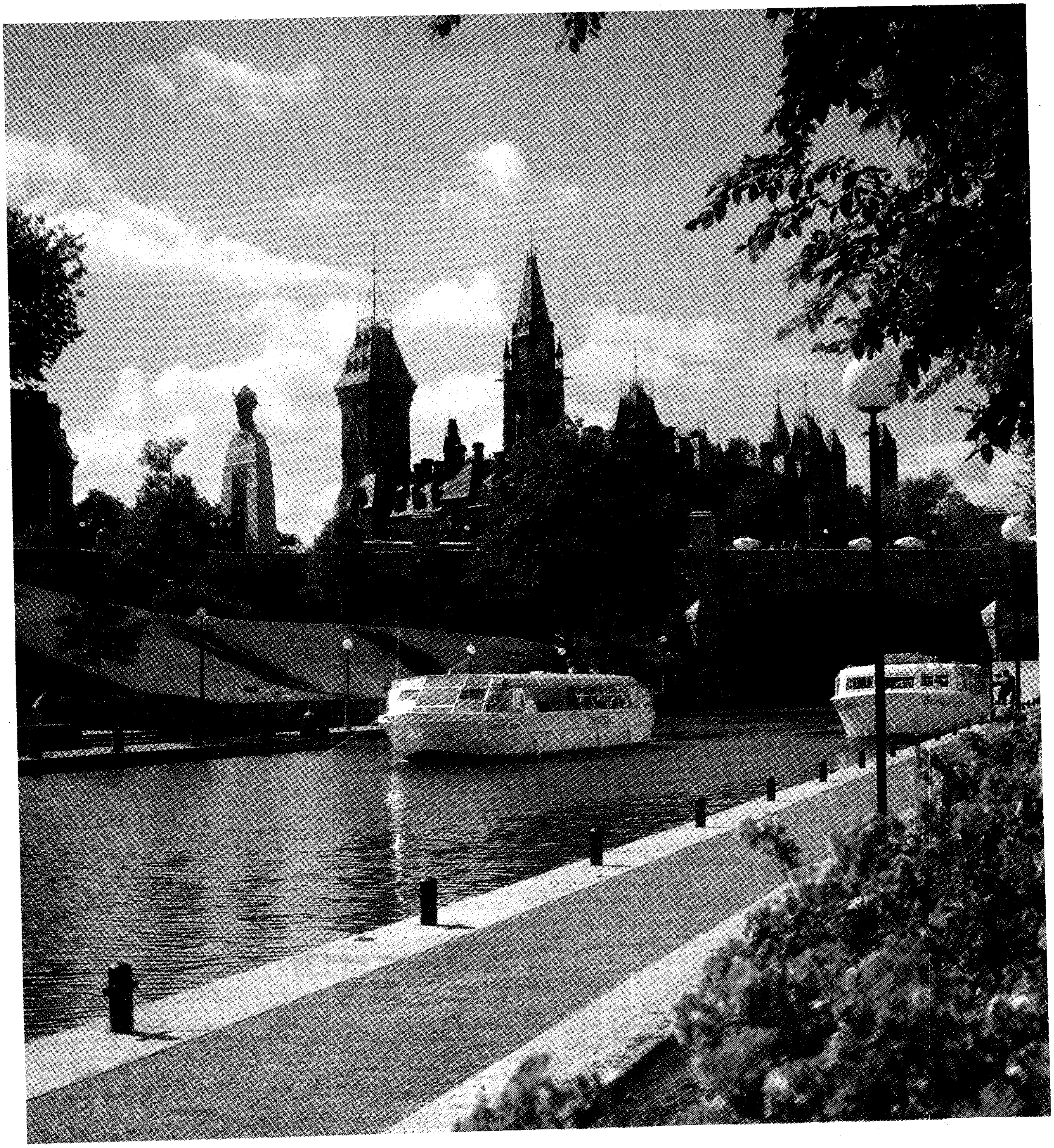

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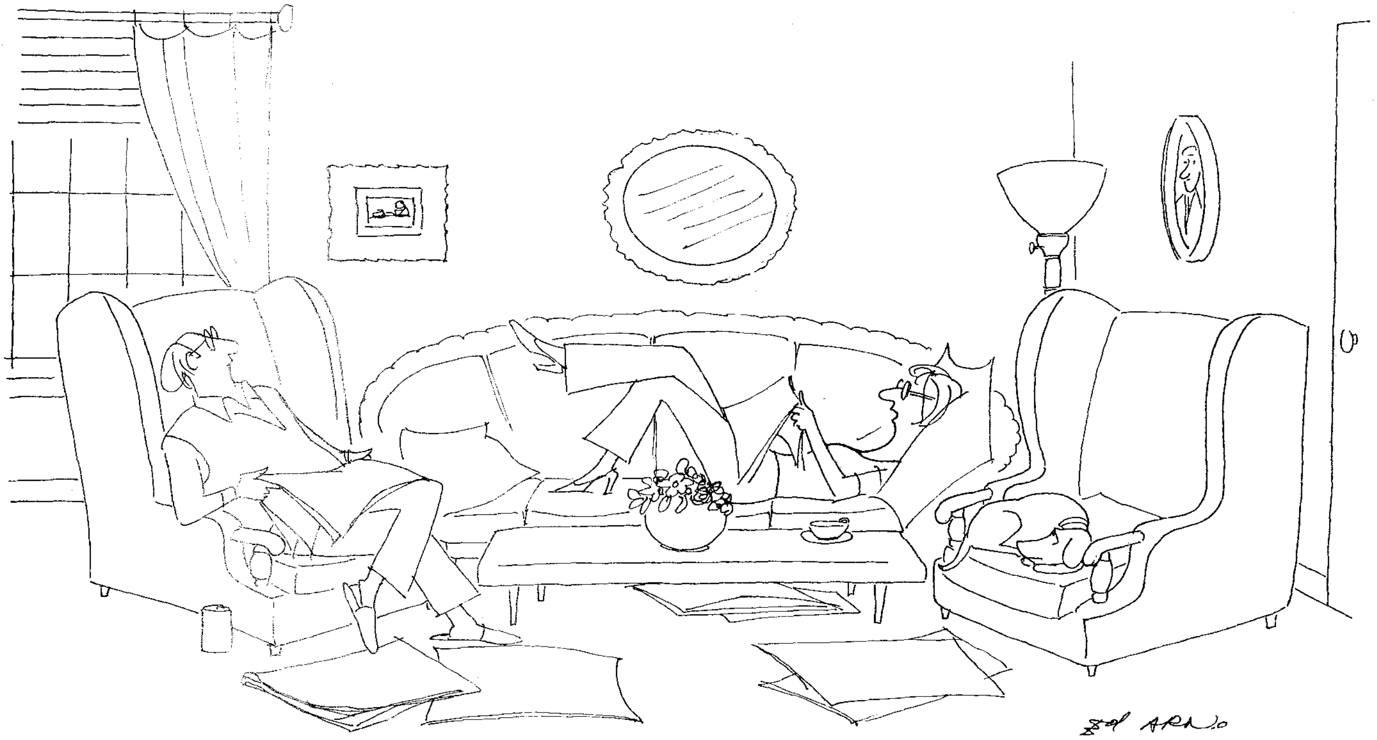
A Make-Believe Paris

"CAN-CAN," recently at the Minskoff, was a revival of the Cole Porter-Abe Burrows musical that opened on Broadway in 1953. Wolcott Gibbs wrote of it in these pages that despite the talent and energy that had been devoted to the production, it was essentially a second-rate affair, and I fear that time did little to improve its quality. There were three or four classic Porter songs, including "I Love Paris," "C'est Magnifique," and "It's All Right with Me," but the Burrows book was always heavy going, from first to last. In his amusing autobiography, entitled "Honest, Abe," Burrows has written of "kicking around" ideas for "Can-Can" and then of "grinding out" its libretto, and it was the dread sound of grinding that afflicted one's ear between tunes and dances. The plot has to do with how shocked certain sections of French society were by the advent of the can-can, a favorite dance of demimondaines in the fervent nineties. There is also a subplot about young artists and their struggles, both professional and amorous; these are stillborn, preposterous episodes—including a silly duel—which cannot be justified even as occasions for pretty settings of the attic studios and the gray rooftops of Montmartre. And, indeed, in this case the settings, by David Mitchell, were extremely pretty, matched by the costumes, by Franca Squarciapino, and the romantic lighting, designed by Thomas Skelton. The choreography, by Roland Petit, was robust and ingratiating, and the climactic can-can scene was a knockout. (We arrived at the climax sooner than we expected to, and I have no doubt that Ol' Doc Burrows, as director of the production, performed some judicious amputations on the original text.)

Zizi Jeanmaire played the heroine, a tough dance-hall proprietress known as La Môme Pistache, and Ron Husmann played the serious young judge who reluctantly falls in love with her. Husmann appears to be an excellent singer, but since we never heard his voice except when it was intolerably overmiked, in ordinary conversation as well as in song, who can tell for sure? Pamela Sousa played a dainty blond creature—one likely to be more at home in the world of Elsie Dinsmore than in that of La Goulue—and Avery Schreiber, in the role of a Bulgarian artist named Boris Adzinidzinadze, hammed it up in a deplorable fashion. The rest of the very large company was uniformly amiable and hardworking.

Two footnotes on Porter: Nothing irritated him as much as reading in reviews that the songs in his latest musical, whatever it might be, weren't quite up to his usual high standard. The opinion was voiced so often that it amounted to a refrain, and Porter would ask despairingly when on earth that high standard of his had been established if he had been falling away from it for decades. Gibbs provided no exception to the dolorous critical headshaking. Of Porter's songs in "Can-Can," he wrote that they were "cheerful and adept, but there are enough echoes from the past to distress those whose memories go back more than a dozen years, and the words too often have what I can describe only as a sort of faded chic." Footnote No. 2 concerns Burrows' delighted discovery, in the course of collaborating on "Can-Can," that Porter, contrary to rumor, wasn't averse to accepting proposals for possible lyrics. In "Honest, Abe," Burrows writes:

> As time went on . . . he gradually began to accept song ideas from me. There was a moment in "Can-Can" when our hero and our heroine have split up and our hero is feeling very low. He's seated at a café table, and a very attractive prostitute comes over and sits down next to him. At first he



"Strange, isn't it? She's come and gone and I never was sure how she spelled 'Rosalynn.'"

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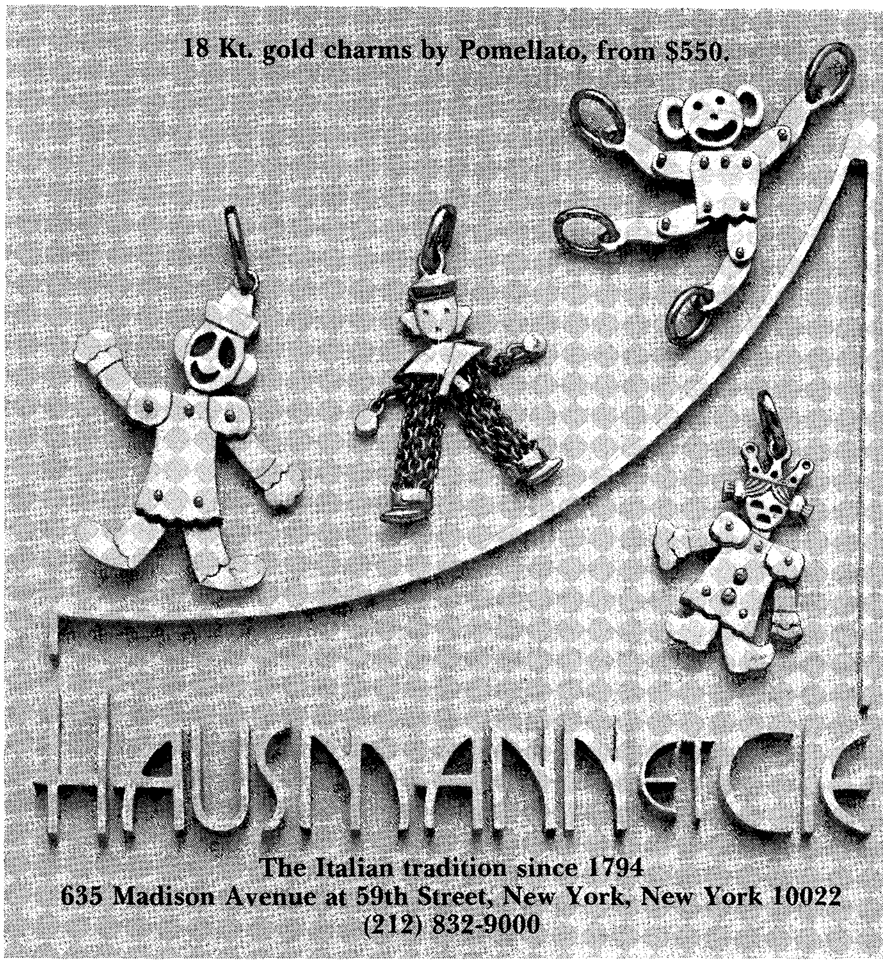

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tries to wave her away, but then in my first draft he says, "I'm sorry, Miss. This is the wrong time and the wrong place, but you are charming, so [*he shrugs*] I guess it's all right."

Cole gave it some thought and came up with a song that started out, "It's the wrong time and the wrong place. Though your face is charming, it's the wrong face. It's not her face but it's a charming face, so it's all right with me."

Astonishing to discover how readily an imperishable Porter song came into existence! A song that manifested, by the way, not Porter's extraordinary skill at rhyming (which nobody could surpass him at) but his extraordinary skill at *not* rhyming: the insistent repetition of "face" is downright hypnotic. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

A Taste of Delaney

THE Roundabout, at its Theatre II, is presenting yet another decent revival of an English play in its production of Shelagh Delaney's "A Taste of Honey," which proves to be, under the impeccable direction of Tony Tanner, just as strong and original as it seemed some twenty years ago on Broadway and in the star-studded film that followed. Now it has been scaled to Off Broadway size; there are no stars, but it is very well cast, and the performances are satisfactory, and in some instances better than that. The play, to refresh your memory, was a first effort by Miss Delaney, at nineteen. Its action takes place in a dismal flat in a slum in a Lancashire town, and it tells the story of a plucky schoolgirl of seventeen whose flighty, whorish mother, on marrying a rackety drunk, abandons her, unaware that she has become pregnant after a brief fling with a black sailor. The girl stays on at the flat with a young homosexual art student who has been tossed out by his landlady and has moved in to take care of the girl and see her through the birth of the child, for which she has made no provision whatever, being too terrified even to think about it. Amanda Plummer plays the wistful, cheeky heroine (a part originated by Joan Plowright), and she is very good indeed—as is Valerie French in Angela Lansbury's role of the disreputable, appealing mother. In fact, both are so good that Miss Plowright and Miss Lansbury slipped out of my mind after about a minute and a half. The others, as I said, do well, too—particularly Keith Reddin (a new name to me) as the

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staunch, protective homosexual. Tom Wright is the sailor, and John Carroll is the mother's husband. But it is Mr. Tanner, surely, who is the hero of the occasion. The plot of "A Taste of Honey" is sketchy at best; its richness lies in its characters and their behavior and their pungent words, and under Mr. Tanner's guidance every moment plays exactly as it should, and every feeling and flicker of humor—of which there is a lot—is made clear and dramatic. Setting by Roger Mooney, costumes by A. Christina Giannini, and lighting by Robert W. Mogel. —EDITH OLIVER

•

YET ANOTHER NEW BEGINNING

[*From the Washington Post*]

ST. LOUIS, March 26 (UPI)—A federal official ordered the destruction of more than 50,000 government booklets on cotton dust because he felt the cover photograph was too sympathetic to victims of brown lung disease, a newspaper said today.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch said in a copyrighted article that Thorne G. Auchter, new head of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, ordered the booklets destroyed.

Auchter, President Reagan's choice to head the worker health and safety agency, also ordered OSHA's 10 regional offices to suspend the showing of three films completed in the final months of the Carter administration, the newspaper said.

An OSHA spokesman said two slide presentations—one on cotton dust and another on acrylonitrile, a chemical used to make acrylic fibers—also were recalled for possible revision or junking, the newspaper said.

The Post-Dispatch said the booklets and audiovisual materials have been the target of intense criticism from business, including St. Louis-based Monsanto Corp., a major producer of acrylonitrile.

An agency spokesman said the recalls occurred this week.

Jim Foster, acting head of OSHA's consumer affairs and public information office, said Auchter had not reviewed the films before ordering the recall, nor had he read the cotton dust booklets before ordering their destruction.

Foster said Auchter was disturbed by the booklet's cover, which shows a cotton worker who is "obviously ill." The inside cover notes the worker died of brown lung disease.

Brown lung is a chronic disease of the lungs caused by the inhalation of fine textile fibers, especially cotton. Acrylonitrile has been shown to produce tumors in laboratory animals.

"His concern was that the cover itself makes a statement that takes a side," Foster said of Auchter's reasoning. "He comes to this agency committed to overcoming adversarial approaches to safety and health."

Foster said Auchter believes government booklets "can take a stand on an issue, but not on one side or the other."

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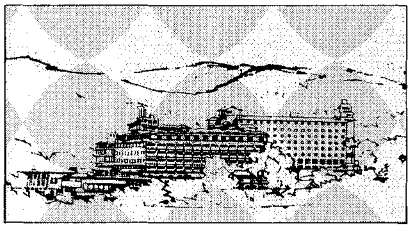

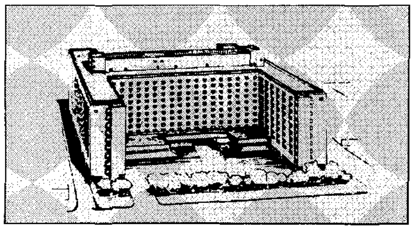

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Nature's Voice

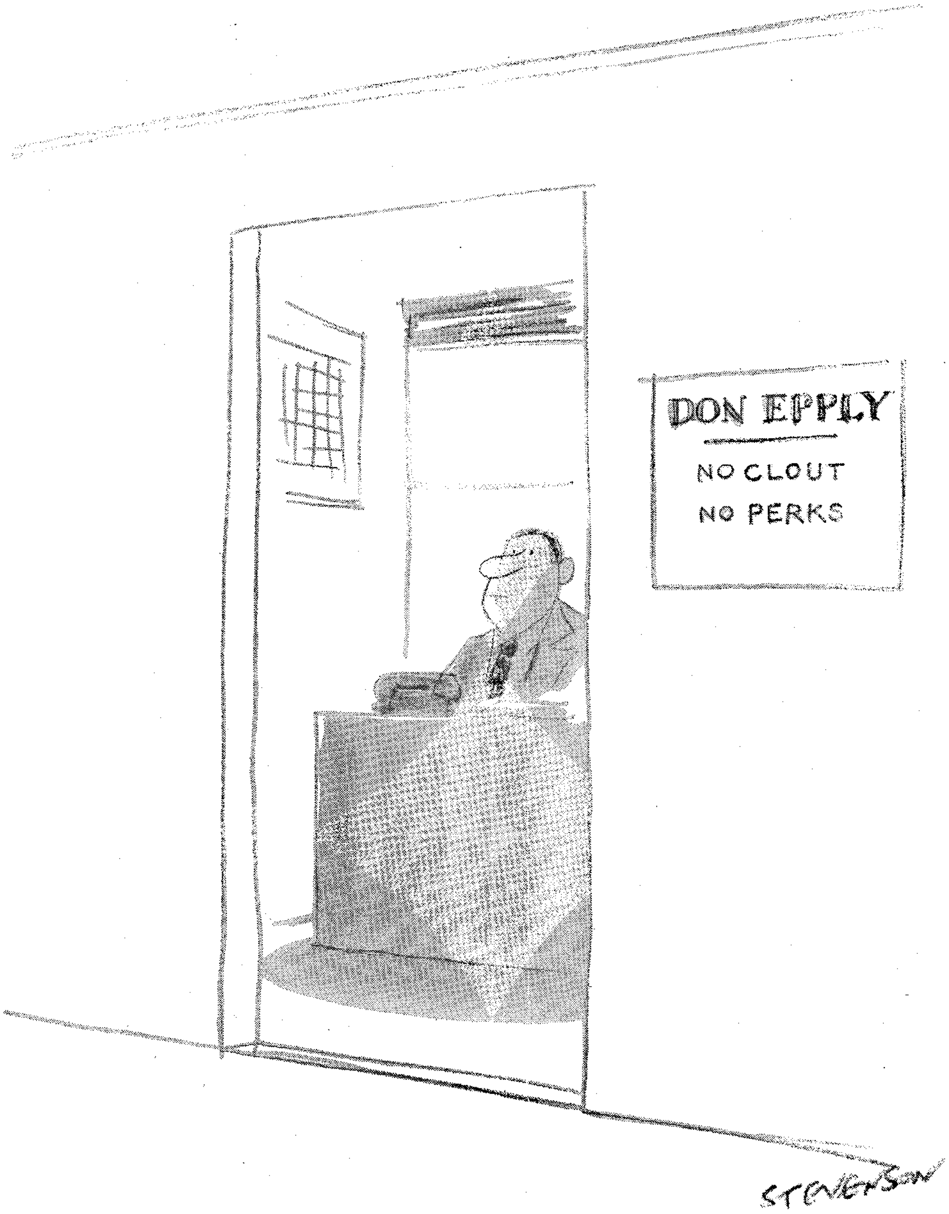
THE final new production of the City Opera's spring season was Leoš Janáček's "Příhody Lišky Bystroušky," or "The Adventures of Vixen Sharp-Ears." It was given under the English title by which it is commonly known (the only English title by which Universal Edition, the copyright holder, allows it to be known)—"The Cunning Little Vixen." Michael Tilson Thomas conducted, in his house début; Frank Corsaro directed; the designs were by Maurice Sendak. For this production, a new English translation of the opera, based on Janáček's original libretto, was made by Yveta Synek Graff and Robert T. Jones.

Janáček was a regular reader of and a contributor to the Brno daily newspaper *Lidové Noviny*. More than once, he found inspiration for his music in its columns. In 1917, he read a passionate account, "from the pen of a self-taught poet," of a village youth who fell in love with a gypsy girl and disappeared, leaving only some poems as a clue to his tragedy. In the next two years, Janáček set the narrative as "Zápisník Zmizelého," or "The Diary of One Who Disappeared": twenty-two songs that tell the youth's story in bare, economical phrases, with some pictures of animal life that pass through the poems—glowworms in the forest, the flight of the magpie, the tread of oxen. In "Říkadla," or "Nursery Rhymes," of 1925, Janáček set some verses taken from the children's section of the newspaper, in an angular, cheerful style. His own contributions to *Lidové Noviny* are characterized by the biographer Hans Hollander as "compact, compressed, frequently sketchy; illumined . . . by a visionary sensuality and a highly original intelligence." The same is true of a story that appeared in the paper in 1920, written by a member of its staff, Rudolf Těsnohlídek. "Liška Bystrouška," or "Vixen Sharp-Ears," was designed to accompany a series of drawings about a fox and a game warden by the artist Stanislev Lolek. Těsnohlídek's text goes far beyond the simple tale suggested by Lolek's pictures and provides an impassioned, almost pantheistic hymn to nature. To coincide with the City Opera production, Mr. Jones has made a new English version (as yet unpublished) of the story, from translations by Maritza Morgan and Tatiana Firkušný. Here is Vixen Sharp-Ears setting out for a winter walk:

> It was a magical evening, mysterious as the depths of a river, the sky a bottomless blue abyss adorned with shimmering stars and a sliver of moon, silhouettes of trees, bushes, everything as clear as if etched on metal. The air was a fountain of delight bursting like a cold spring from heavenly heights. Sharp-Ears knew she could not stay at home on a night like that. She ran over the hard-packed snowdrifts, detoured through the tall trees, and now and then brushed against the fragile icicles into which the singing silver water drops had frozen, striking sounds from them like tiny elfin cymbals.

Těsnohlídek's story, written in Brno dialect, is not all breathless beauty, however; his Vixen is a coarse, noisy, argumentative creature. When she is captured by a forester, she harangues the hens in his farmyard about their political rights and then tricks them so she can kill them. When she escapes, her method of finding a home is to urinate over a badger's lair to drive him out. Coarseness and spiritual vision coexist. Just as Sharp-Ears is urinating over a hare laid as a trap, the trees rustle: "The gates of the unknown were opened. Sharp-Ears froze. Never before had she felt a moment so sacred as this." The Vixen is touched not only by her natural habitat but also by love; she meets Fox Golden-Stripe, and at the end of the story they marry and settle in his den in Hidden Valley. In the final pages, the forester who captured her dreams of a new generation of foxes and vixens, her children.

This story was likely to appeal to



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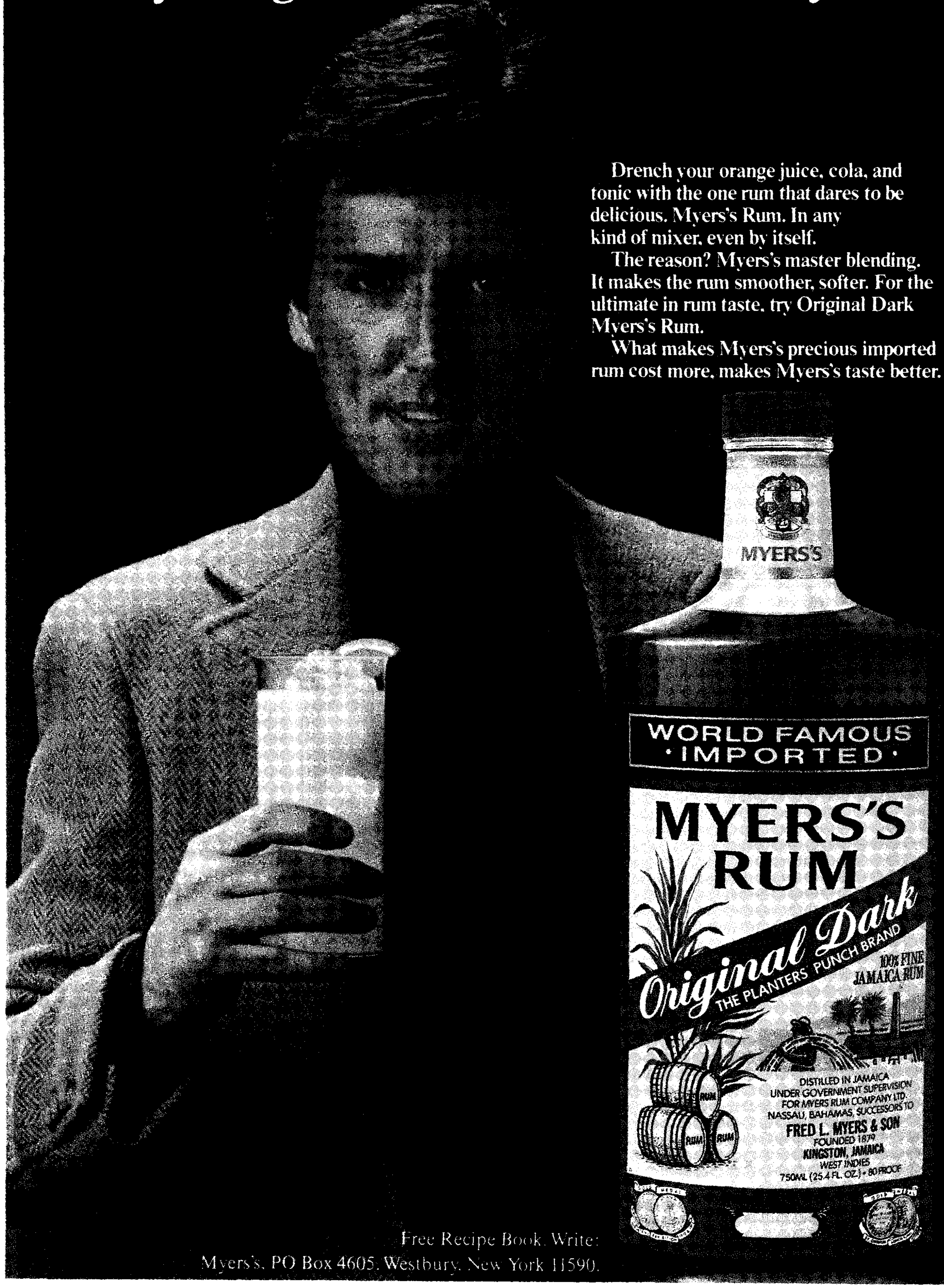
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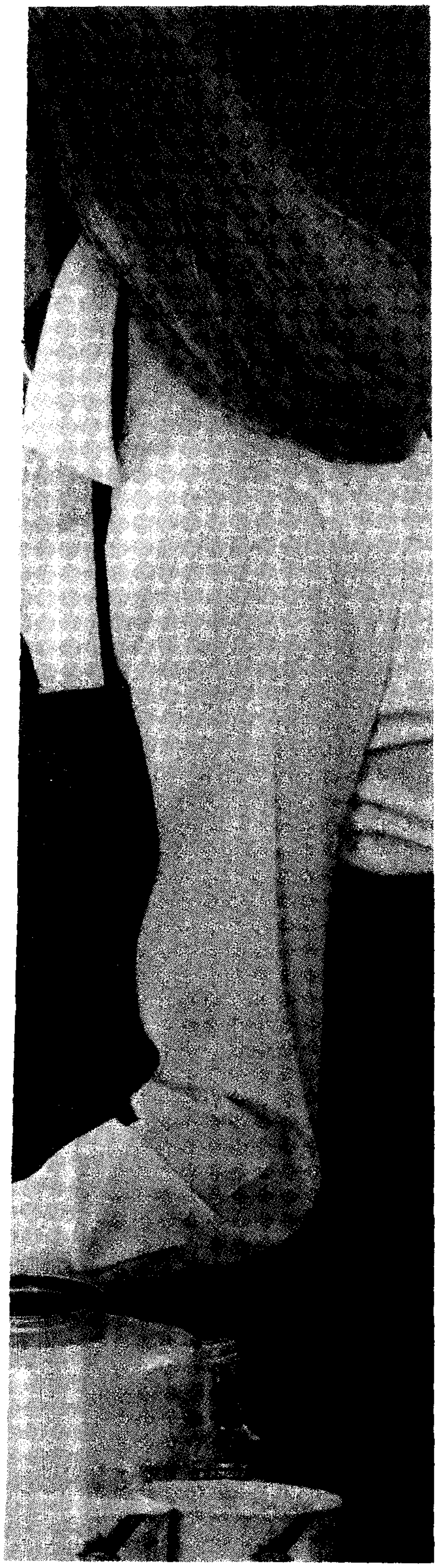

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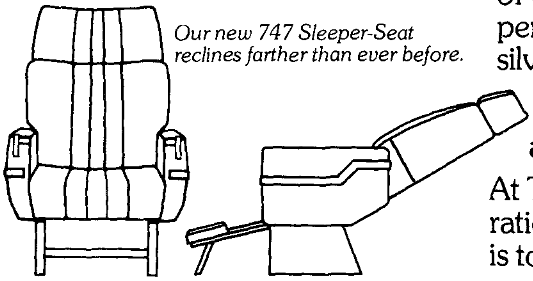

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Janáček, whose response to nature was as strong and as forthright as Těsnohlídek's. In 1921, he visited the Tatra Mountains and reported on them in rhapsodic terms for his Brno paper. And in the same year he bought a cottage in Hukvaldy, with an orchard and a yard with hens. He determined to write an opera based on Těsnohlídek's story, set in Hukvaldy, and asked his permission. The writer thought the proposition a joke but agreed to a meeting with Janáček in the Conservatory at Brno. In his account, published in *Lidové Noviny* a couple of years later, that meeting is turned into another vision of nature:

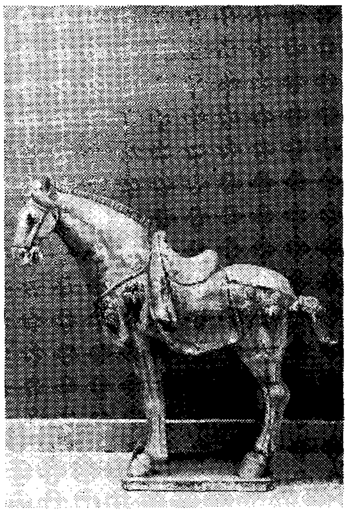
> Leoš Janáček was waiting for me in the small garden of the Conservatory. He sat among the bushes, with thousands of tiny blossoms shining around his head; that head of his was equally white, and seemed to be the largest of the flowers. . . . At that moment I believed that Vixen Sharp-Ears was sitting, tamed and quite dominated by the kindness of the man in the small garden, and that she would approach unseen to sit at our feet. . . . He talked about his studies of birds chirping and I realized that he knew the happiness contained in his smile.

Těsnohlídek, by contrast, knew little happiness. The death of his first wife on their honeymoon, in an incident with a gun which was widely believed not to be an accident, haunted him. In 1929, shortly after Janáček's death, he committed suicide in the offices of his newspaper. A mixture of black despair and utopian confidence in the goodness of existence was not unknown to Janáček, either: a long period of struggle and neglect was only slowly overcome, toward the end of his life. The period of "Vixen," and the celebrations of his seventieth birthday, in 1924, included some of his happiest moments.

Janáček adapted Těsnohlídek's text himself, selecting episodes without much concern for the narrative progress of the work. The scenes of the three acts are labelled like tableaux —"How Bystrouška Was Caught," "Bystrouška Runs Away," "Bystrouška's Courting and Love"—and though they add up to a story, the effect is jerky, and there are some inconsistencies of plot. Janáček retained the earthiness of the language and of the action. He poured into his score all that he had studied of animal noises (he loved to transcribe bird song), of human speech patterns (he used to jot down the musical notation of spoken words), and of Moravian folk songs. These were the roots of his music. He wrote in 1928, "My motifs grow from the earth, from animals and human beings—they are united in everything that exists." Wisely, he omitted the text's descriptions of nature, for he transcribed them more eloquently, more subtly, in his music. At the end of the opera, Janáček has Sharp-Ears shot by a poacher as a result of her provocation; he saves the one moment of pantheistic revelation for the last scene, when the Forester, who imagines (as in the story) that he sees the Vixen's children, sings a hymn to the life of the forest.

Janáček's opera is not sentimental or sickly about its animals; there are no grand statements about the relationship of animal and human life. Until Mrs. Graff and Mr. Jones went back to Těsnohlídek's story and to Janáček's libretto, English versions of the opera had been based on Max Brod's German translation, printed in the Universal Edition score. (The opera's English title follows Brod.) Brod's translation, as Jaroslav Vogel has shown in his biography of Janáček, is a distortion. The first Prague production of the opera was not a success—even Janáček disliked the staging. Brod felt that the work needed "improving" for export outside Czechoslovakia, so he introduced into the text some spurious elements of symbolism. He turned a character that in Janáček was only a name—Terynka, a village woman—into a central figure, a human parallel to the Vixen. All three of the male characters have been in love with her: the Forester's reminiscences of his happy life refer no longer to his marriage but to an adventure with Terynka. "He sees in the eyes of Bystrouška (in the first scene) the memory of the wild eyes of [Terynka]," Brod explained. He made the Vixen's character more human, and sanitized the language and the action: little swearing, and certainly no urinating. Janáček accepted these changes, because Brod persuaded him that they would help the success of the opera. But, as Vogel says, they "break off the only possible relationship of the action to the music." And they turn an artless, affecting story into a sententious one, which sees everything from a human point of view.

At the City Opera, Brod's changes have been removed, and Janáček's original voice parts have been restored. High voices predominate. The Owl is now a contralto. Golden-Stripe is a soprano, so his voice intertwines with the Vixen's—an effect as strong as



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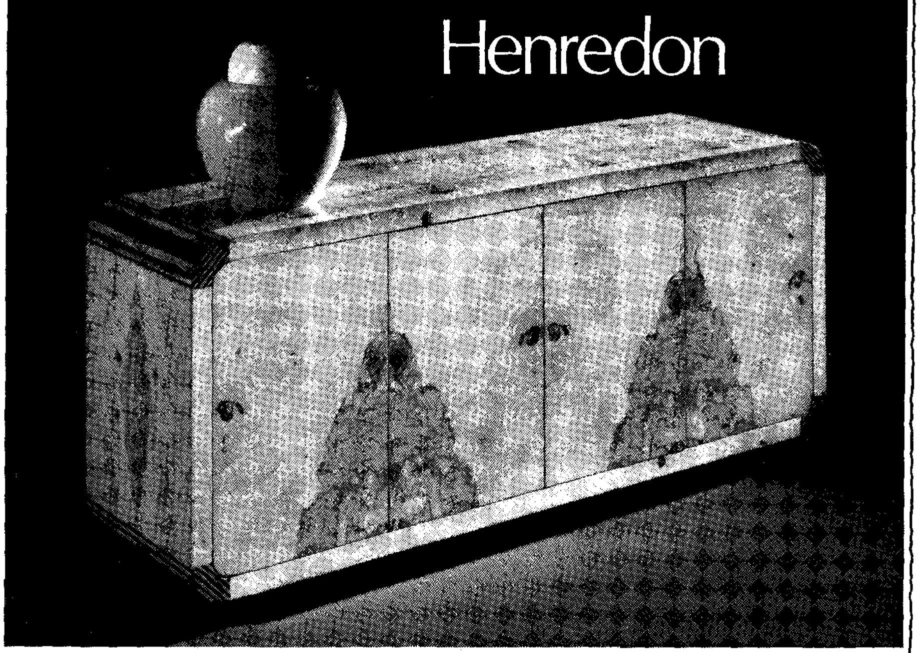

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that of the duetting of Nero and Poppea in a properly cast performance of Monteverdi's opera. Children play most of the animals (as they did in a previous New York production, at the Manhattan School of Music). Maurice Sendak has conjured up a Moravian forest that has something of the innocence of the Lolek drawings, something of the sublime qualities that the story and the music ascribe to nature, and something of the witty and striking inspiration of his own books for children. The human habitat is bright and crisply colored—the pub is an ingenious construction at center stage, cut away in a drop curtain. The forest is dark and cluttered, with heavy trees and sombre undergrowth. In Act II, Scene 3, a twisting path winds past a hut, and huge sunflowers loom and billow over the stage, enticing the drunken schoolmaster to an imagined *romantic tryst*. The start of Act III boasts a little Moravian shrine that watches over the death of the Vixen, but here is an uneasy mixture of constructed scenery and painting—perhaps because Mr. Sendak's designs were interpreted for the stage by another artist, Neil Peter Jampolis. Mr. Sendak's costume designs were realized by Steven Feldman, and are wholly delightful: a fluttering dragonfly, a jumpy grasshopper, a huge-eyed owl, a bouncy frog, and a procession of little birds and insects, all precisely characterized—the best operatic animals since David Hockney's "Zauberflöte."

To Janáček's music, Michael Tilson Thomas brought a precise, clean style that drew technically fine playing from the City Opera's splendid but variable orchestra. It would be difficult to contend that the performance was permeated by a feeling for the folk music that echoes through the score: it was founded more firmly on the detailed, inventive orchestral interludes. Mr. Thomas highlighted the quirky instrumentation of the vocal accompaniment; all the notes could be heard, with some of the inflections Janáček intended. A sense of atmosphere was sometimes missing. The beauty and originality of the score often took the breath away, but except in the last-act monologue for the Forester the orchestral playing was never moving. Vocally, the cast was patchy: a good team, as City Opera casts often manage to be when they are thoroughly rehearsed, but without individual distinction. Gianna Rolandi was a shrill Vixen—pert, with a suitable

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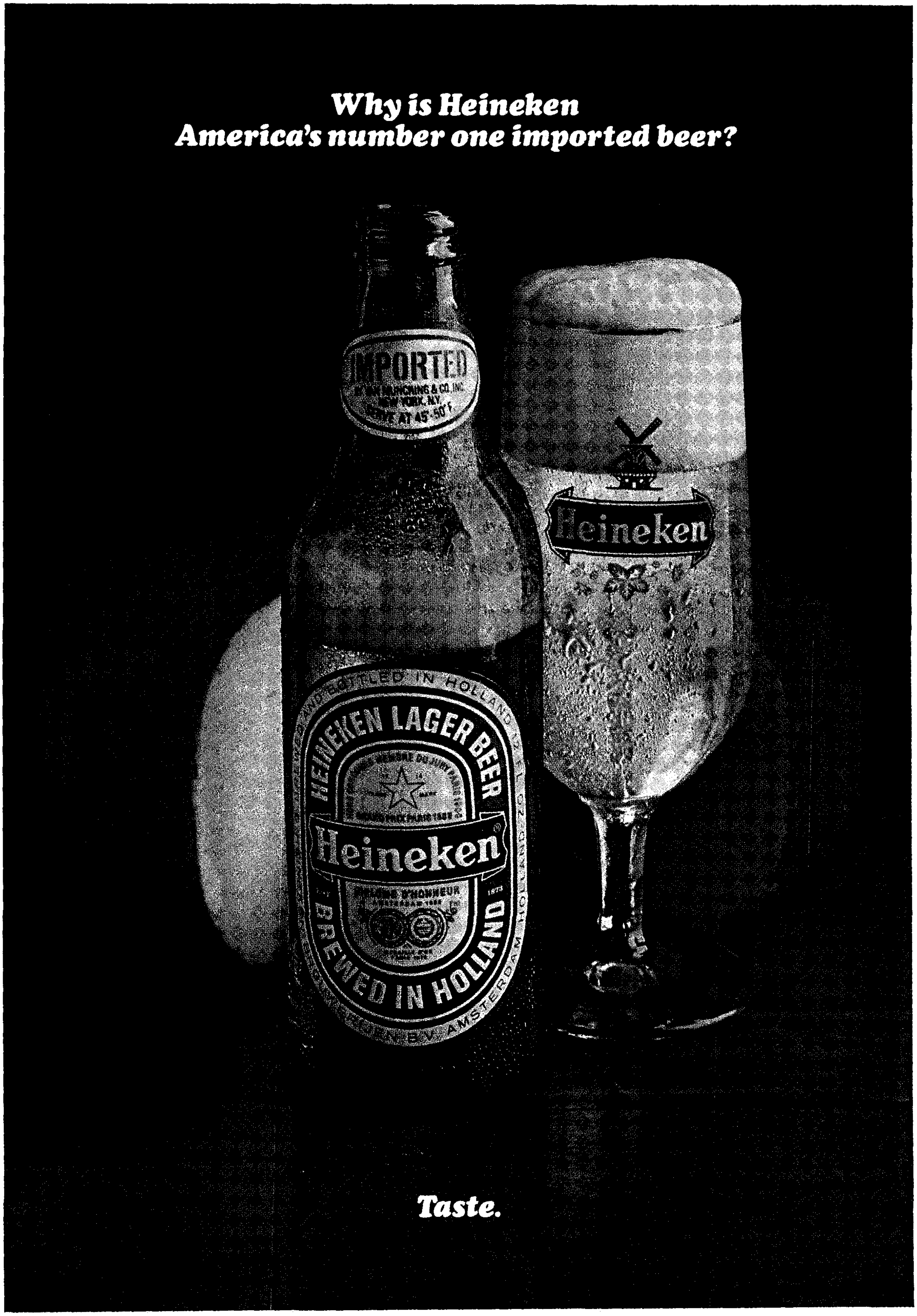
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touch of hardness in her voice. Nadia Pelle was a disappointingly underplayed Golden-Stripe, with more than a touch of pantomime animal in the acting. Richard Cross, as the Forester, dominated the stage with the bulk of his character and his voice, but his baritone, though strong, was rarely clear enough to put across the text or the music with precision. I liked Jane Shaulis's Owl. Christopher Byars' Frog piped out his final stuttering confrontation with the Forester brightly. The Woodpecker's marriage ceremony was inaudible. Too often during the evening, I had to rely on the printed libretto rather than the stage to understand the words.

It would have been appropriate for a production that made a point of using Janáček's own text to be directed with especial faithfulness to that original. Frank Corsaro did direct straightforwardly for the most part, marshalling his animal kingdom skillfully, characterizing the weaknesses of human beings with a sharp eye, and drawing attention to the awakening of the Vixen to love. But he, like Max Brod, felt a need to add to the libretto. He brought Terynka onstage, as the barmaid of the tavern, flirting with the poacher in the scene when the Vixen is shot; her mysterious remoteness was lost. Mr. Corsaro wanted the Vixen and the Forester to establish a close relationship, so in the last scene he had the Forester search for her in her lair and—changing the words of the text—wonder where she'd gone and if she were coming back. (In Janáček, the Forester's last reference to the Vixen before this scene is that when he catches her, her fur will make a good muff for his wife.) Most striking of all, Mr. Corsaro has invented a new parallelism: in the first scene of the opera, the Vixen's mother is shot and dismembered in the forest. There is nothing in the music to indicate this; indeed, the action is so completely out of character with the buzzing, idyllic sounds of the orchestra that it takes place in silence, during a long pause in an orchestral interlude. (Possibilities for highly original pieces of action in operatic pauses begin to suggest themselves.) This image of cruelty, by far the most powerful of the production's opening minutes, suggests that the theme of the opera may be man's treatment of animals, or perhaps the hidden violence of the forest. Yet the point about the Vixen's death in Janáček's text is that it is not overemphasized; it is part of the natural order—an act

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without moral connotations. There is no scene of grief for Golden-Stripe, no scene of guilt or blame for the poacher; life goes on. It is the endless rebirth of nature that is hymned in the opera's closing pages.

TO complement the new "Cunning Little Vixen," the City Opera revived Mr. Corsaro's ten-year-old production of Janáček's "The Makropoulos Affair." The version of Max Brod, in its English translation by Norman Tucker, was followed; ironically, however, far more of the text could be heard than in the performance of "Vixen." Mr. Corsaro, taking his cue from the fact that most of the first act is devoted to the cumbersome narration of the background of a court case that involves the opera singer Emilia Marty—in truth, the three-hundred-and-forty-two-year-old Eleana Makropoulos—created a cinematic spectacle. On screens dotted about the stage, pictures flashed of the previous existences of "E.M.," helpfully filmed by archivists at the court of Rudolph II of Austria in 1587 (where she drank the elixir of life) and during her subsequent incarnations. The procedure distracted from the music but was effective: once a sequence had been run through in the prelude, isolated shots and flashes of film served to remind us of which life was being alluded to onstage. Mr. Corsaro's deus ex machina was Emilia Marty's chauffeur, who loomed in the background of many scenes and carried her off when she finally chooses death. This scene was magnificent, and rescued the opera from its considerable stretches of longueur. Maralin Niska was a commanding Emilia, and Elizabeth Hynes an especially good, touching Christa. Those entrusted with the narrative chunks were the least audible, alas; there were characterful pieces of cameo acting from Bruce Reed as Janek, Puli Toro as the maid, and Jack Harrold as a wild, ecstatic Hauk-Sendorf, who looked more than a little like Janáček himself. John Mauceri conducted smoothly.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

•

There was a very good attendance at our first TOWN HALL lecture by master retailer Stanley Marcus of Neiman Marcus. He was a rather quiet man after lunch on the tour of our campus, but he was impressed with the quality of the students' work.—*Ringling School of Art Library Association Newsletter.*

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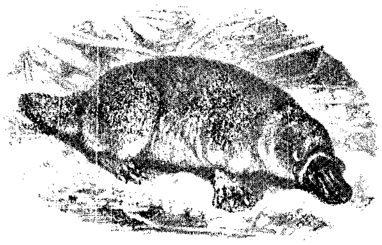

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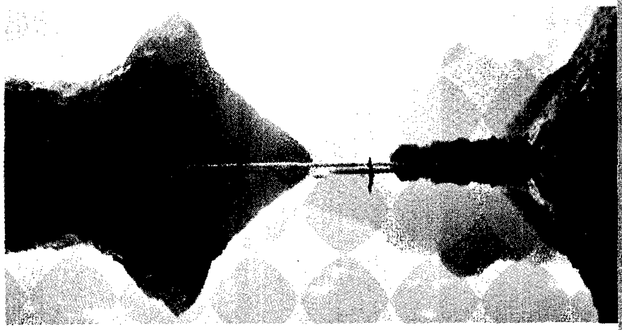

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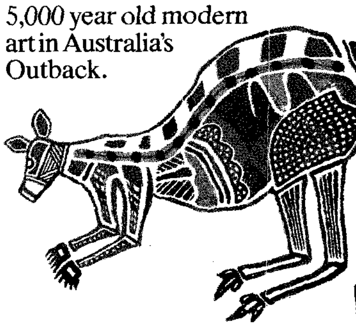

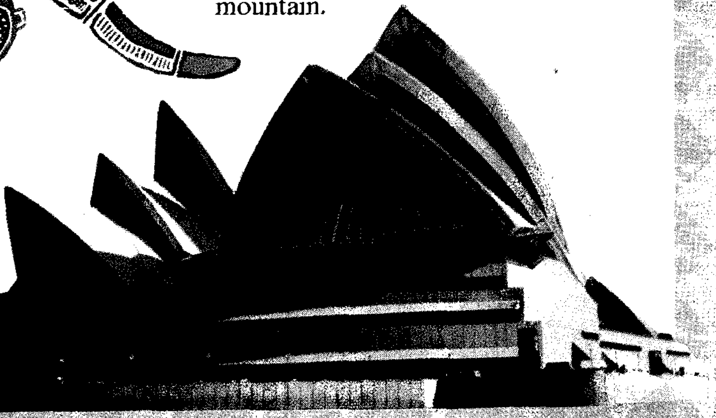

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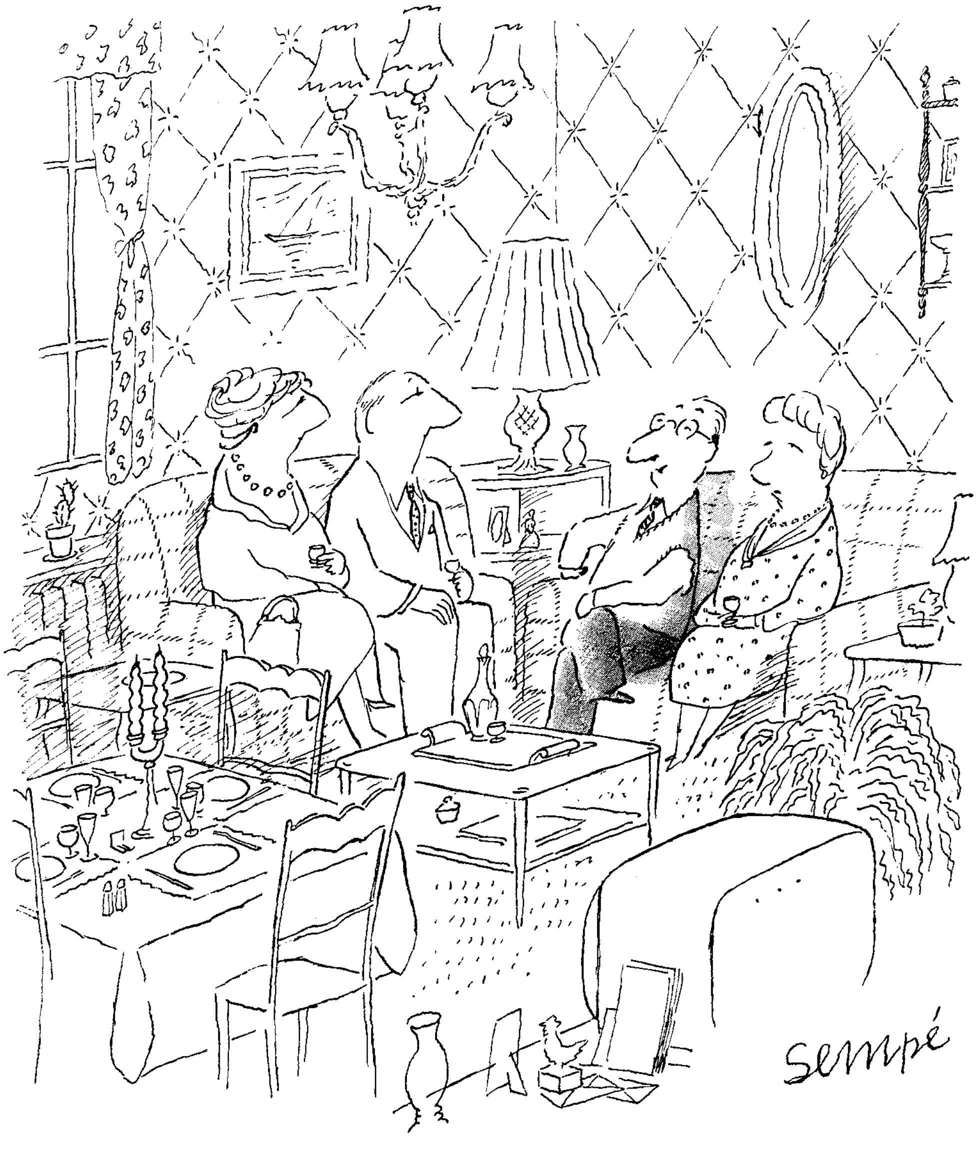
A REPORTER IN EUROPE

LONDON

THERE is a sense of loss here. It has come over the city as a kind of quickening sadness, like one of those early spring evenings that suddenly light the blackened stones of Parliament and the Embankment with streaks of gold. Everybody has an explanation for it. People talk about "the decline"—which is the fashionable London phrase lately—as if the country's distress were a moment in some historical aesthetic, something to survive and savor. Or they talk plainly about the price of groceries and children's coats, and in the end sound just as evasive and rhetorical, because there is much more to this distress than high prices in a ravaged and ravaging economy. It is as if Londoners were grieving for themselves, for the decency they have always held, as an article of faith, to be a particularly *English* quality, for the civility, the fairness of mind and spirit, that they believe is finally what sets them apart from millions of smarmy and disreputable Europeans waiting just across the Channel to corrupt them. They seem to be suffering from a loss of faith in the British character. They have counted on character, the way a conquistador might have counted on God, to see them through their wars and their empires and their homelier domestic crises, and many of them assumed that Great Britain's latest crisis—two and a half million unemployed, race riots in Brixton, Ulster close to civil war, Labour turned viciously against itself, a Prime Minister devoted to what is probably best described as up-against-the-wall economics—was going to be another one of those tonic afflictions that used to marshal the reserves of British character to come to the rescue when the common good was on the line. They talked about the unemployment queues and the ten thousand bankruptcies and the burdens of an inflated currency as something "good for you," like cold showers at boarding school or a just war, or even Charles de Gaulle. They seemed to welcome some of that bracing austerity in their lives, and they set themselves little mortifications of the flesh and spirit to make them feel at one, in sacrifice, with the potash miners near Whitby and the steelworkers in Consett who had lost their jobs. I know a cheerful, rather plummy historian in Kensington who stopped drinking for a couple of weeks and was much discussed by friends as an object lesson in self-discipline and making do and the resilience of the upper classes under pressure. I know a tender and eccentric Dorsetshire lady, a writer of one-act plays about cats and the dark side of table manners, who decided that her life of classically genteel poverty was inappropriate to the spirit of the "new" hard times, and who wanted to share the rigors of those times by doing something more unpleasant than playwriting—she took a job in town answering the telephone for a young man engaged in peddling pornographic cassettes to South Americans. I know people in London who are turning vegetarian, people who are closing down their weekend cottages, people who have started to take in boarders while their children are away at school. But theirs are helpless, delicate gestures—Chekhovian gestures choreographed at the country house of British character—and have no correlatives in the Council flats and the New Towns that are English life for so many English men and women. Oxbridge England has always played at hard times. The "right" people here have always thrived on the cachet of poverty, the way they have thrived on being dotty or barmy or whatever other word they choose for symptoms that are usually called crazy in the less fortunate. They have had the confidence of class to see them through their aberrations and their overdrafts. And so they were able to persuade themselves that pulling through was a



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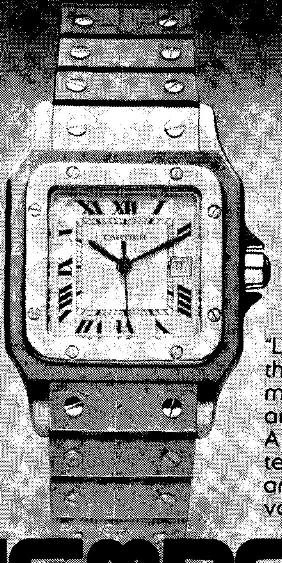

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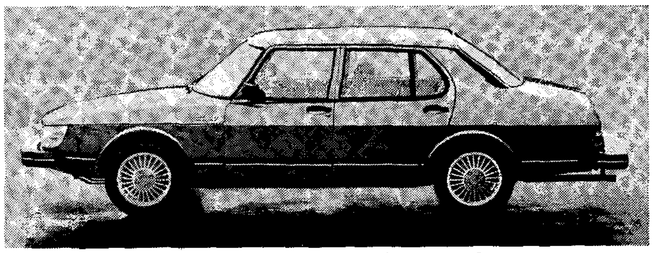

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kind of national sport, that in the end the energy of the working class, like their own energy, would always spend itself in patriotic rituals. They have lost this innocence now—about the country, about each other—without ever really having understood how much of it was arrogant and willful. It was an innocence that took need for graciousness, envy for enthusiasm, serving for service. And it was of much use to them in the brutal exercises of an expanding empire, securing for England, more than for any other colonial power, that sentimental psychic space between ruler and ruled, owner and worker, in which the social contract could invent its necessary euphemisms. The English produced the most class-ridden society in Europe, and in some ways the most aggressively self-deluded—and for centuries managed to hold it together by pretending that responsible social coöperation was a natural expression of Englishness, rather than the protective accommodation of citizens to one another in a free country. Now that psychic space is gone.

Americans look to England as a model. They study the first two years of Margaret Thatcher for some clue to the next four years of Ronald Reagan. They see a mirror of Chrysler's troubles, say, in British Leyland, which could not be coaxed to solvency by a few pat changes in the economic rhetoric, or even by a year or two on the public dole. Americans share with the English that conscientious befuddlement, that sanguine, profitable naïveté, which has let the English make wars and build empires and plot whole continents like kitchen gardens—all the while ignoring the cost in human terms because they knew that the *fellahin* and the *dukawallahs*, and even the homegrown workers and soldiers of their adventure, had sacrificed themselves proudly in a common cause, and not out of poverty or desperation or surrender. England is America's lesson in an imperial liberalism worn like horse blinkers against the disconcerting truth of why people work and suffer. England's image of service has been as potent a resource as the coal in Wales or the oil off the coast of Scotland, but it was good only for the life of the ruling class that carved it into the value system of the country. As long as the people who ran Great Britain—left or right, Labour or Conservative—were the rosy amateurs of an Oxbridge *Weltanschauung*, unworldliness was the hall-

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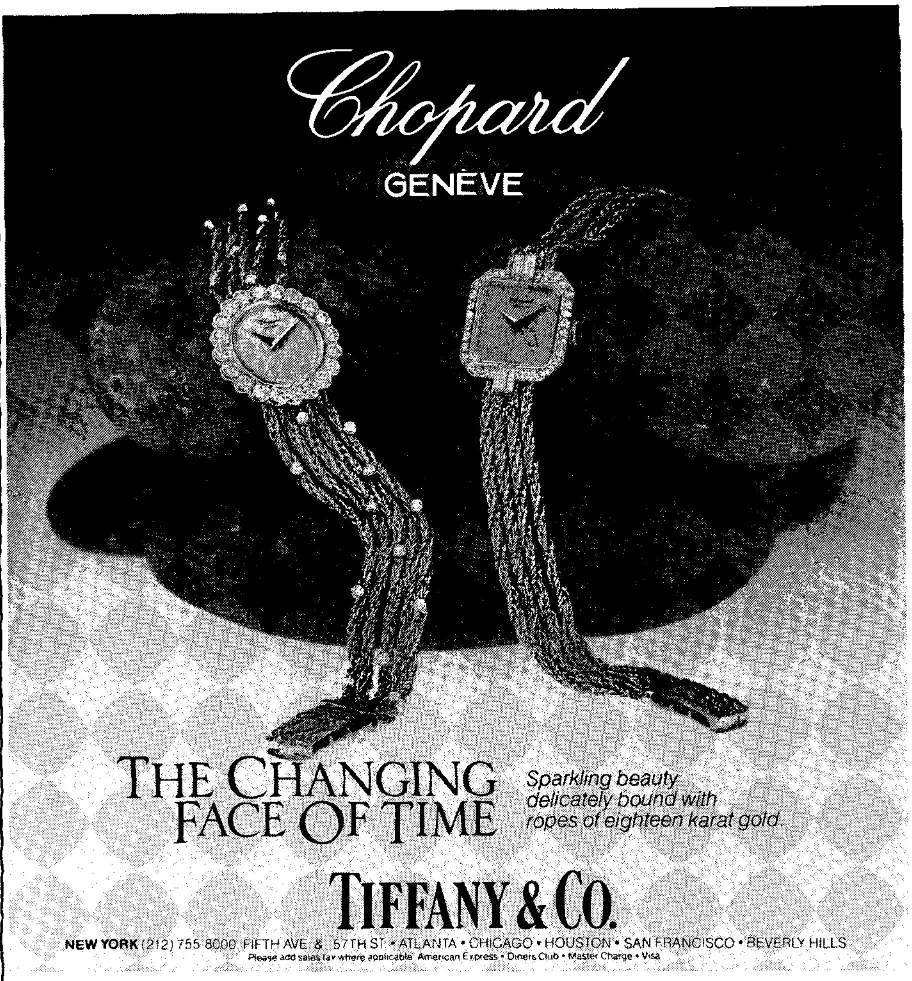
mark of the country's institutions and the snobbery of its official attitudes, and "playing the game" was its most appropriate cliché. British rule has always been self-referential. To boys who had learned their own game as bowlers and batsmen at Eton or Winchester, the game in Yorkshire's quarries or Manchester's slums was just a rougher version of it—with stress and sweat appropriate to the station of the players.

Life in the mines or the smelters as a variation on the theme of sportsmanship—that was the assumption of a ruling class that ruled as avocation and asked only that its subjects pretend to serve in the same spirit. It was an assumption that made rebellion unseemly and social disgust ungenerous. It laid the ground rules of a civil service and a Foreign Office that would "launder" class, so that unfortunate but promising children from state schools and undistinguished families would have a back desk or a properly remote country where they could overcome their roots and their envy and their worst vowels and whatever unruly instincts might tempt them to compete or supplant or overthrow. It meant that chippy young men sent off to some dreadful outpost of Empire came home a few years later with their sense of themselves and their identity tied firmly to a conviction that the world was a *tableau vivant* to please the tastes and standards of the aristocrats who ran the Foreign Office.

The difference in England now has less to do with the loss of power abroad than with the fact that a whole new class of men and women has started demanding to run the country at home. There have been changes in the leadership of both big political parties, and for the first time these changes involve class as much as policy. The terrible split in Labour after a conference in Wembley last January was not a simple matter of left wings and right wings and union wings of the Party. The trade unions stifle the economy here. In the past, they have usually settled for that kind of negative power, leaving the Parliamentary Party—that is, Labour's Members of Parliament as a group—to be the statesmen and to live stylishly in London. But after Wembley it was clear that a lot of tough old trade-union bosses had been making new arrangements with a Party left, in and out of Parliament, that offered them the promise of a nationalized Great Britain, controlled



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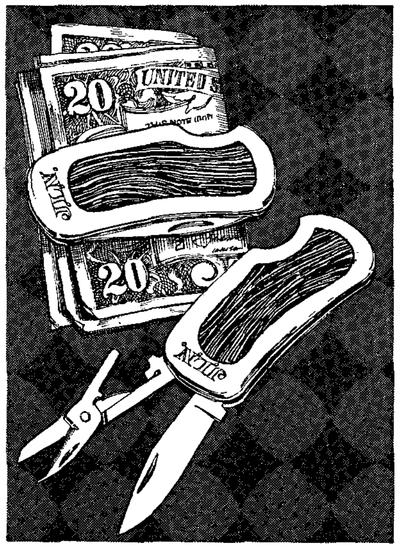

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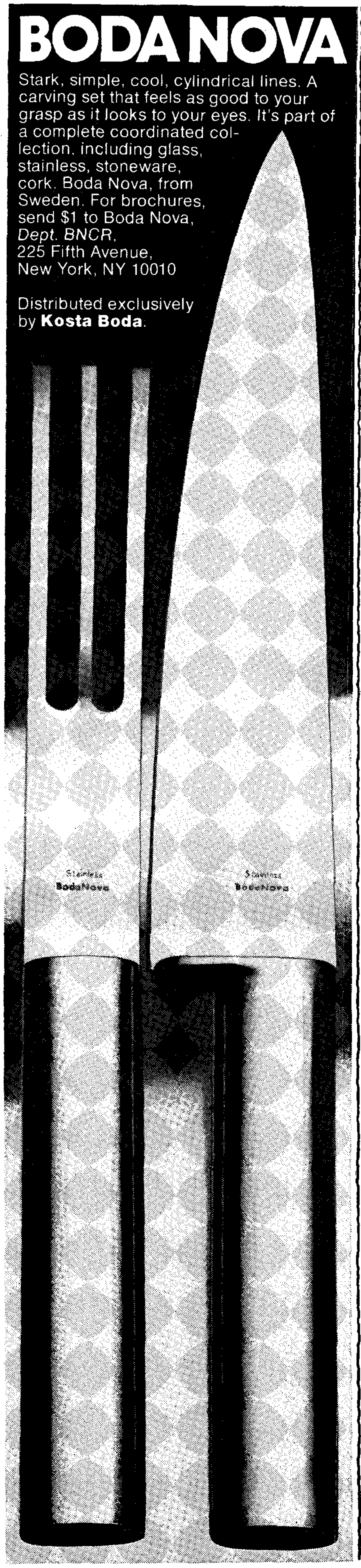
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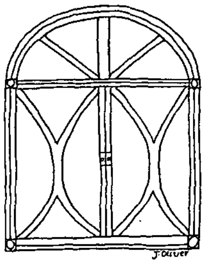
in its production by the Trades Union Congress and choreographed in its policies by the grass-roots constituencies of the country—the so-called Constituency Party. The arrangements made at Wembley gave the unions forty per cent of the votes in Labour's electoral college and left the Parliamentary Party and the Constituency Party to divide up the rest. Those arrangements were bound to change. The Labour Members of Parliament, meeting on their own, voted two to one against them. They said that Labour could not afford defectors—certainly not among its sitting Members—and most of them were convinced that people would in fact leave the Party in protest. Thirteen Members, of course, did leave it for a new Social Democratic Party, among them David Owen and William Rodgers, who joined Roy Jenkins and Shirley Williams to complete the Gang of Four, which is what everybody calls the new Social Democratic leadership. These are liberal, educated, worldly politicians, and, taken as a "gang," they tend to prove the point that, left and right wings notwithstanding, a lot of the trouble in Labour has had to do with class—with young Fabians who head down from Oxford directly to the House of Commons and with aging armchair socialists who have rich wives and pretty Ladbroke Grove houses. Tony Benn may be the strategist of Labour's new "egalitarian" platform, but he would have been Viscount Stansgate if he had not renounced the title in 1963. Benn is part of a generation that grew up in the noblesse-oblige days of the British left. Those days ended when the war did, and since then grass-roots power in the Labour constituencies has gradually been appropriated by a left different from the one Tony Benn grew up in—a left that will never see the inside of White's or tread a grouse moor, a left full of sulky ideologues with equivocal accents and polytechnic diplomas and just enough in the bank to pay the rent on a bed-sitter. The lumpenpolytechnic, people call them. Or the polytechnocrats. They are, at any rate, a world of bitterness away from the elegant young men who used to offer themselves up to working-class constituencies on the ground that they would make a better impression in Parliament than the locals. The polytechnocrats may have more in common, in the end, with the Tory proles—the cheeky back-benchers who put a Grantham grocer's daughter named Maggie Thatcher into No. 10 Downing Street when the gentlemen who used to settle the Tory leadership among themselves, and from their own kind, could not come up with a candidate anyone else was likely to vote for. Mrs. Thatcher had to do her time in the Tory constituencies, earning Party power. She herself does not have much to say to Old Guard Tories like the diplomat at Whitehall who wanted what he called "the Rhodesia thing" settled, because it was "such a cloud over the Office."

There is vast closet wealth in England. A few dukes here and there may take in paying guests and turn their gardens into "safari clubs," and Piccadilly traffic may be snarled by Volvos now instead of by Rolls-Royces, but enough of England's rich have had the wit and the accountants to survive the punishing taxes of the last Labour years—taxes that got as high as ninety-eight per cent on unearned income—without ever having to sacrifice their faith that their own good times were good for everyone. Those benign patriarchs of the Conservative Party made their peace with the century by spending everyone's money but their own on the common good. They were sentimental about money the way Tories have always been sentimental about money, but Mrs. Thatcher has never been noticeably sentimental about anything, and neither have the sort of people who voted her into office—who include, in fact, some three million of the twelve million workers in the trade unions that originally founded the Labour Party and still pay eighty per cent of Labour's bills.



EVERY week for almost a year, the *Sunday Times* has published a body count of the past week's employment casualties called "Jobless Britain." There have been weeks when ten or twelve thousand workers were laid off, weeks when just one bankrupt factory or closed dock yard cost five thousand jobs, weeks when no worker, anywhere in Britain, could say for sure that he was safe. Six hundred and fifty of the fifteen hundred Whitby potash miners lost their jobs in one week. Five hundred of the two thousand workers at the Glasgow

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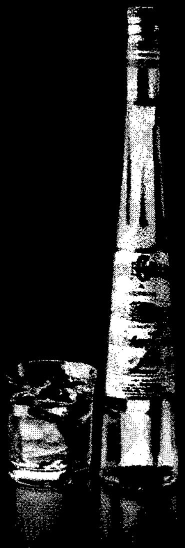

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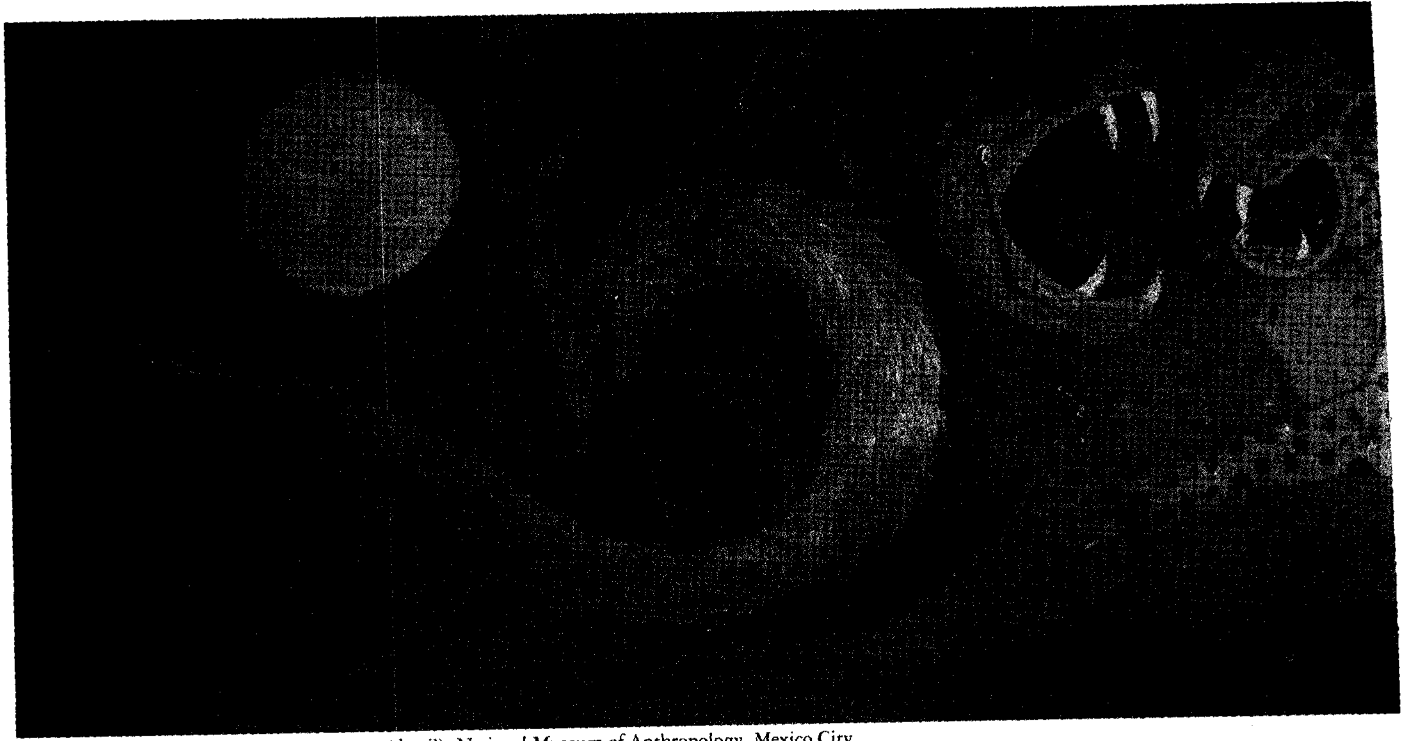
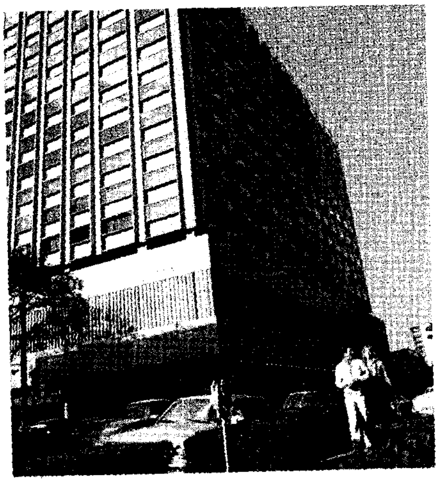


Ruffino Tamayo, The Serpent and The Jaguar (detail), National Museum of Anthropology, Mexico City.



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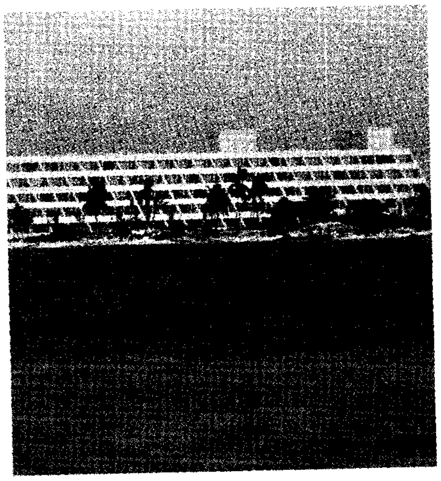

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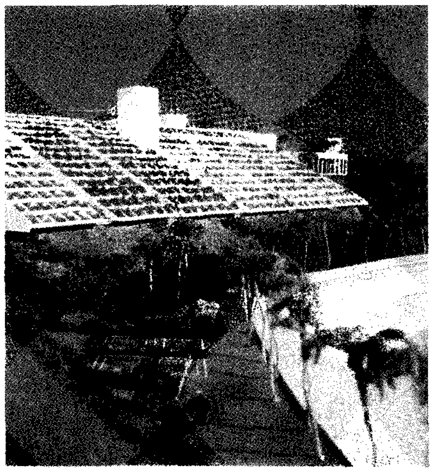

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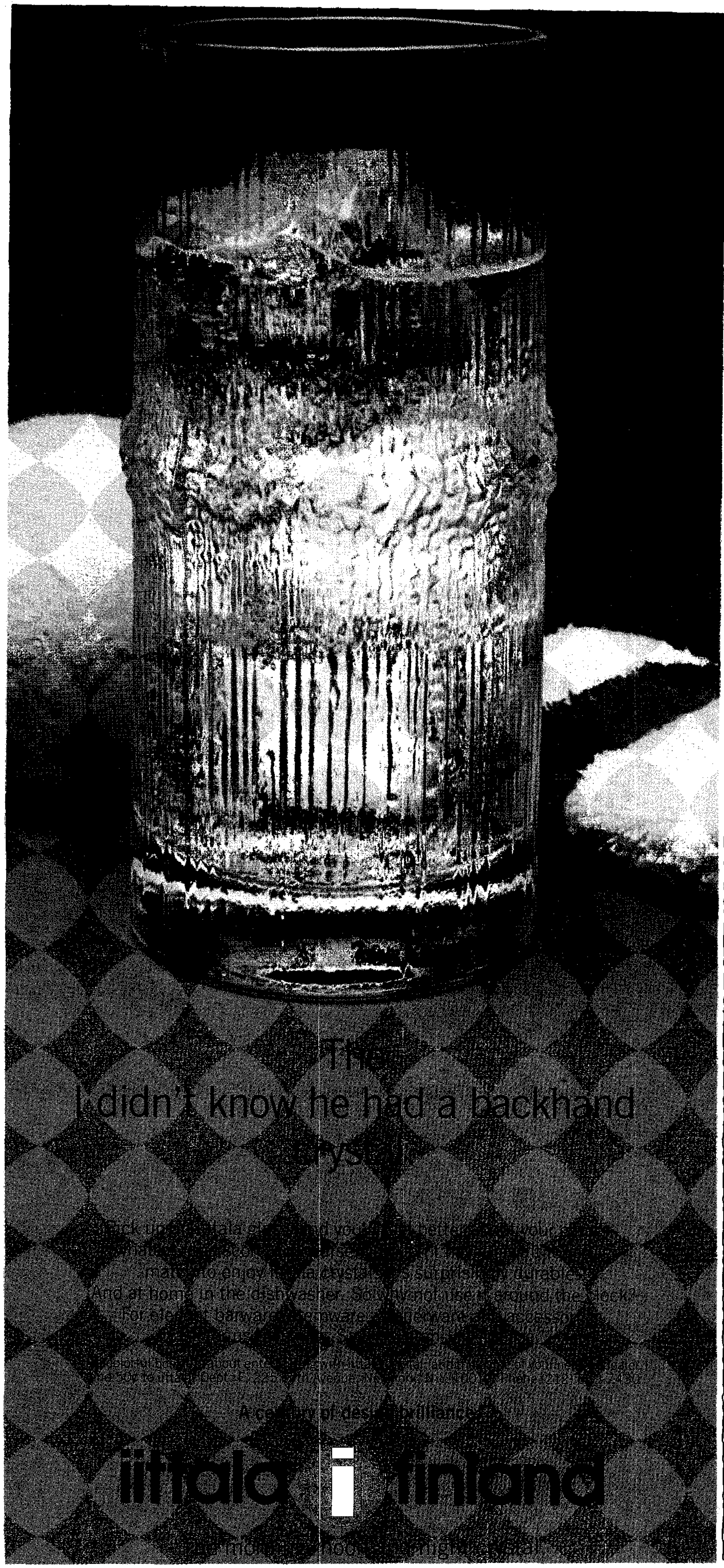
plant of Collins, the publishing company, went in another. Even Rupert Murdoch, pouring three countries' worth of cheap-tabloid profits into the *Times* and its supplements, has had to start laying off typographers to keep the papers from another year of thirty-million-dollar losses. There is no logical reason for England to be going broke. Its North Sea rigs pull up a hundred million tons of oil a year—which means that for accounting purposes England is self-sufficient in oil and one of the few countries in the West with no balance-of-trade debts to the OPEC states. The Minimum Lending Rate—which is equivalent to our discount rate and is the gauge that economists use here—is no higher than France's, say, and for the moment a point lower than America's. Clearly, there is more to the bankruptcies and layoffs and shutdowns than the high cost of money. Half the population pays relatively low rent to live in Council housing, and in theory everyone has access to the free hospitals and doctors of the National Health Service, to free schools, to a hundred other perks and social services. And yet the country seems as fragile as a tea rose in the shadow of a Birmingham factory. The bankruptcy rate is close to what it was during the worst years of the Depression. More people are out of work than at any time since 1933, and mainly they come from the same kinds of jobs in the same places—the mines and shipyards and heavy-machinery plants of the North Country and of Wales and Scotland. They come from factories where conditions have not changed much since the Industrial Revolution—or, if they are lucky, since the more inventive days of the Great Depression. It is as if the English themselves, in a kind of misguided native pride, conspired to keep their industry out-of-date. After the war, they seem to have decided that they had nothing to learn, or even borrow, from the technology of neighbors like the French, who had capitulated, or like the Swedes, who had bought their peace as dropouts, or certainly like the Germans, who had lost.

When Mrs. Thatcher took over the Government two years ago, with a program for what Labour called "dismantling the public sector"—the industries that the state owns or subsidizes or in one way or another guarantees—people talked about the end of socialism in Britain as if this were something that had actually been accomplished, neatly, at the polls. Mrs.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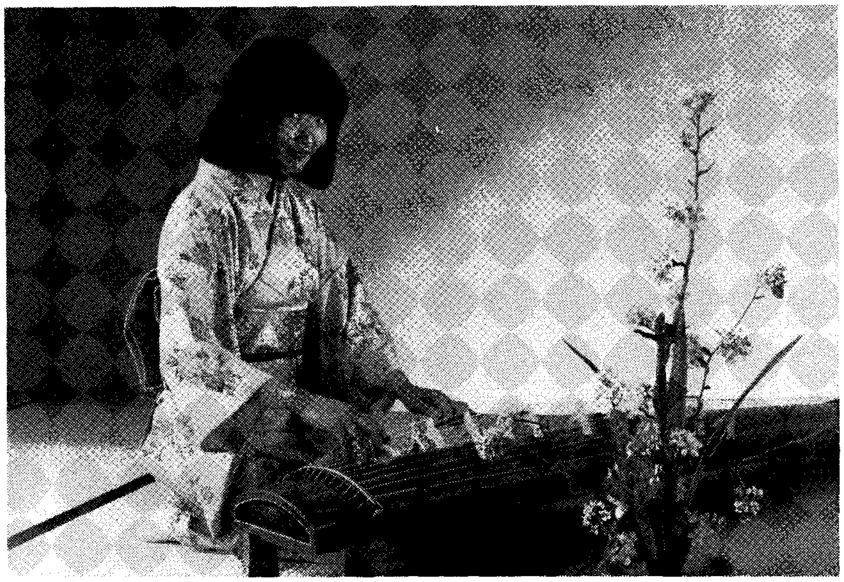
Thatcher had persuaded them that she could put Britain, share by share, on the market, but she had no understanding with, or even authority over, the trade unions, and therefore no assurances to offer buyers. The result, of course, was that no one bid. Now she is in the predicament of having to underwrite a padded bureaucracy and a huge public sector, of which she disapproves, while presiding over the worst period that private industry, which she likes, has ever seen. The most interesting thing about Mrs. Thatcher's plans is probably that anyone believed in them—believed that a complicated state economy like Britain's, which by now is part of a fabric of attitudes and expectations, could be transformed at will into its opposite. It is obviously easier to nationalize than to denationalize. Marshal Tito managed denationalization, to some extent, with his famous Economic Reform of 1965, which converted Yugoslavia's state farms and factories into free-market workers' coöperatives, but even then the cost in human terms—one in every five Yugoslav workers out of a job—was enormous. Tito probably would have lost his own job in a country like Britain, where the state depends, in the end, on the voters' appetite for compliance. Democracy does not make for the easy "dismantling" of economic structures.

There is something touching about Margaret Thatcher and her enthusiasms. She seems to believe in Milton Friedman the way an English schoolgirl believes in Hobbits. She planned a triumphant offering of British Airways stock on the open market. She wanted to auction off the monopoly on delivering mail. At one point, she even would have sold an entire Nottinghamshire village, which had been left to the government as a historic trust—taking, as it were, the long view of her prerogatives as Great Britain's elected landlady. The village happened to be distinguished for a rare system of medieval strip-farming, and consequently there was a good deal of *Sturm und Drang* among the country's medieval historians—a group not normally given to wild public protest—before Mrs. Thatcher was persuaded to withdraw it from her portfolio of "negotiable properties." That portfolio still includes not only British Airways but also, among other things, British Rail, British Steel, the telephone company, and the mail service. Mrs. Thatcher is determined. After two years of disappointment, she still thrills to the logic of profit. She talks like a Jay Gould or a Cornelius Vanderbilt, but so far all that she has been able to sell is a few bus companies and resort hotels that British Rail owned and operated. British Airways, which was the plum in her portfolio, lost close to two billion pounds this past fiscal year. British Steel is so beleaguered that Mrs. Thatcher cannot even give away the steelworks at places like Consett—which, in fact, she tried to do. The Consett plant itself closed in September—one of the latest in a series of steel-industry shutdowns that have put ninety-six thousand men and women out of work.

In Britain, the public sector produces more than one-third of the national income, and Mrs. Thatcher, who believes in tight money, has already had to borrow what amounts to nine billion dollars over her industry budget to keep open what factories she can. The Government under Mrs. Thatcher has ended up as its own best client, and the money supply that she was going to squeeze—squeezing with it the inflationary sponge of costs and waste and salaries—is actually going up by twenty-two per cent a year.

Mrs. Thatcher has managed to get by until now because she taps a very real fear of organized labor among the country's petite bourgeoisie. She shares that fear herself. Her attitude does not make for a very useful or discreet politics, but it underlines the fact that a lace-curtain and Prince-Charles-and-Lady-Di-plate population still aches for gentility and thus subscribes to a politics of dissociation from the working class. England has never had a real social revolution. Cromwell's republic came (and went) too soon in Britain's economic history to transform the country's class—which is to say its management—structure. The great commune of 1871 was in Paris, not London. The country that had served Karl Marx as the model for the classic industrial state of "Das Kapital" survived its own Industrial Revolution and its Great Depression, its two world wars and the rise and fall of its world empire, with its old ruling class intact, with the ambitions of its bourgeoisie cleaned up like mob money in a Bahamian trust, and with very little room, real or psychological, for the sort of relentlessly philistine energies on which the rest of postwar Europe recovered. Great Britain has



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lived for a hundred years off the proprietary rhetoric of the Industrial Revolution, but the fact is that a hundred years ago European engineers were already writing that Britain's industrial plant, its new North Country technology, was neither as innovative nor as efficient as the new technologies in France and Germany, and were predicting that industry here would suffer from the contempt in which educated Englishmen held it, from the hothouse gamesmanship of England's managers. The reality is not so different. Business is still despised in England. People from the right schools and the right families do not usually run factories or manage corporations. There is still more cachet attached to a hairdresser or a punk designer than to a Jay Gatsby of British finance. And this is a fundamental fact of class that has nothing to do with politics. The left and the right have both suffered from a *défaillance*—from a gap between the almost literary class postures of their Parliamentary leaders and the hardscrabble task-at-hand realities of power and solvency. In fact, there has been a tolerance, and even an enthusiasm, among Tories for the nationalizations that began in 1946 with Clement Attlee's Labour Government, and one good reason is that a job with a state company like British Leyland or British Airways translates easily into service to Queen and country, and so is rather like a job in a ministry or at the Foreign Office, carrying no common associations of new money or of greed or aggressiveness—of being "keen," as the English say. The proper way to be in business in England is noblesse oblige; to be in business any other way is still one of those social burdens that used to complicate the prospects of some otherwise worthy daughter in a Jane Austen novel. There is, on the other hand, a distinction, even a pride, in maladaptation. Denis Thatcher, the Prime Minister's husband, was director of a subsidiary of Burmah Oil during the years that the company was going broke buying supertankers, and people talk about this now as if the connection were somehow appropriate to his present status. "We're just not good at growth here," they will say, and cheerfully concede that whatever choice they make will be the wrong one, because "we have no instinct for that sort of thing."

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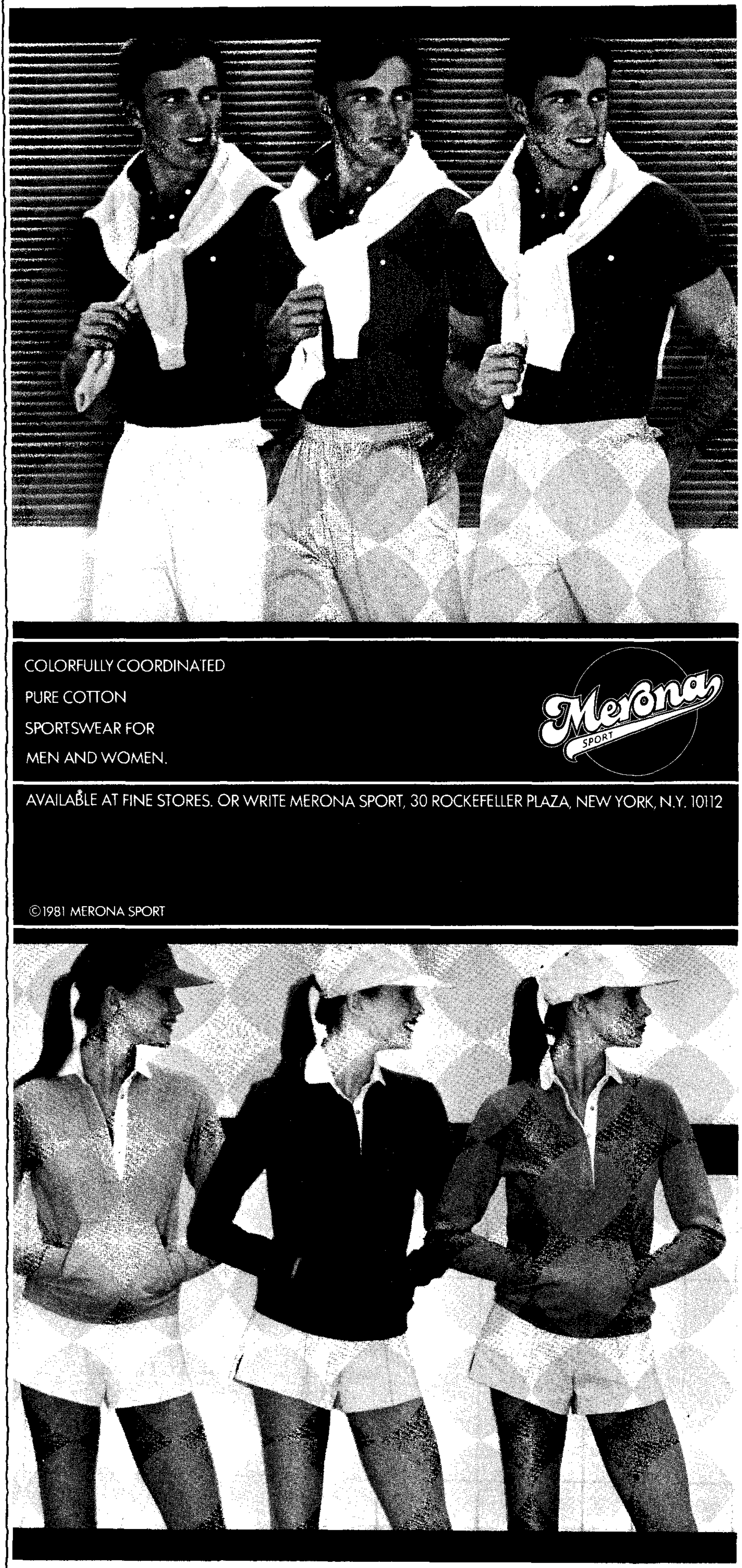
G. Davidson

Still, when traditional Tories talk about disasters in state industries they tend to forget that they were often the people who ran those industries and ran them into the ground. They forget that it was a Tory Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, who chose to celebrate the fragile prosperity of the late fifties with what, for Britain, was an orgy of public spending—that it was Macmillan, as much as Attlee or Harold Wilson, who endorsed the high expectations of the British welfare state. They blame the trade unions, because the unions—with their paralyzing strikes, their bloc votes for sale at Labour Party congresses, and their exploitations of the whole costly apparatus of the welfare state—are such logical targets for any public bitterness. Or some of them blame the Common Market; they used to blame it for freezing out British products and now, as members since 1973, they blame it for agricultural arrangements that hurt British fishermen and sheep farmers and for "harmonization" codes regulating parts and weights and packaging which make British machinery obsolete. They still blame the war, because the war forced the rest of Europe's industries to modernize, so to speak, by destroying them. And they blame their own new "radical right wing"—by which they mean Mrs. Thatcher and her friends—because they themselves have been accomplices in the Labour experiment, enjoying the ease and the guarantees, if not always the responsibilities, of public management. The state as an employer has spared them the disgrace of the marketplace, and so they do not like Mrs. Thatcher, who was evidently supposed to throw out the bath-water but leave them with the free run of the nursery.

MARGARET THATCHER is a politician of high and alarming principles. At fifty-five, she is just young enough to qualify as a postwar Tory. She came of age politically in the nineteen-forties—which means that she had no adult experience of the Depression, of the poverty and the anguish it involved. To older people in the Party, she seems to lack that decent measure of social guilt which makes them vote for free school lunches and baby bonuses and big printings at the Bank of England to raise salaries when a strike spreads. She seems to accuse them of dealing in expectations and illusions as cavalierly as the trade unions do. She has few heroes among them. *Her* hero is the wartime Winston Churchill. Talking about Churchill's defeat at the polls in 1945, Mrs. Thatcher is as close to bathos as she ever gets. She is determined to fight her own war against Britain's eclipse, and so she has no time for the sort of Tory paternalism that treats Britain as its own last colony. To Mrs. Thatcher, the Harold Macmillans of her party are a little like sultans who order pretty pink walls put up and flowering trees planted along the roads of their kingdoms so that they never have to notice the slums and the suffering of their subjects.

Britain has been buying time with old symbols of abundance—which is why politicians like Mrs. Thatcher attach so much importance to exploiting new ones. The image of a British oil rig standing alone in a treacherous and stormy sea is one of those new symbols—perhaps the only one Britain has—and they use it whenever they talk about the future. In fact, Britain has about ten to twenty years' supply of oil in the North Sea. The job of bringing it up is risky—people die every year on the rigs—and expensive. The Government has had to pay its way by setting high tariffs and barrel-landing taxes. Only eleven per cent of the available drilling sites have been licensed, and some local economists say that over the long term Britain would be better off developing the sophisticated industries for which it has the skills—computer software or biomedical technology or microchips. (Microchips have taken on such a mystique here that people talk about starting a "microchip economy," as if England were a little one-crop country that had simply got its seeds mixed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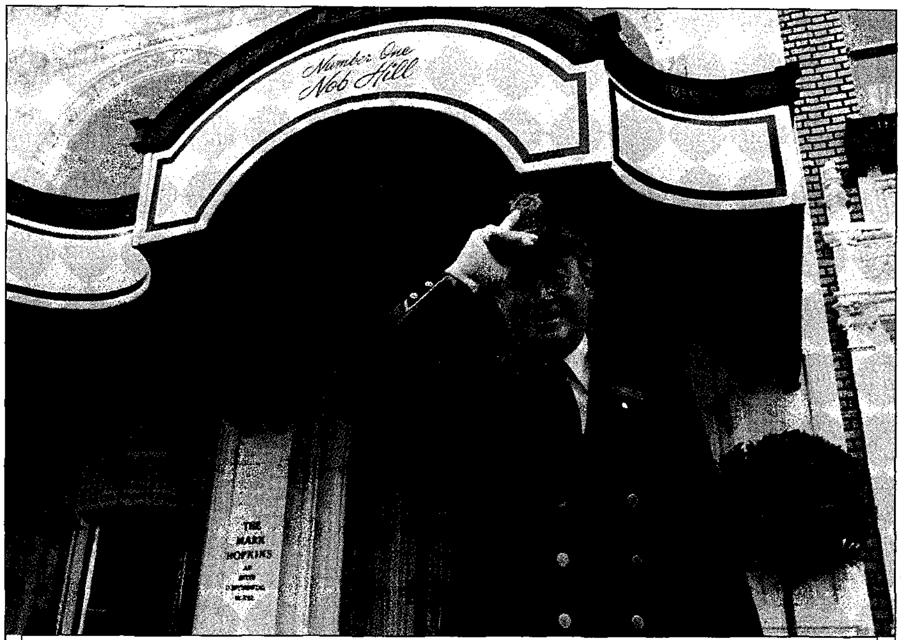

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up.) They say that Britain, with the right planning, could buy any oil it needed from the Arabs and still come out ahead. The real value of oil wealth is political. The thought of an oil rig in Britain's own North Sea waters is one of the few things that can be counted on to distract the British from the fact that old neighbors down the street in, say, Keighley are now bitterly at odds because one of them will have to be laid off to save the other's job. The most that can be said for Mrs. Thatcher in places like Keighley is that she makes no excuses to those neighbors. There is too much of the self-made—"I did it; you do it"—woman in her for her feelings about unemployment in Keighley to be anything but political in the strictest sense. She operates out of a kind of pure and unpatronizing insensitivity, and she has no social philosophy, no humanitarian confusions, to blunt her argument. Christopher Hitchens, of the *New Statesman*, tells a story that has Maggie Thatcher touring the schools in a run-down North London borough and trying to explain oxidation to the boys in a chemistry class (her own degree, from Oxford, is in chemistry) by asking them to consider what happens when they eat an egg with a sterling-silver spoon. Callousness like this is genuine. Workers who voted Tory may rail against Mrs. Thatcher now, but they are not distressed by her contempt for poverty; they are distressed because they expected her to cure them of poverty at the expense of other workers, and she failed. More than half the workers in the Trades Union Congress belong to white-collar unions or to the public-service syndicates known here as "dirty-white-collar" unions. They are the sort of people who (when they are not out on strike themselves) tend to be especially resentful of strikes that affect them—strikes like the long coal miners' strike in 1974 that brought down Edward Heath's Government. They do not aspire to solidarity with an industrial proletariat. They have no longings for the "white heat" of technology, as Harold Wilson put it. They do not much care that Lancashire's woollen mills are closing at the rate of three a week, but they care a lot that Mrs. Thatcher gave way to the mineworkers' union this winter and kept open twenty-three of the country's oldest and least productive coal mines because she was unwilling to risk the sort of confrontation that finished Heath. They are people who voted

Labour in the past and felt betrayed by politicians like Wilson and James Callaghan, whose rhetoric made them confuse public spending with public improvement, distribution with ownership, a few years' prosperity with social revolution. It is not hard to imagine the appeal of a Maggie Thatcher, arguing incentive and preaching a miraculous new doctrine called monetarism, which was going to revive British industry and British glory and reverse the incredible rate at which Europe had cut into domestic markets, flooding England with European goods and buying, they were told, so little in return.

THE British are not the investors that Americans are. They do not gamble on the stock market or deal in risk capital. When they have money to invest, they invest it in property. They read Keynes, but they tend to take their economics from the Galsworthy novels that they loved at school, and with Mrs. Thatcher's abolition of foreign-exchange controls two years ago a lot of them hustled their money out of the country and into Krugerrands or Canadian real estate or American factories and banks and ranches. This was not what Mrs. Thatcher expected. Nor did she expect that a lot of Arab oilmen and Iranians in exile, moving their capital into England, would spend so much of it on Britishness instead of on Britain—on buying big Georgian houses off Grosvenor Square and expensive stud farms in the country. What she did expect from her exchange reforms and her capital-gains reforms and her corporate-tax reforms was active capital investment in British industry, but, as it happened, no one invested—not even the industrialists. British industrialists were simply not prepared to spend money on anything as risky as their own businesses or the government's businesses. And the petro-millionaires from Saudi Arabia and the sheikhdoms, by shrewdness and temperament, knew better than to spend *their* money in the City when they could buy London itself, or at least make better interest on that money as short-term financiers. Mrs. Thatcher ended up presiding over a recession. She kept saying that unemployment was going to "discipline" inflation, but by early this year it was clear that one of the few things unemployment had disciplined was production. Too much sterling was in real estate or overseas or simply in the bank. The pound was "too expensive to spend,"

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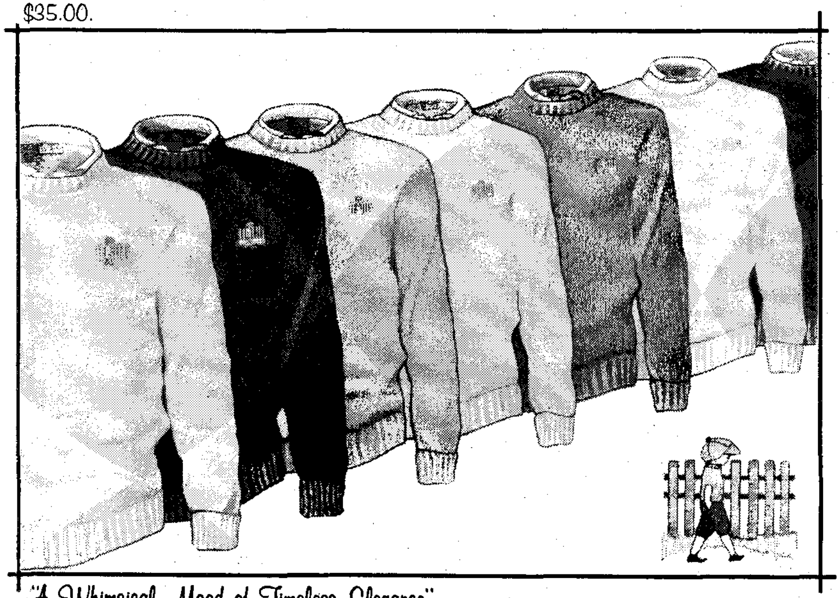

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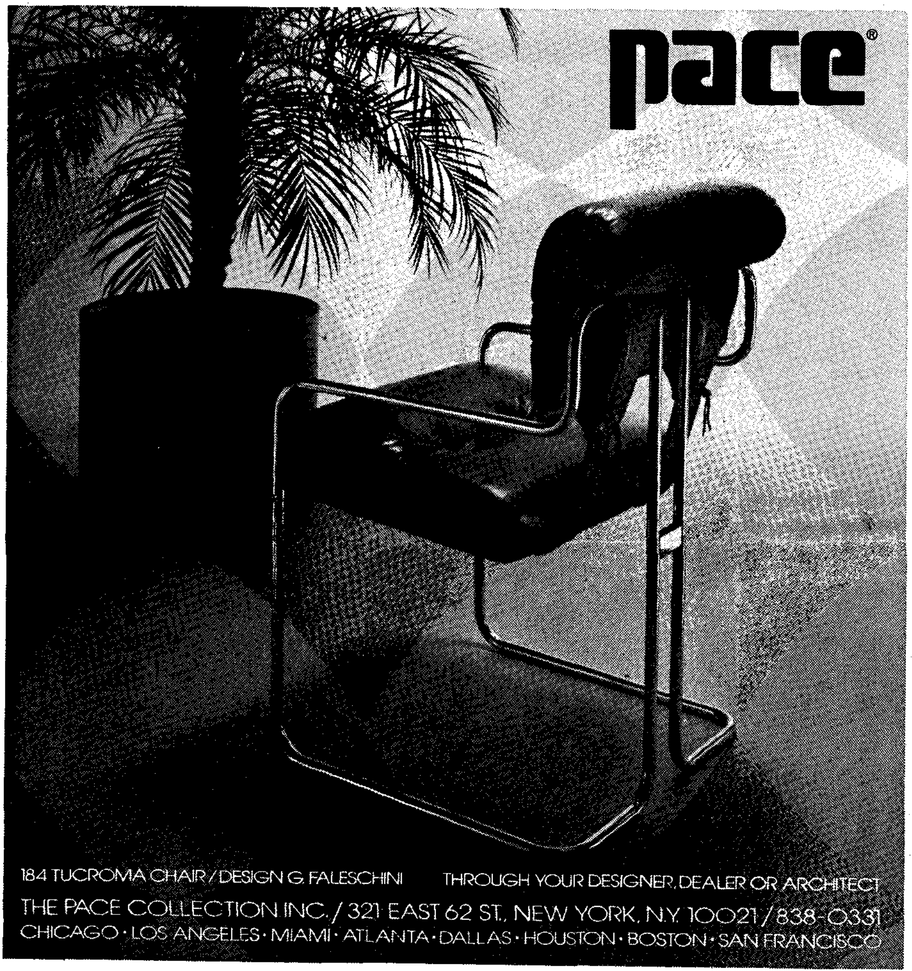

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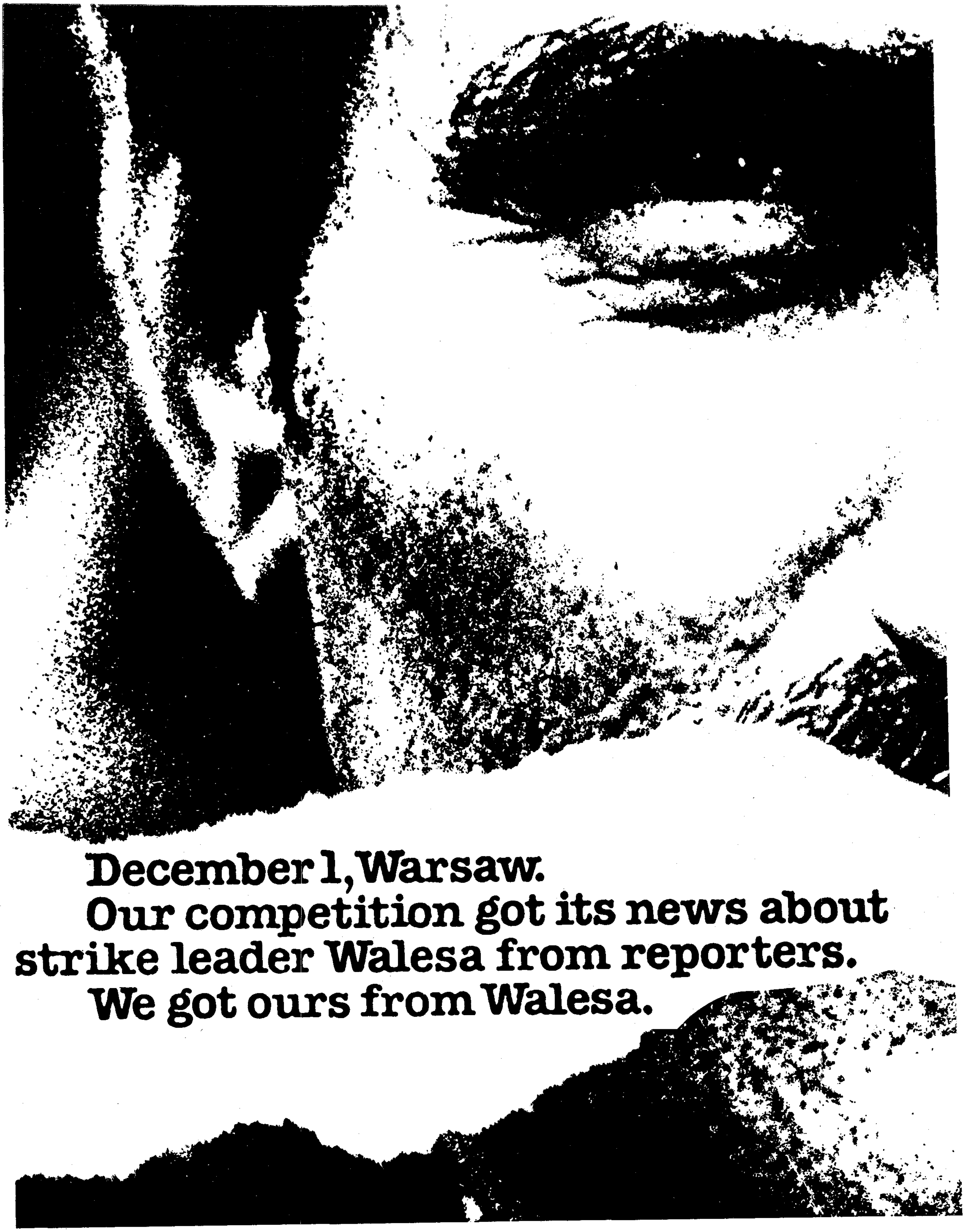

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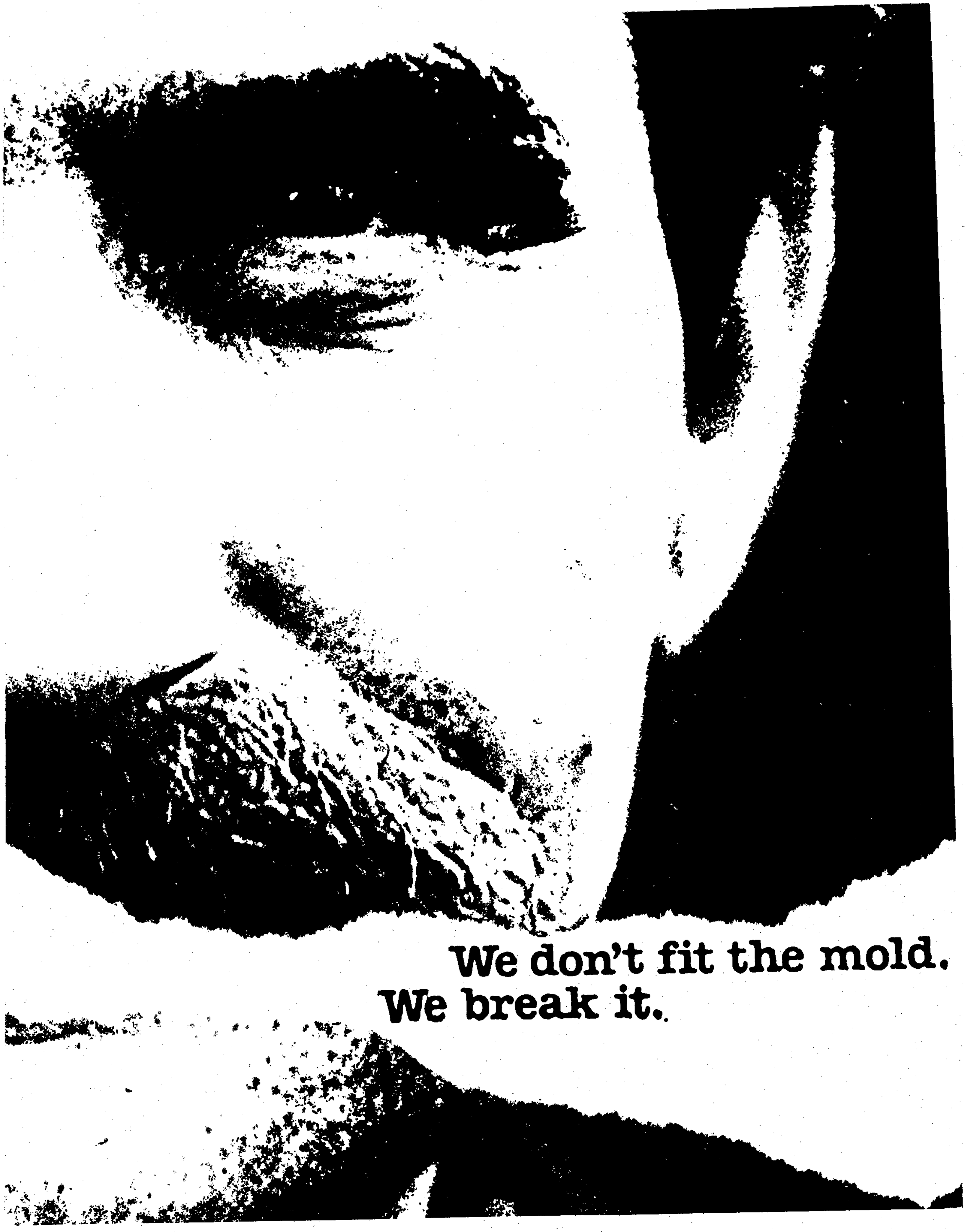
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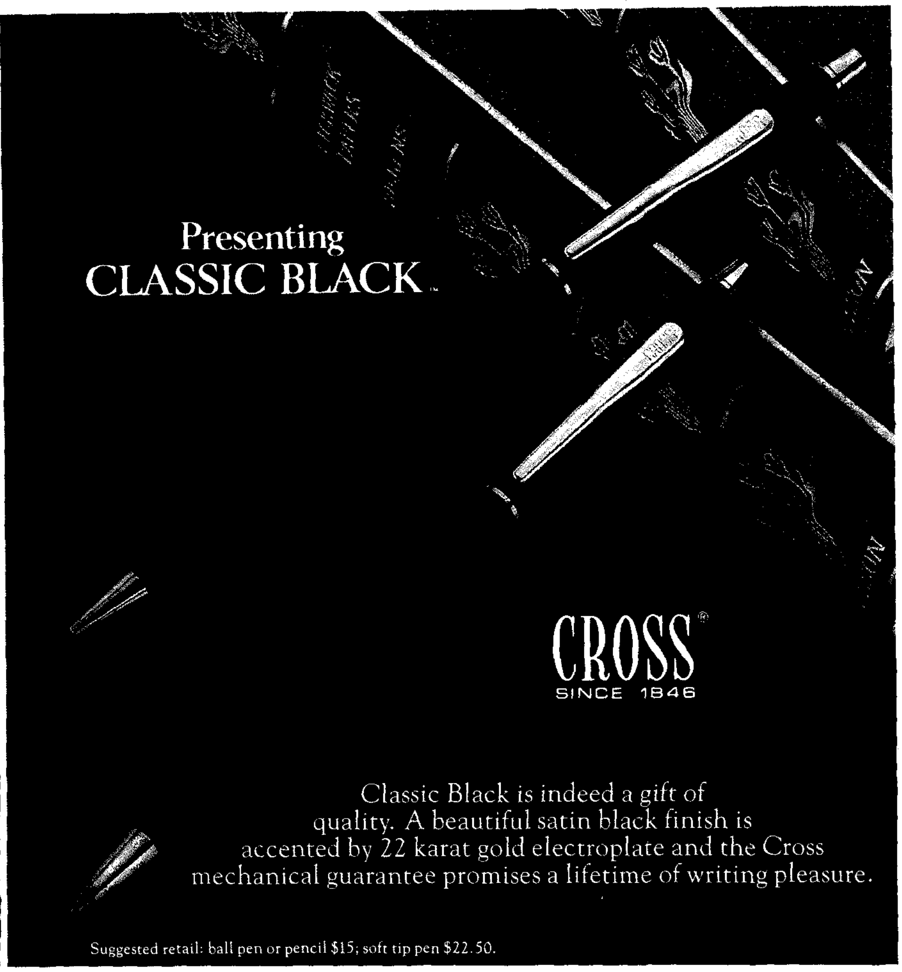
investors said, and “too expensive to borrow.” Small, private companies, however energetic and resourceful, could not pay more and more each month for materials and oil just to have the satisfaction of funding up to fifty-per-cent pay raises for a disabled public sector and at the same time underwriting the welfare costs of an eighty-six-per-cent rise in unemployment. The companies that survived at all were not making any profit. They were caught in a vicious circle of paying a little less in taxes and a lot more for everything else, including the loans that might have seen them through. Compromises like Mrs. Thatcher's compromise with the coal miners rankle these small companies. They know by now that the compromises the state makes are inevitably compromises with the state's own employees (schoolteachers actually got about eight per cent more money than they were meant to, because a comparability board that was supposed to adjust state salaries to the level of salaries in the private sector made a mistake in its calculations), while the best that *they* can do to keep from going under is to fire a few more people and cut back on another set of orders. To them, Thatcher economics must begin to sound like Santayana's definition of fanaticism: “redoubling your efforts when you have forgotten your aim.”

There is no shortage of money here. There is a shortage of desire. People are reluctant to put much faith in the idea of a new industrial capacity for the country when the old capacities have been ignored or unexplored or—as in the case of Britain's aircraft industry under Callaghan's Government—absorbed by the state for its own access to industry's profits. Partly, it is lack of imagination that keeps so many people who think of themselves as capitalists terrified of capitalism. (W. H. Auden, who spent five years as a schoolmaster to some of the children of England's old money, liked to describe them as the real cream—“rich and thick.”) Partly, it is the fact that England's new-money people—people in sales and advertising and in boom industries like construction and electronics—have been schooled in egalitarianism but not in any egalitarian public philosophy. New money has produced a bourgeoisie that never rose against an ancien régime, and the sons and daughters of that bourgeoisie now see themselves enlisted as middlemen, if not mercenaries, in a class war they want no part of. They read about Lord Vestey and the various Vestey sons and cousins—the richest family in the realm, polo-playing friends to the Consort—manipulating their way through Bermuda companies and Uruguayan trusts in order to live for sixty years without the bother of paying normal income taxes, cleared of trouble with Inland Revenue by the House of Lords. And mainly what those second-generation bourgeois learn from the story is to put their own money in Bermuda, too. They see labor as being so volatile that one small wildcat strike that began at a mine in Wales this winter could spread across the country and into Scotland and within a few hours involve more than fifty thousand mineworkers. They are used to this by now. The strikes that finished Callaghan, two winters back—“the winter of discontent,” Londoners call it—spread even faster. The Prime Minister left for Guadeloupe after Christmas, fairly confident of his Government, and came home to find the entire country on general strike and London itself with no garbage collectors or hospital workers or bus drivers, or even gravediggers. Londoners these days are not apt to turn on the telly for many more speeches about restraint and coöperation as being “natural” expressions of the social contract between the state and its workers.

This means, of course, that a lot of Englishmen will not—and often cannot—borrow money to put into their own companies. A government that sets commercial interest rates intentionally high does not give people much incentive to risk the money they do borrow on improving a business that could go under any day. And consequently the percentage of gross profits that companies reinvest in their physical plant, as opposed to, say, wages or advertising or dividends, is about the lowest in Europe. Monetarists like Mrs. Thatcher's Industry Minister, Sir Keith Joseph—“the mad mullah of money,” reporters call him—say that in the end high-cost capital will reward efficient reinvestment by forcing business to be a lot more careful with the loans it takes and the capital it has. But in a way the "natural" price of a loan is only a function of the person who wants it. Its value reflects the kind of equation he makes between money and wealth. Americans, having neither a mystique of property nor a long tradition of bowing before the value of property, adjust to high interest rates when they have to. They tend to think of property mainly as something that translates into dollars. They borrow cash—some of them were borrowing at a prime rate of nearly twenty-two per cent a few months ago—and they buy on margin, and when they have the money they want, native ethic compels them to spend it on making more. The psychology of money in America is a kind of salary psychology, an income psychology. America's plastic banking, the stupefying debt supported by a house of credit cards, rests on an assumption that everybody will be making more money in the future, and it has nothing to do with the credit system in England, with its courtesies and its overdrafts, which rests on class consciousness and commitments, and often on the assumption of property behind a loan.

The English clearly consider Americans frivolous in these matters. No one who has ever set foot in the Victoria and Albert Museum or watched the guests at a London dinner party check the heft of the silver—or, for that matter, spent time in an old British colony with people who have lost their imperial mission but not their houseful of sustaining imperial purchases—doubts that British materialism is a sacred institution, like the Church of England and the monarchy, and can make the acquisitive inclinations of others seem slapdash by comparison. Materialism here is just that—attachment to the material world. And the English think of money mainly as something that translates into a piece of that world—into property. They let their bills run at the tailor or the poulterer not because they are larcenous but because they really do not regard the cash they owe with the seriousness that they regard the suit or the chicken or, it goes without saying, the property on which their credit has been established. This is not merely something the rich do—turning their evasions into an aesthetic and their bank statements into a kind of financial *Yellow Book*. It amounts to a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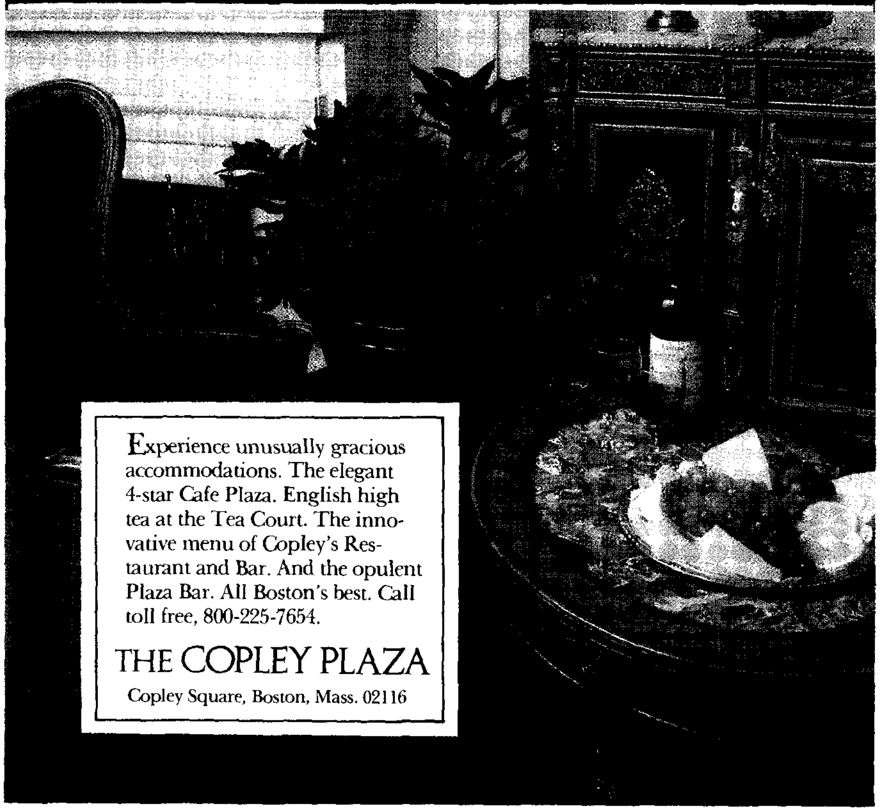
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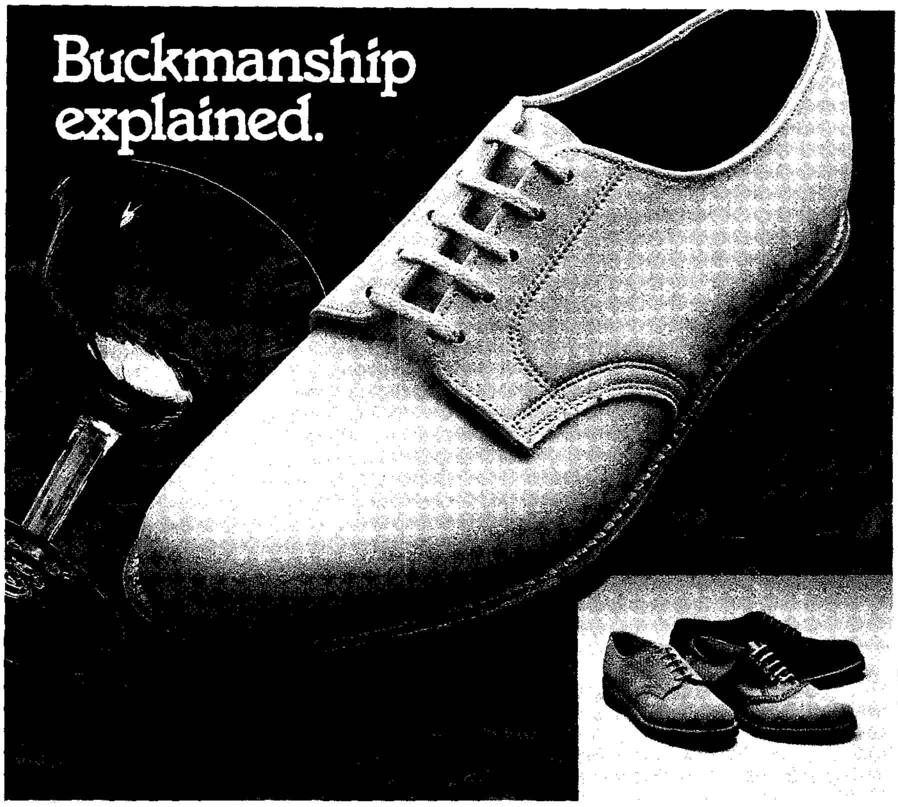

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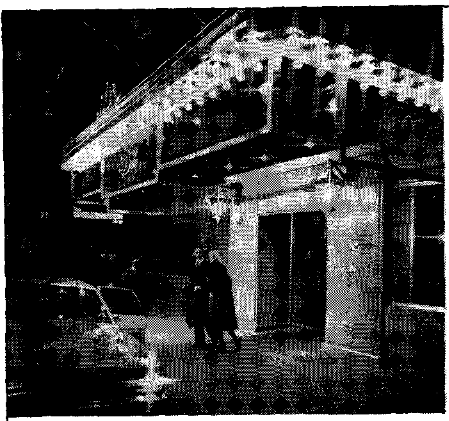
national attitude that affects lives and occasionally destroys them—an attitude that right now the Government can exploit by withdrawing a worker's supplementary benefits if the worker has managed to acquire enough "property." Officially, anyone who has worked for more than two years and is laid off under the redundancy laws—"redundant" being a legal euphemism here for "fired"—can collect a lump-sum compensation payment amounting to at least two weeks' salary for every year, up to twenty years, of work. In practice, if he wants to collect certain other benefits he must prove "poverty" to the satisfaction of the state. This means that owning liquid assets worth more than a thousand pounds can disqualify him.

The wealth, especially in London, is in houses. A row house in Camden Town, bought by a worker for the equivalent of ten or fifteen thousand dollars in the sixties, now goes for as much as two or three hundred thousand. That kind of property represents enormous wealth to the worker, but it is probably all he has or will ever have. And there is no practical reason for him to sell it: another house in the neighborhood would cost him just as much. Right now, he has to pay heating bills on his house which are six times higher than they were before the oil crisis, and real-estate taxes that probably reflect the fact that his trendy new neighbors, who just paid three hundred thousand dollars for houses on either side of his, have "upgraded" the neighborhood. He cannot afford to be an amateur about money, like those new neighbors. He can moonlight. He can cheat on his taxes. And if he works for the state, as one in four British workers does, he can "fiddle."

If perks are job benefits, fiddles are benefits to which one helps oneself, and helping oneself has become a national habit, an addiction, and has produced a kind of fiddle junkie, greedy and glassy and demoralized. Constantine Cavafy supposedly once said to E. M. Forster, "You English must never lose your money—otherwise you'll become dirty thieves like us." It is an anecdote that the British have been quoting, in a rueful way, lately. They want to be good sports, but they are rueful because they truly believed that corruption was something that began with the wogs at Calais—a specialty of those tin-pot Catholic countries that England used to defeat in wars. "What's the fiddle? What can I take home? And what time can I knock off?" These are the first three questions a British worker asks about a new job—or, rather, the first three questions he used to ask, back when there were new jobs to be had. Fiddling shows up as a kind of letting go of social affect. The sort of people who shop on Mount Street and take their tea at the Connaught complain about it as a certain lack of civility. The people who do their shopping on Oxford Street during lunch hour talk about the pushing and kicking that go on at bus stops and wonder why no one queues anymore—queuing being the local symbol of cosmic harmony, like the end of Prospero's tempest or a stage sunrise after the last battle in "Macbeth." It is a common assumption here that nationalized industry is a fiddle—that the rolls are padded, the hours forged, and the work ignored. So is the civil service, at its more ordinary levels. The mechanic at Victoria Station who leaves at one in the afternoon to moonlight as a plumber has to have a friend to sign him out properly, and he owes that friend something. The repairman at the Electricity Board who takes a few days off each month will have his arrangement with the assignment clerk who obligingly fills out his schedule with a list of fictitious customers. The telephone man who installs new phones on the quiet and at half the official price needs a mate at the company warehouse to slip him those phones when he needs them.

None of this is much different from petty corruption anywhere, in any city, but in London it means that something "not done" is being done. It is part of the decline that people talk about. (The Irish in Camden Town like to say that England has saved them from God but the fiddle has sent them to the Devil.) At any rate, it is impossible to calculate the cost of this corruption, which is not so much corruption on a grand scale as a series of little daily dishonesties, none of them amounting to much alone. What *is* possible to calculate is the extent to which a union pads its shop quotas or the way a city department adjusts its staff recommendations to the fact that its budget, and often its supervisor's salary, is going to depend directly on the number of people carried on the books. One reason that three million workers and at least as many shopkeepers and small businessmen and local entrepreneurs, from cabbies to blacksmiths, voted Tory at the last election was that the fiddle had begun to affect them,



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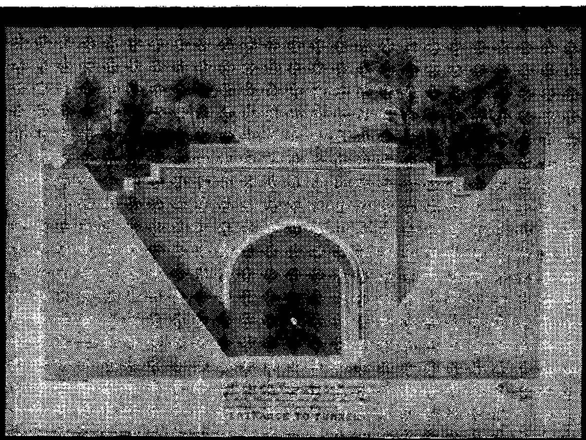

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and they were encouraged by Mrs. Thatcher to blame Labour for the habit. Mrs. Thatcher promised them alternatives to the fiddle. She promised tax breaks, and as soon as she won she reduced income taxes in the lowest tax bracket from thirty-three to thirty per cent. In the end, though, she took much more than she gave. She paid for that three-per-cent tax break by nearly doubling the Value Added Tax—which is the British sales tax—to fifteen per cent, and also by forcing up mortgages to fifteen per cent, so that families saving three pounds a week in income tax often ended up spending ten pounds more on mortgage interest. Just this March, in the third budget of her administration, she raised the excise tax on liquor, gas, and cigarettes by more than ten per cent, and then she effectively raised income taxes, too, by overriding an old law that had allowed families to adjust their deductions to the inflation rate. She has cut important social services—school subsidies and health care and libraries and public housing—by cancelling two billion dollars' worth of new projects and by leaving old ones with their old budgets, which in purchasing terms means as much as twenty per cent poorer every year. She has forced people to be willing to work for less money by letting them price themselves out of the jobs they had, but in the process she has endorsed an economy where there are no more jobs for them at any salary. She has realized the worst clichés about a divided Britain, with its poor industrial North and its bucolic South. Unemployment in the North is up to sixteen per cent of the labor force by now—twenty per cent in some towns—while in the South it is only seven per cent, and the most serious complaint in some southern villages is about high French tariffs on the local lamb chops.

THERE is one thing that everybody who grew up in the Labour Party agrees on, from the moderates who left it to start the Social Democratic Party to the old-time syndicalists who still rule the enormous fiefdoms of the Trades Union Congress, and this is that the class war in Britain has been at the heart of the country's troubles. It is this conviction, finally, that separates Labour people, and even ex-Labour people, from the Tories—the conviction that class, in its peculiar British exaggerations, is a force for social evil which cannot be simply acknowledged politically, as the Tories

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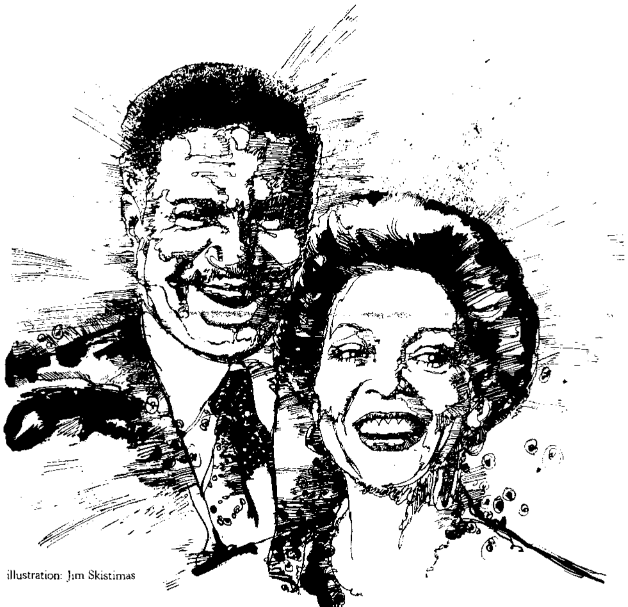

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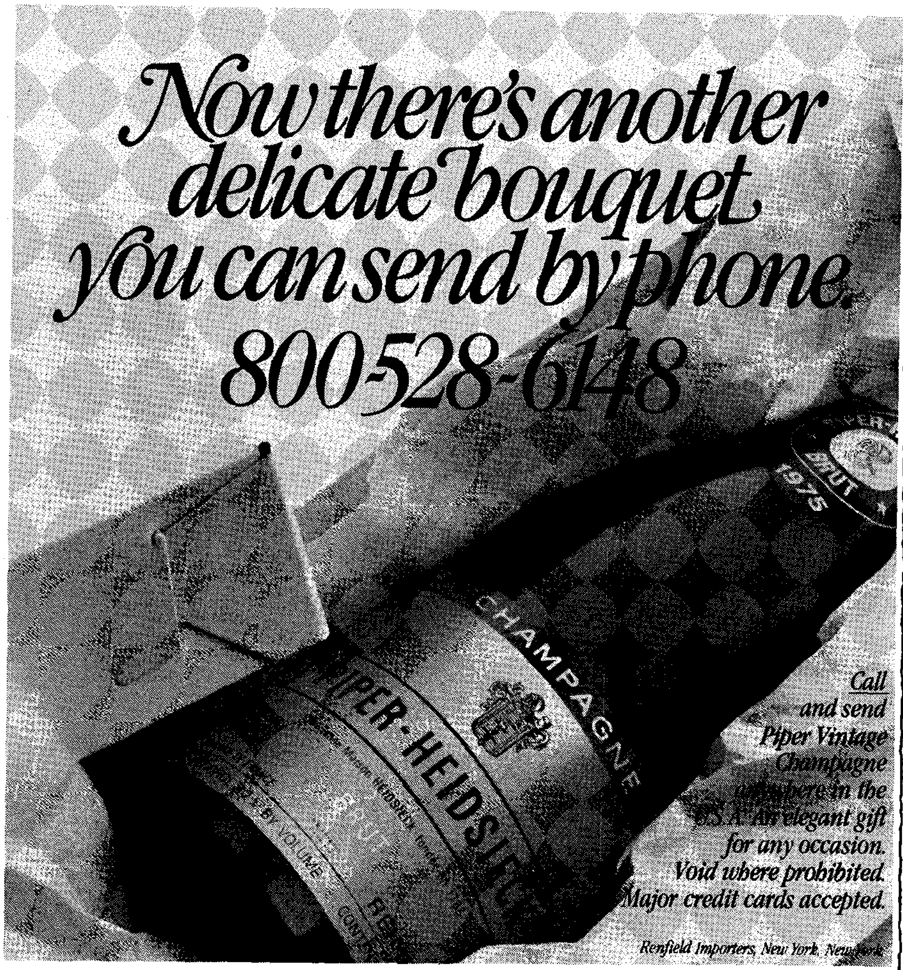

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believe, or corrected politically, as the Liberals do, but must be purged from public consciousness before England is a healthy place to live. The class war has ruined relations in British industry—to the extent that there were any relations to begin with. Industry is unproductive here because the British worker has so little stake in the social whole. His stake is private, grudging. His leverage is the strike, the demonstration, the shutdown—not the contribution he makes. His resentment (like Maggie Thatcher's) has a long tradition. He is alienated not only from a job but from a whole network of appreciation and affect. He is "labour"—just that. He may be British to the core, but there is a pub-pride bluster to his Britishness that is likely to set his children street-fighting against the newest black and Asian immigrants.

People here look at industry in Sweden or in Germany or in France and puzzle over the high production quotas—the work energy, as it were—in those countries, forgetting that there is more to work energy than sleek new plants or a Weberian ethic, or even the Jacobin gaze of a French Communist foreman on his closed shop. There is a kind of equality of attitude. The Swedish worker, like the German worker and the French worker, is *somebody*—to himself, to his culture. He has a place and a stake in his country's future, and his children have at least the illusion of an open future of their own. He believes that he belongs to what is often described—awkwardly—as the new European meritocracy. His status may be as much a function of public hypocrisy as of public philosophy, but there is still a vigorous measure of self-esteem in him.

A lot can be said, and has been said, against the British trade-union movement. Peter Jenkins, of the *Guardian*, calls it a friend who has been on the booze too long—there is nothing you can do for it, no way to help it, and so you give up on it to save yourself. British unions are xenophobic, and they exploit resentment. They are often run by people who, as the saying goes here, couldn't open a whelk shop in Brighton. They are less involved in brotherhood these days than in a scramble for pieces of a pie that can no longer feed them all. And by now they have started to fight among themselves for the pie. "The war of all against all," someone put it when the railroad unions started trying to do each other

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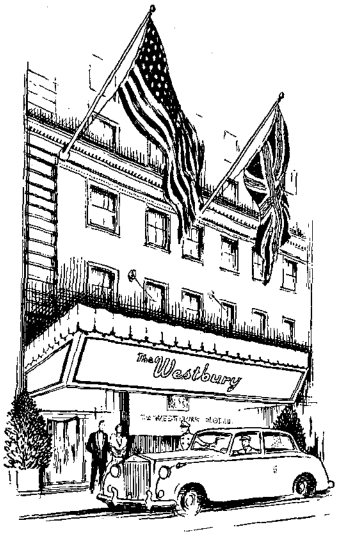
in because each wanted the labor monopoly at British Rail.

Eighty years ago, unions here invented the British Labour Party as their political arm. Eventually, they promised the Party to enforce a kind of self-denying ordinance against strikes and social agitation if Labour Governments delivered the goods to them—but they have contrived to strike and agitate during every Labour Government in the Party's postwar history. They control the Party this way and, of course, by means of the thirty million pounds that the unions contribute yearly to the Labour Party's coffers. Every one of the twelve million workers in the Trades Union Congress owes his union a political levy along with his dues. He can take the time and trouble to "contract out" of his levy if he wants to—evidently, three million members did last year—but the union can pay the levy for him and in this way add his clout to its vote at Party conferences and caucuses. The unions have appropriated so much power, in fact, that no Labour Party leader since Hugh Gaitskell had challenged their authority and won until the Gang of Four managed a kind of Pyrrhic victory by walking out on them. And yet there is still a strong conviction among liberal people here that the trade-union movement, for all its faults and tyrannies and corruption, may be the only hope for a decent deal for the majority. It is a conviction that the unions, at their worst, are still the British workers' best protection, because no one else is going to look after the boy in the coal mines or the grandmother in the textile mills—certainly not Labour's Oxbridge intellectuals sitting in Parliament and talking about their mission to lead the masses to a better world.

Part of the nostalgia that people feel, now that the Labour Party has so furiously divided, has to do with this old belief in a trade-union movement that would liberate a working class and, in so doing, liberate a nation from its stale equations of class and expectation. Nostalgia was not enough, though, to hold the Party or the movement together. The politicians who walked out of the Labour Party made a point of complaining about "social Fascism" in the Party's new policies and about unfortunate totalitarian impulses in some of its new spokesmen. They said that there was no room for discussion, let alone dissent, in the new Labour hierarchy. They said, for example, that social ownership of industry was not necessarily state ownership but, rather—and possibly more to the point—an equitable distribution of industry's benefits and resources; the Party's latest platform, on the other hand, is all about nationalizing two hundred of the country's biggest private companies. Then, too, the Social Democrats did not give much priority to unilateral disarmament, nor do they consider NATO an especially compromising alliance, the way Tony Benn does and the new Party leader, Michael Foot, seems to. And, despite the fact that Common Market arrangements ignore most of Britain's claims and exploit its weaknesses, they accepted the fact that forty per cent of Britain's trade is now with "official" Europe, that Germany has replaced America as Britain's biggest customer, and that to quit the Market at this point would probably be to hand England back to its old play-school industrialists and its most crippling chauvinists. The new Labour establishment, for its part, seems more distressed by the fact that Roy Jenkins got a virtually tax-free salary of sixty thousand pounds when he was running the Common Market, and Tony Benn—warming to his role as a kind of Savile Row Robin Hood of the Labour left—seems to think that if Britain abolished the Honours List and the House of Lords, the country would quickly take its place among the "other" Third World socialist republics and find in their trade networks a substitute for the Common Market. But even the most bitter defectors from the Party—people call them "the peelers," to distinguish them from "the stickers," who dissent but stay—talk sadly about "the end of Labour as we knew it." They may see nothing but opportunism in the marriage of convenience made at Wembley between the old union bosses and the young clubhouse Marxists from the Labour hustings, but a lot of them left Wembley weeping all the same.

The anguish in the Labour Party is real. Members in Commons are torn, because they have always had the power to choose their own leader, who becomes the Party leader and potentially the Prime Minister, and the new Party rules take that power from them. They were free to choose the candi-

That certain feeling.



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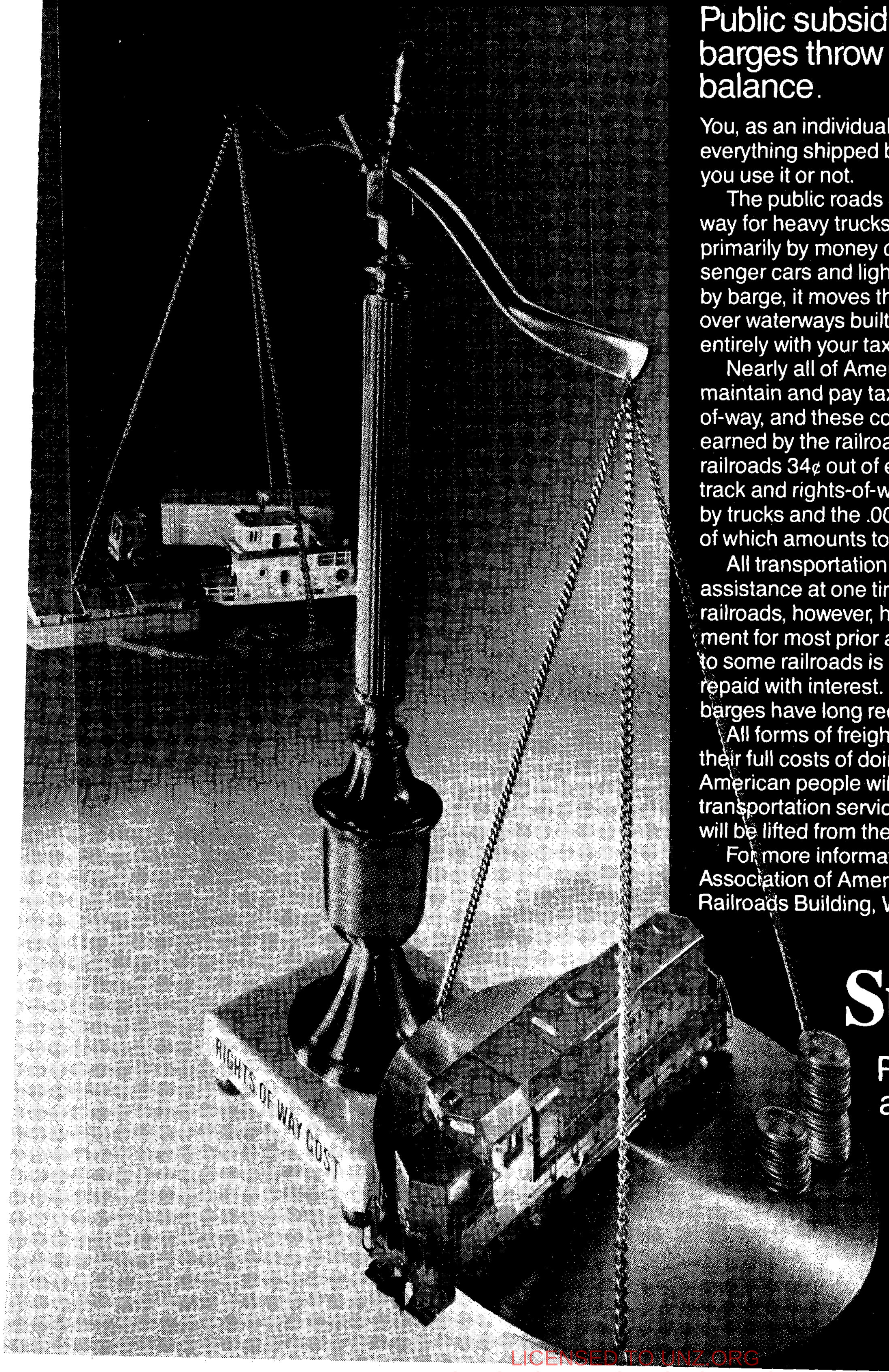

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dates, too, whenever a constituency opened up or a by-election was called, and the Party, traditionally, approved their choices. They have always given themselves a kind of tenure, making a good, safe Labour seat a lifetime job, and they were rarely subject to constituency review, short of having a sex scandal or a bank heist in the family, and almost never subject to challenge from their own Parliamentary colleagues. Like deputies or congressmen anywhere, they formed a clique, and over the years that clique has come to be a university, and even an Oxbridge, club. By the nineteen-seventies, nearly seventy per cent of all the Labour Members in Commons were university graduates—in all of Great Britain in the nineteen-seventies, only seven per cent of the population went to university—and more than half of them came from Oxford or Cambridge, which accept students on the basis of a special examination that is not apt to be stressed in the curricula of comprehensive high schools in working-class neighborhoods of Scotland, say, or Wales, where Labour always gets its best majorities.

Education, in fact, is a real issue behind the rhetoric of the Party split—this despite the fact that it was Shirley Williams who, as Harold Wilson's Minister of Education, fought for the new comprehensive-school system that is causing so much of the Labour bourgeoisie to bolt the Party with her now. England has been unique in postwar Europe for the inequities of its school system. Other Europeans seem to take some pride in the fact of institutions where *tous se rencontrent*, as the French say—institutions where the children of a country come together and where performance, at least for the moment, stands some chance against origin and wealth. Those institutions are usually the schools and the Army. England has had no draft since 1960, and as for the schools here, children from good families have gone to public schools and a handful of exceptional grammar schools for so many generations that they speak what amounts to a different language from the working-class children they will eventually confront as employers or, in the case of Labour, represent in Parliament. They have an education in "England" but virtually no education in the real country they have been promised to rule. They buy their place in the queue, as the saying goes, with high tuitions at schools that get to maintain charity tax status

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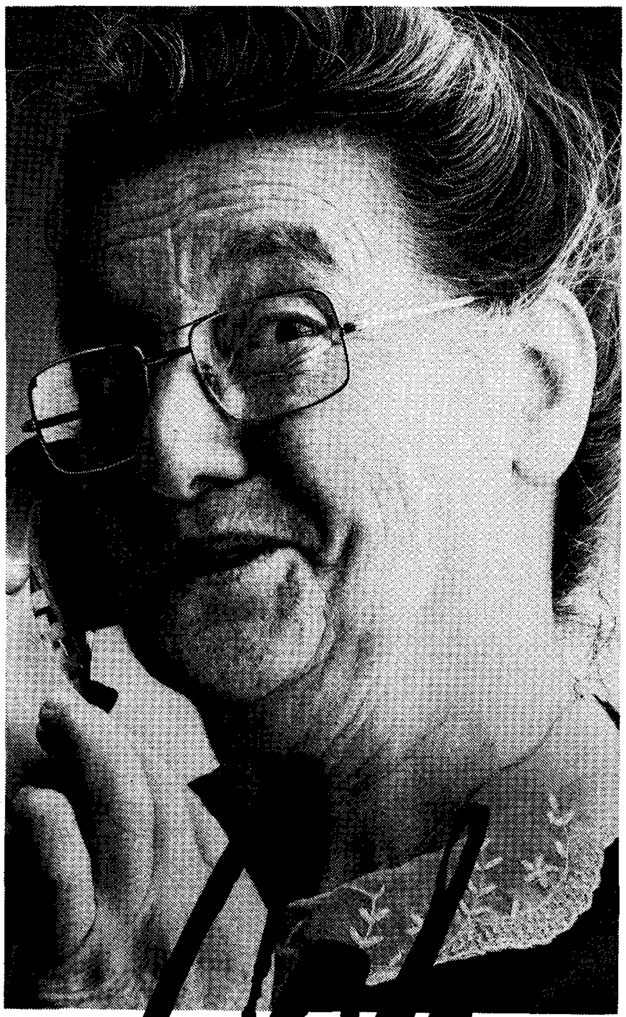

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while organizations like Amnesty International pay taxes, because they are considered political by the Charity Commissioners. The rest of the country's children used to run a gantlet called "streaming," which meant that children in state schools were tested at the age of eleven and their futures decided then and there by the local school boards. If they did well on those tests, and were nice children, they might go on to grammar schools and prepare for university or for the good polytechnics in cities like London and Manchester. The rest of them—that is, three-quarters of the eleven-year-old children in the country—were "streamed" into demonstrably inferior local schools and never got another chance.

There was no doubt about the need for a change in British education when Shirley Williams, following Anthony Crosland's lead, absorbed the grammar schools into a system of local comprehensive schools, but often all that their change managed to accomplish was to deprive those working-class neighborhoods with grammar schools of the only institutions they were proud of, and a lot of bright working-class children of the one opportunity they had for the education they deserved. It made those children a litmus generation in cities where the people most capable of and articulate about standing up to a mediocre school board were now sending their own children off to private schools and boarding schools as young as possible to avoid "sacrificing" them to other people's Labour principles. Some teachers say that the comprehensives isolated working-class children more, if anything, than they had been isolated in the old system. Others—Molly Hattersley, for one, who runs a big London comprehensive and is head of the country's comprehensive-school principals' association—say that comprehensives were the only way to assure those children of any academic attention at all. There are parents, though, who mainly blame the teachers, not the system, saying that too many British teachers, out of normal schools and second-rate polytechnics and practicing a kind of punishing self-made socialism, resent the ten or twenty middle-class children in a class of one or two hundred, begrudge them the time and the encouragement it would take to prepare them for university examinations, and in general act out a kind of class rage, refusing to educate a new élite, as they see it,

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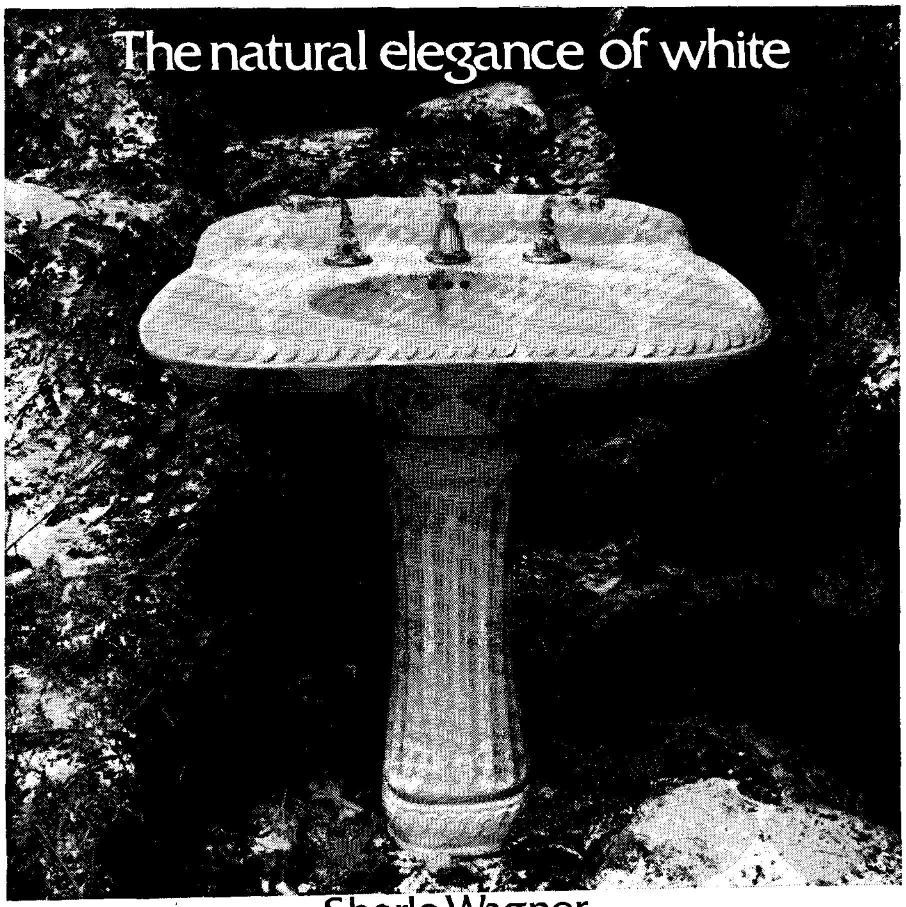

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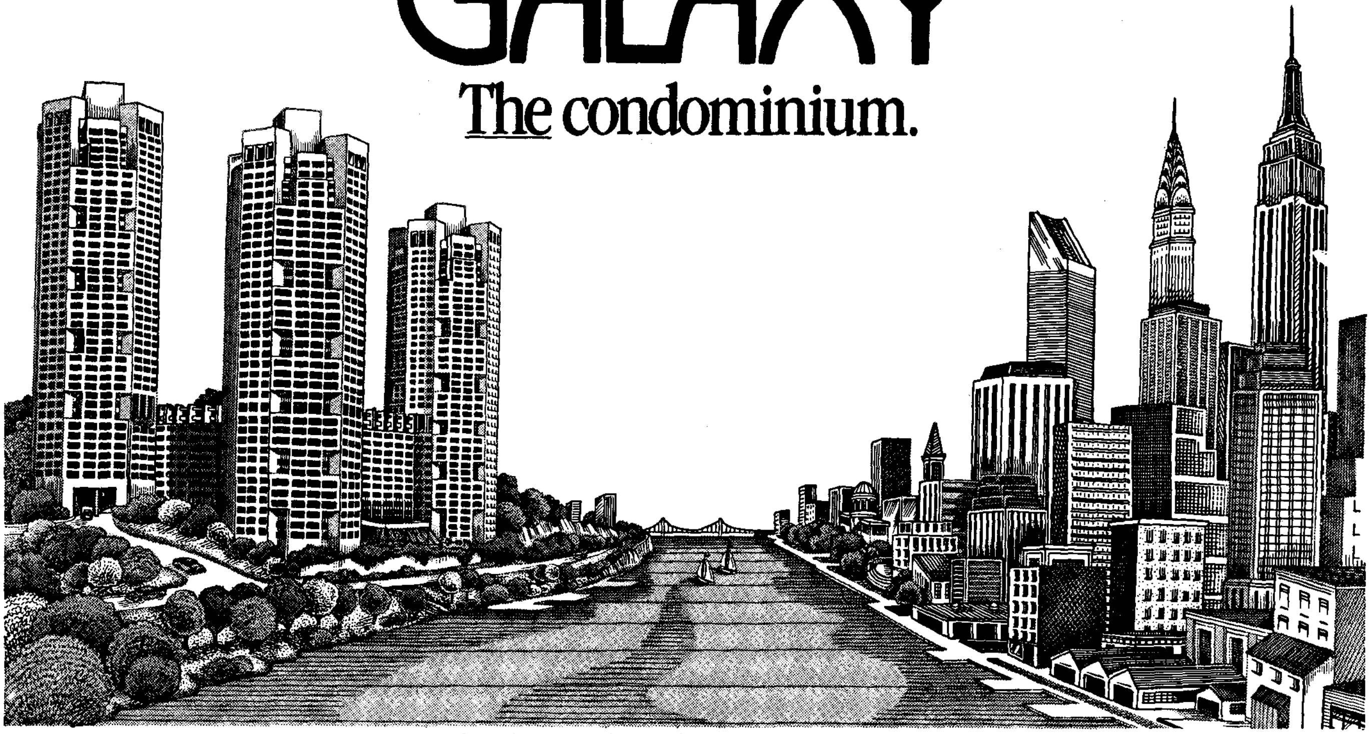

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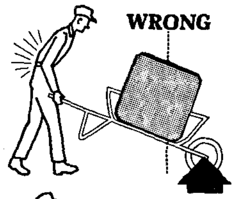

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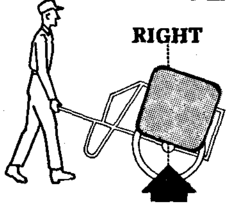

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and making a dubious equation between classroom democracy and education at the lowest common denominator.

In a way, the children of wellborn Labour Party liberals became a kind of metaphor for their parents' complaints about the Party. When the parents said that England's new comprehensive schools were no more "educational" than those expensive public schools where the girls got chilblains and the boys got flogged and everyone developed character—that the point of the comprehensives was not academics but social integration—they were also saying that they did not want to stay in a Labour Party that would soon be run by people who were integrated and ignorant and therefore susceptible to easy sloganism, people desperate to belong and untrained to think for themselves. They were right about slogans. Labour's split in March was accompanied by a lot of catchy rhetoric about a workers' state, but in most ways the crisis in the Party was England's old crisis over class and power.

THERE is obviously no fair way to elect a leader in a parliamentary system. People vote directly for their leaders only in presidential states like France, and those states, in the main, are fairer only in that they situate inequity somewhere else in the political process. Every so often, there is talk here about changing to a system of proportional representation, the feeling being that this might break the stalemate pattern of British politics and encourage new kinds of coalition, giving smaller parties—like the Social Democrats or the Liberals or, for that matter, the Communists and the Trotskyites—a share of Parliamentary power proportionate to their share of the national vote taken as a whole. Proportional systems make complicated politics, though, in any country. They do not have much of a track record for stability, and they seem to release amazing possibilities for collusion and corruption. The system that exists in Britain is open less to corruption than to interpretation. Roy Jenkins and Shirley Williams and their friends say that Labour in Parliament represents a much larger public than the Labour Party itself—for the simple reason that millions of people with no official connection with the Party voted Labour in Parliamentary elections—and that consequently the Labour Members' choice of a leader and potential Prime Minister most accurately reflects that public's interest and

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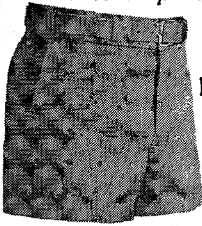

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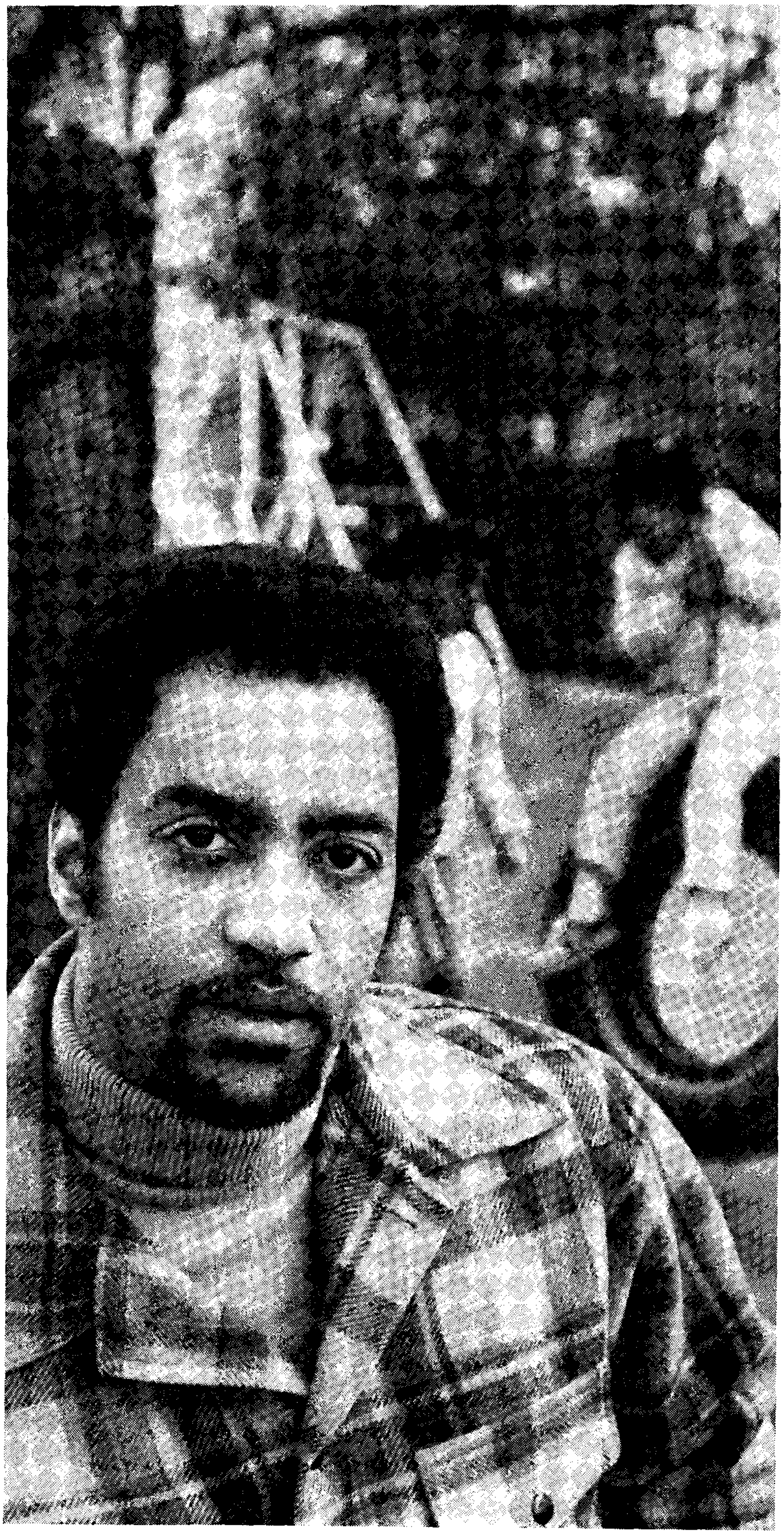

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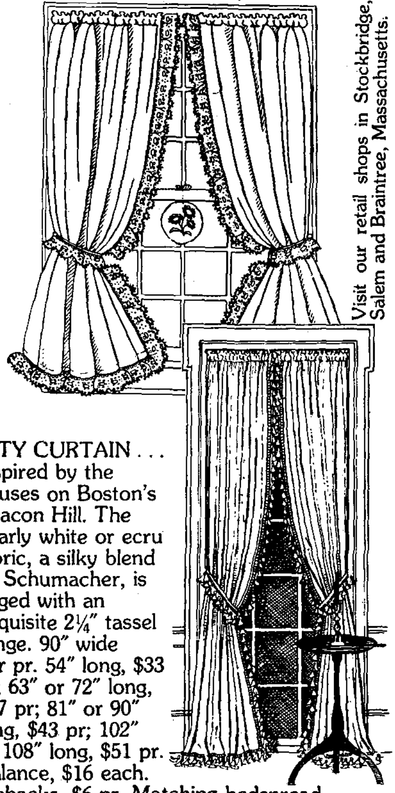
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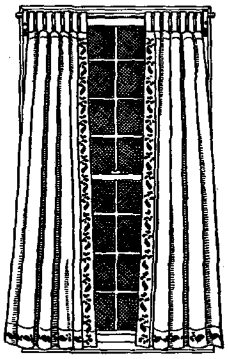
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preferences. Labour in the constituencies, on the other hand, claims that its public is in fact often unrepresented in Parliament—especially in districts where the Labour vote was heavy and the Tories won by only narrow margins—and so Party workers now want *their* say in choosing Labour candidates and leaders. As for the trade unions, *they* take it on faith that Labour belongs, as it were, to labor. They tend to look at the Labour Party as a sort of closed shop that produces politics. They pay their money to put their own men into Party power—though rarely their women, Britain's trade unions being about as feminist as Margaret Thatcher, who managed to appoint two women to a Government of fifty-five state secretaries, ministers, and lawyers—and so they are not overly concerned with questions of, say, "democratic consultation" when a union secretary is about to cast a bloc vote at a Party congress in the name of a quarter of a million members. Then, too, there is still that Labour idea of the London Conference of 1918—the idea of a great national political party of socialist consensus. That idea is resonant enough today to have landed a model Oxbridge radical in the Party leadership. Michael Foot, who has had the job since October, is a Methodist preacher's son. He is a man of weakness and charm and a fuzzy, fiery pacifism that seems to do better for itself in anti-nuclear parades than in anti-nuclear negotiations. A worrier. A waffler. A romantic of sixty-seven who represents the earnest and gently hypocritical myth of an England that is fading. Tony Benn is a Labour pro more in the psychological genre of a Margaret Thatcher. They are the natural antagonists. They stand for punishing times, bad sportsmanship, and a brutal politics. They know the power of a union bloc or a party constituency to mobilize people as weapons, and they do not waste too much time on democratic niceties. They have neither the time nor the patience for the fretful confusions of an older England, grieving for itself.

—JANE KRAMER

•

QUESTION: What is the origin of the baseball expression "around the horn"?

The act of throwing the ball from third to second to first, the longest possible way to complete a double play in the infield, is called around the horn. It derives from the long trip around the African continent by ship, via Cape Horn.—*The Times.*

Next question.

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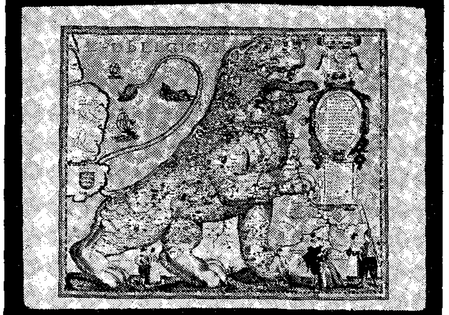

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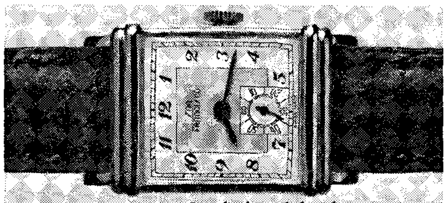

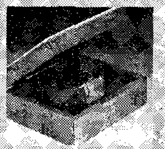

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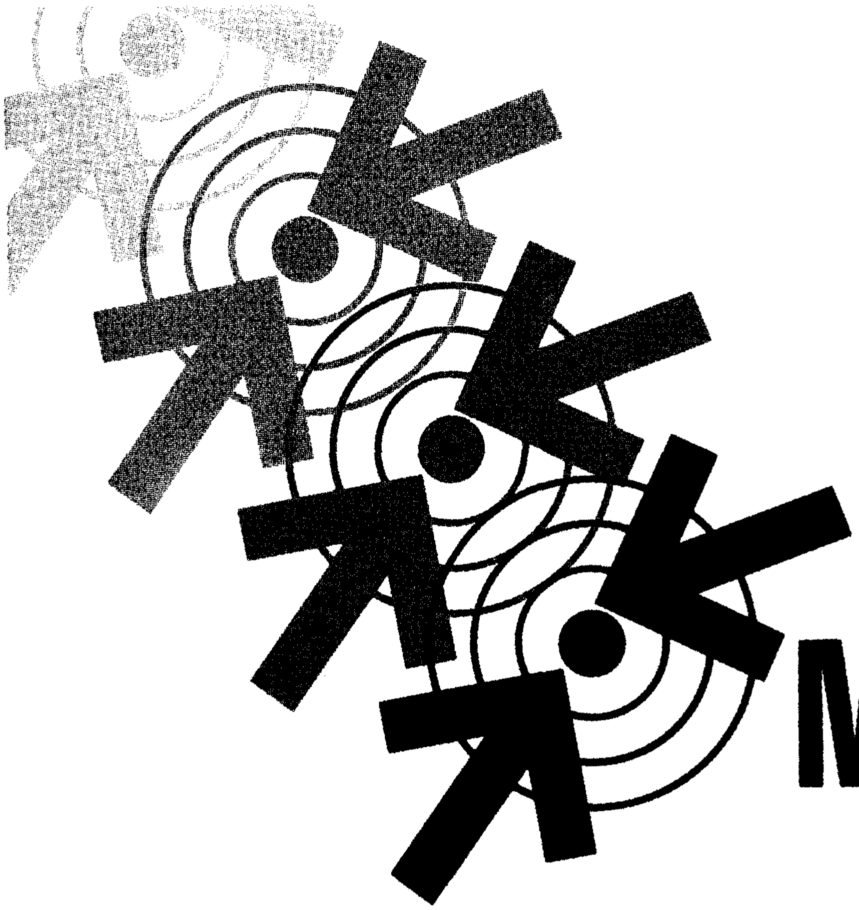

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Weeknights on PBS
with Charlayne Hunter-Gault

EXXON

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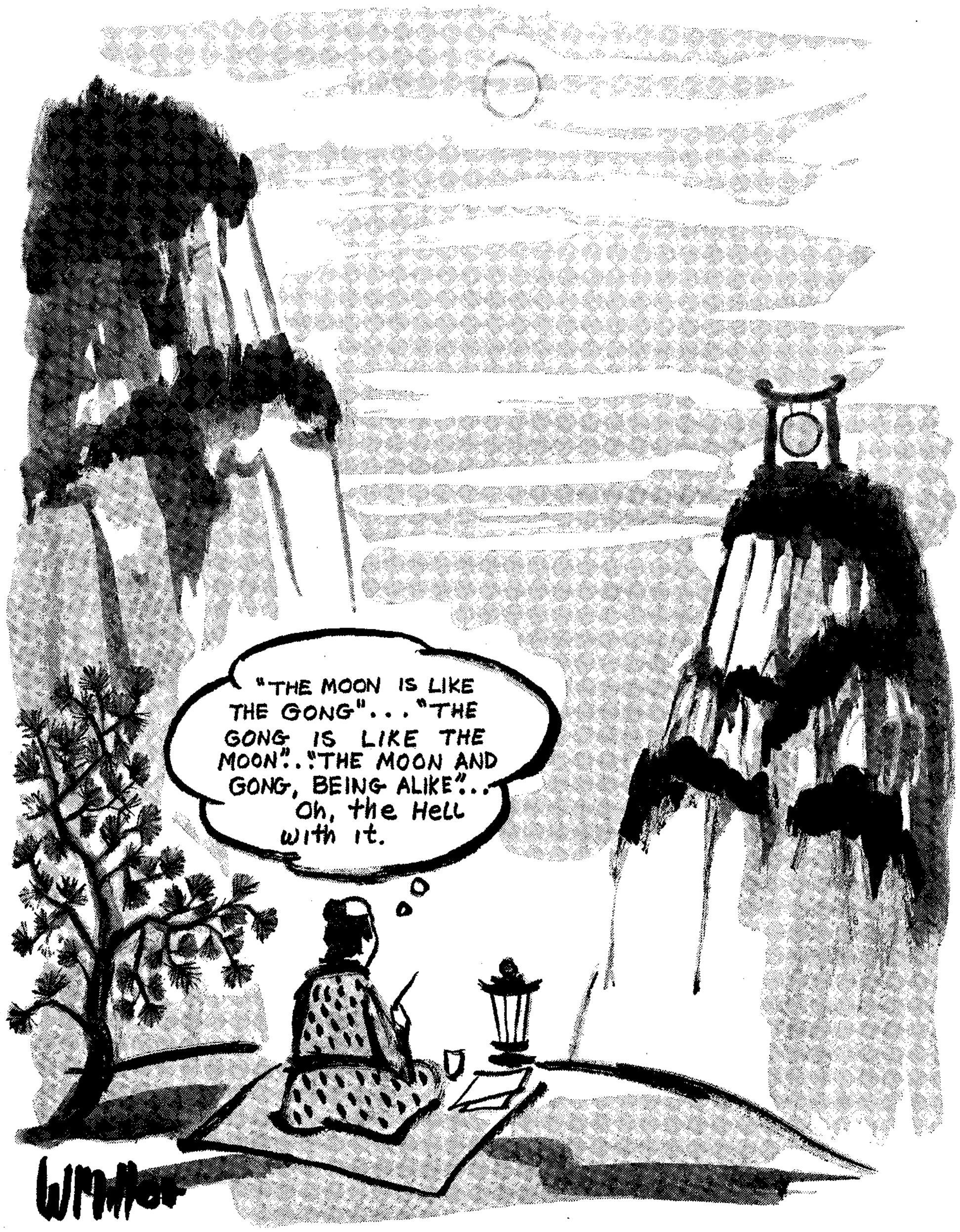
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT seems that the spread of the new technology will before long lead to changes in our shopping habits. Electronic shopping—by means of two-way cable-television systems that permit customers to touch buttons on home-computer terminals and summon information to the screen, then to make purchases and charge them to a credit card—is already a reality, although in limited use. And it seems likely that when there are enough video-disc machines in existence, the catalogue of an L. L. Bean or a Bergdorf Goodman will come in the form of a video disc, with images of hunting boots or lingerie rolling past our receptive gaze as we sit in our armchairs at home. The technology for new ways of shopping, which overlaps the technology for new ways of entertaining, promoting, educating, and informing, is basically ready. What remains to be seen is how it fits into our lives and what kind of messages and programs it conveys to us—the not always predictable human element.

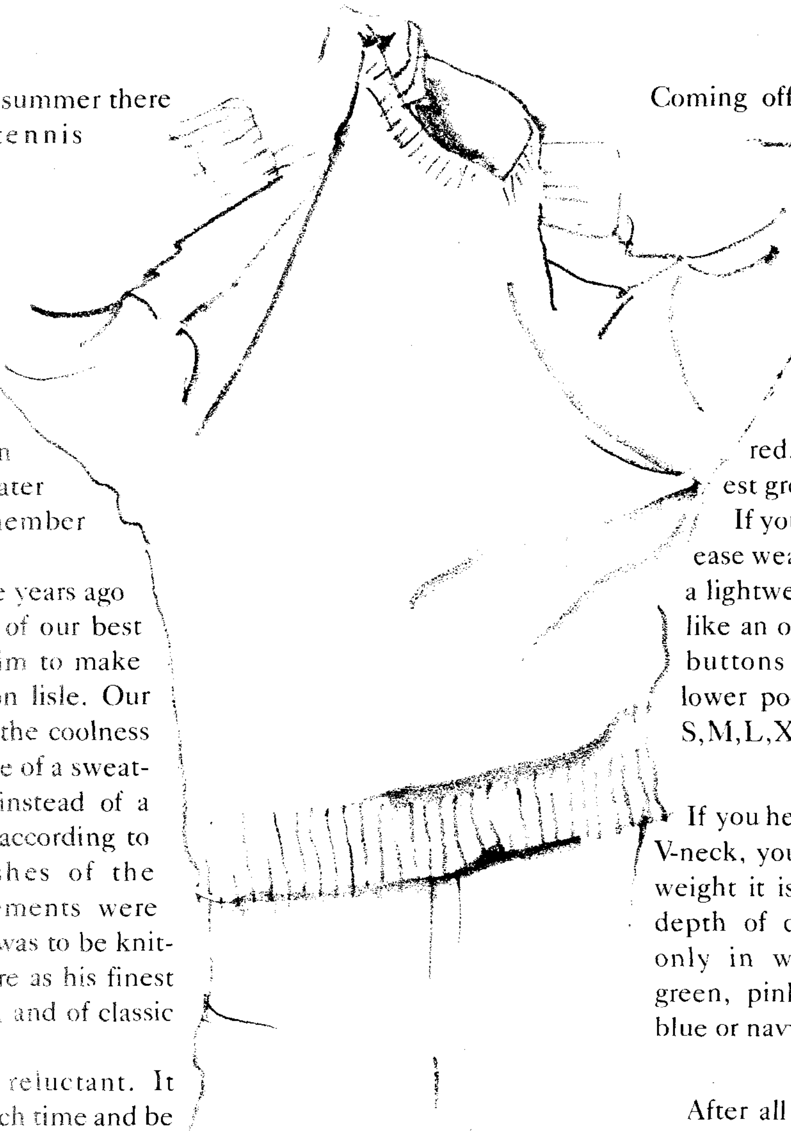
The buying, selling, and presentation of fashion have their own quite distinct relation to that human element—one that makes them different from the buying and selling of things like dishwashers or bicycles, which are what existing electronic shopping systems tend to emphasize. Yet any claim that fashion is a purely personal business is only partly true. The fact is that the fashion industry involves a peculiar tug-of-war between the impersonal and the personal. In laying in stocks and styles, a store can have considerable confidence in a certain robotlike behavior on the part of customers—in their sense of themselves as cogs in the social machine. Usually, they vindicate the store's calculations and buy what they are supposed to buy—whatever is billed as the latest thing, or else whatever other people with the same sort of job, income, spare-time pursuits, and shape are wearing. But more than once balance sheets have been imperilled by another factor—the individualistic and sometimes openly rebellious side of human nature. From time to time, shoppers simply balk before goods that, by all the rules, they might have been expected to want to buy. The constant threat of this anarchistic spark of self makes retailers cling all the tighter to what they think they can be sure of. Paradoxically, the fashion industry, whose lifeblood is change and the constant process of assimilating new ways to look, is in many ways a cautious and hidebound business.

What can safely be counted on by all concerned, in any event, is fashion's unstoppable motion. It's one conveyor belt of our life and times, moving either fast or slow, where we can tinker with our common image and make unending visual modifications in the definition of society and its individual members. It must be said that fashion is creeping sluggishly at the moment, or even moving in reverse. The times are not conducive to innovative design. We have the perplexing and depressing sight of two disparate groups—some prominent participants in a conservative Administration and some ardent young New Wave fashion followers—finding common ground in a loyalty to the looks of the early nineteen-sixties. And Robert Sakowitz, the president of the Houston department store that bears his family name, predicted in a recent speech that the nineteen-eighties would see the introduction of fewer products and fashions than the seventies, and ascribed the slowing down to the natural conservatism of a population that is growing older. "The customers of the seventies were young and physical," he said—and he might have added nar-


"THE MOON IS LIKE THE GONG"... "THE GONG IS LIKE THE MOON". "THE MOON AND GONG, BEING ALIKE".. Oh, the Hell with it.

THE SWEATERS OF SUMMER

(Who, what and why. And also, how, when and where.)



It used to be that in summer there was the wool tennis sweater and the alpaca golfing cardigan, and that pretty well took care of it. Now as we look about us at the sweater proliferation and the cotton sweater particularly, we remember how it all began.

It was about twelve years ago that we went to one of our best knitters and asked him to make us a sweater of cotton lisle. Our idea was to combine the coolness of cotton with the ease of a sweater, one to be worn instead of a shirt, or over a shirt according to the whim and wishes of the wearer. Our requirements were specific: the sweater was to be knitted with the same care as his finest wools and cashmeres, and of classic styling.

Our knitter was reluctant. It would take just as much time and be just as much trouble to make such a sweater in cotton as in cashmere, and who would buy it? It's no secret by now that we prevailed, he did make it and there was no shortage of buyers. The sweater that started out in natural color cotton (because we wanted to emphasize its "cottonness") can now be had in innumerable colors and combinations of colors and patterns, and is a very hardy summer perennial.

While that seems to wrap up the how, why, when, what and who, it's not quite the end of our sweater story. We still have wools as well as cottons, and some of our cottons are full fashioned and others, depending on style and purpose, are not. As to the where, obviously, the summer sweater is here. And we feel that it's here to stay.

Coming off here is a light cotton crewneck, good looking and versatile for the warm months. The colors are sunflower yellow, apricot, navy, lavender, natural, taupe, pale blue, mid-blue, pale yellow, red, wine, kelly green, forest green. S,M,L,XL. $29.50.

If you feel comfortable and at ease wearing a cardigan, we have a lightweight cotton knit that fits like an old friend. It has wooden buttons and comes with two lower pockets. Natural shade in S,M,L,XL. $35.

If you heft our cabled cotton knit V-neck, you'll discover how light in weight it is. Yet, withal, it has the depth of character usually found only in winter sweaters. Kelly green, pink, natural, yellow, light blue or navy. S,M,L,XL. $32.50.

After all we said about cotton, a wool V-neck for spring and summer? Yes, if it is knitted of very fine, very light and soft Merino yarn, as ours is. Grape, natural, camel, taupe, brown, yellow, red, wine, mid-blue, navy, grey, forest green or black. S,M,L,XL. $35.

Paul Stuart

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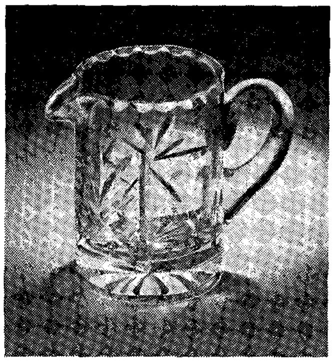

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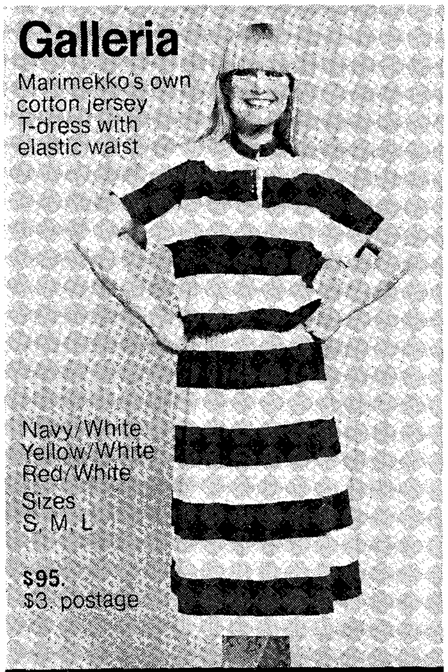

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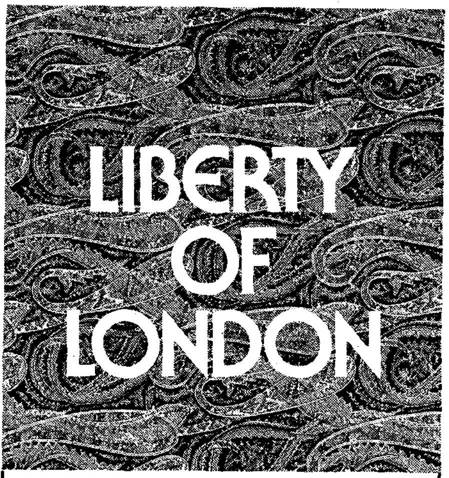
cissistic. "In the eighties, they'll be middle-aged and mental."

THE promotion of products by means of designers' names, which was probably the quintessential merchandising method of the seventies, is the fashion industry's skillful manipulation of people's urge to think that they are buying things for personal reasons. The designer empires thrived in a time when the stores were full of bewildering and proliferating choices. The designer was like a familiar personality standing as a benevolent intermediary between customers and the chaotic wealth of choices, which might cause the unwary to make mistakes and lose both time and money. Consciously, shoppers may have recognized that the belief that the designer was their personal guide was an illusion, but the idea made them feel more comfortable just the same. What was at stake was far more than simply confidence in a particular brand name. Anyone flipping through our magazines for the first time and coming face to face with huge, idealized images of Diane Von Furstenberg and Calvin Klein might fail to see that they were advertising makeup, clothes, or perfume, and simply take the pictures as portraits of film stars. The product came to seem a vulgar detail, to be passed over as lightly as could be, or not even mentioned; the personality was all. Purchasers would get the feeling that they were acquiring not mere things, like sheets or bluejeans, but a little piece of the person whose signature those things bore—a few essential drops of that person's life, looks, wealth, success, and fame.

As business people and advertising agencies kept fine-tuning the coolly calculated machinery of merchandising and hype, they sought to offset that machinery's potentially chilling effect by pumping up the human element of the process and making the designers' personalities larger than life. And so the ever more sophisticated industry of manipulating consumers through images spawned a spinoff—the industry of personality, of specially manufactured charisma or trustworthiness. Just as agrarian societies had their coopers and wheelwrights and industrial ones their engineers, our post-industrial technological world has been creating many new professions, among them that of official "Trust me" person and full-time endorser. Television abounds with practitioners, from Robert Young and



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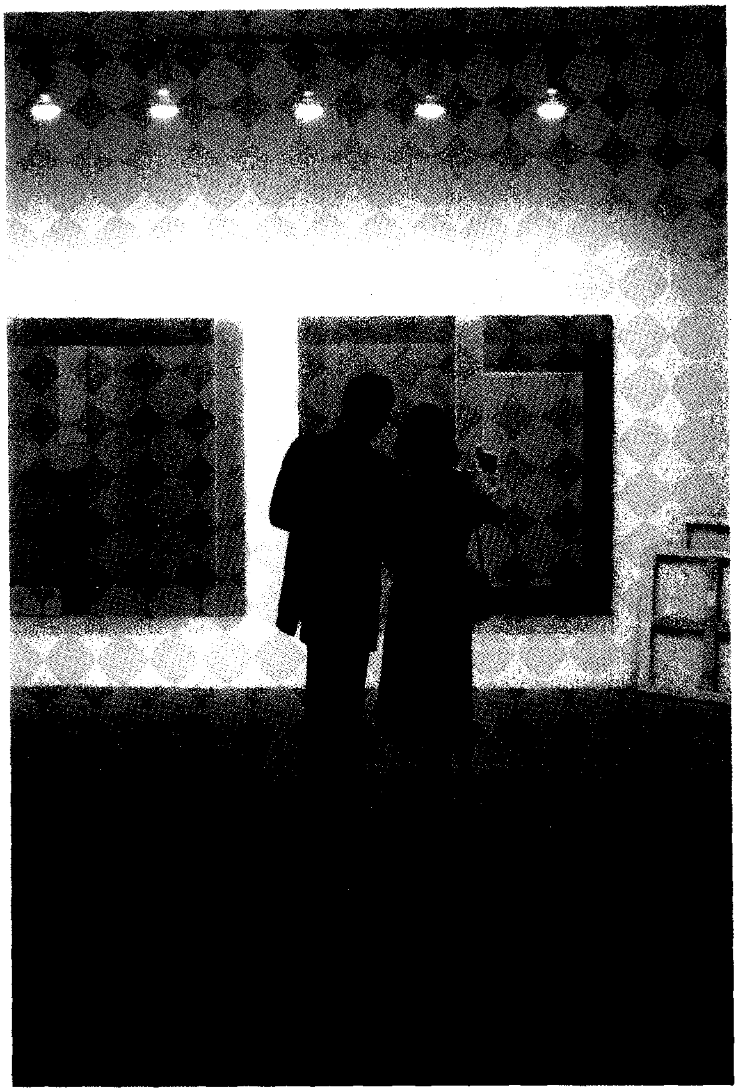

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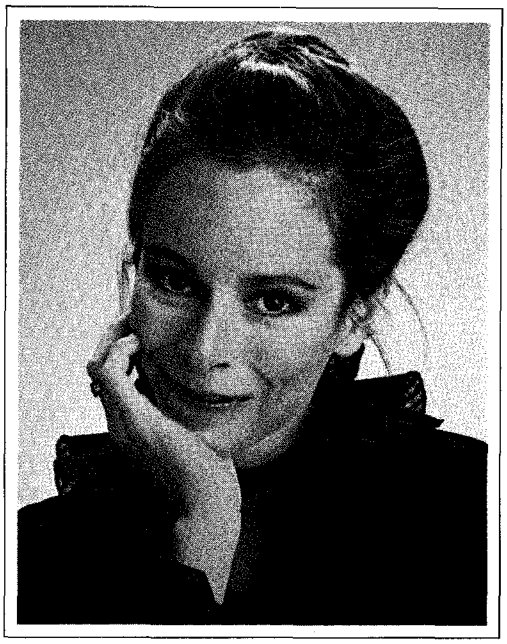
Geraldine Chaplin talks about her 'first time.'



CHAPLIN: To be perfectly blunt, it was a bit disappointing. Oh, it was good... but not at all what I had expected. In fact, I couldn't for the life of me understand why all my friends thought it was such a big deal.

INTERVIEWER: Miss Chaplin, you'd be surprised how many people feel that way. So, don't be embarrassed ... just tell me what happened.

CHAPLIN: It all started at a party in Madrid. I felt a tap on my shoulder and when I turned around there stood this wonderfully attractive young man.

"Campari?" he asked.

"No," I said, "Geraldine."

He laughed and ordered a Campari and soda for me and a Campari and orange juice for himself.

INTERVIEWER: He certainly was a very assertive young man.

CHAPLIN: Yes. You see he turned out to be a cinematographer from Chile and they're like that, you know.

INTERVIEWER: Well? What was it like?

CHAPLIN: A truly bittersweet experience.

INTERVIEWER: Could you be more specific?

CHAPLIN: Yes...it was like eating a mango.

INTERVIEWER: I beg your pardon???

CHAPLIN: Well, I wasn't crazy about them the first time, either. Yet I was so intrigued by their uniqueness, I tried again ... then I was a believer.

INTERVIEWER: So now you like it?

CHAPLIN: Love it. There are so many different ways to enjoy it. Once I even tried it on the rocks. But I wouldn't recommend that for beginners.

INTERVIEWER: That's great. Tell me, whatever happened to that handsome young Chilean?

CHAPLIN: We're still very close. But I'll let you in on a secret. That was his first time, too. And to this day, he still hasn't acquired a taste for it.

INTERVIEWER: That's a shame.

CHAPLIN: Yes, it is ... I guess it's because he's never had it a second time.

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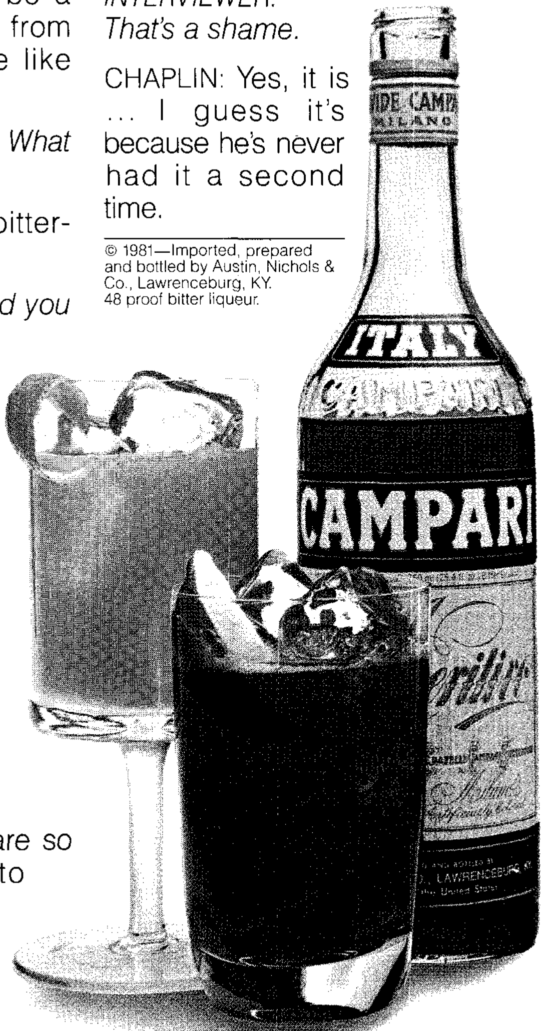
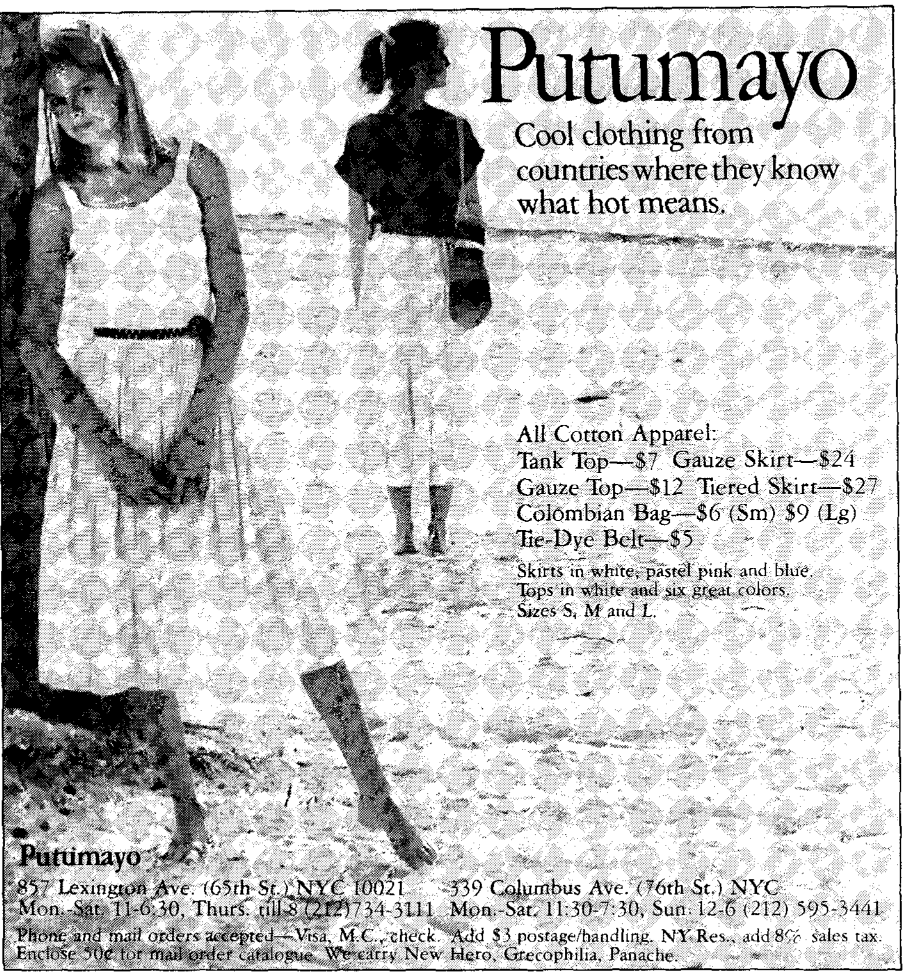


CAMPARI. THE FIRST TIME IS NEVER THE BEST.

Joe DiMaggio to Alistair Cooke and Walter Cronkite—the last of whom until recently gave a masterly impression of endorsing the news of world events. Ronald Reagan, whose career actually included years as a professional endorser, may have attracted votes by coming across convincingly in that same role—as a sort of trustworthy anchorperson for the United States. We all seem to feel perfectly secure when we are alone with a book or are looking at the pictures in a magazine. But apparently images and events on the television screen have the power to make us feel a little vulnerable. We can assume that if television shopping gets off the ground in a real way goods will be presented by armies of endorsers, talking to us very, very soothingly.

HERE in New York, a woman named Emily Cho has been thinking about women's private thoughts on fashion and how to join them to the possibilities of the new technology. She has set up a mail-order fashion-guidance service that employs a specially programmed computer. Clients fill out a multiple-choice questionnaire about the image they seek to project ("authoritative and formal" at work, perhaps, and "exotic and dramatic" in the evening) and modifications they would make in their characters (if they feel "too aggressive," for instance, or "too meek"). The computer matches these goals with information about clients' sizes and shapes to come up with suggestions of how they might build or improve their wardrobe. The greatest number of clients, it seems, are working women who want speedy help in finding clothes that will look correct or, better yet, help the wearer get ahead.

Miss Cho told me recently that it had been a laborious matter to program the computer to her satisfaction after she had isolated the specific message projected in our society by a woman wearing, say, a ruffled blouse or a hand-knit vest. Then, when she set the service in motion, her first instinct had been to draw the clients' attention away from the idea that their private hopes and dreams were being fed into a coldhearted computer. But it was soon brought home to her that the idea of the computer was precisely what appealed to the women. They welcomed the involvement of technology, because they could believe that the clothing suggestions were particu-



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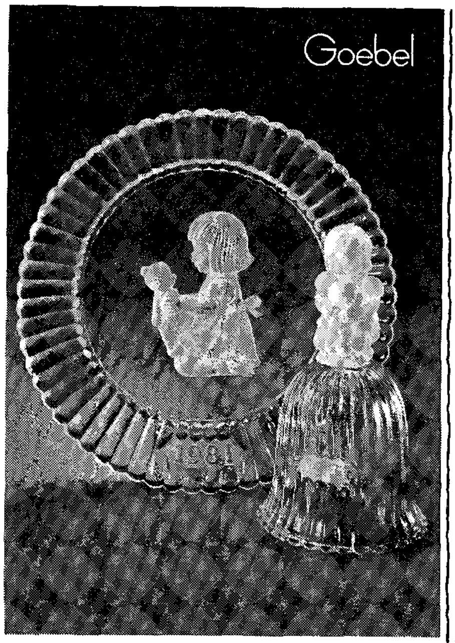

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larly accurate and scientific. To some extent, they liked the endorsement of the machine. What they demanded was a clear-cut formula for dressing well, rather than capricious ideas springing from another woman's brain. At the same time, Miss Cho found, they needed to believe that that other woman—Miss Cho herself—was somewhere around, to supervise, and reassure them that they had not turned over the serious, delicate question of their image to a distant, possibly runaway machine. She concluded that what clients wanted was not the obtrusive presence of an actual person in the business of guidance—dealing with a real person requires just the sort of time and effort they wanted to save—but the *ethics* of that person, somehow lingering in the technology like a perfume after its wearer has left the room. "And with a computerized service like this you've almost got to be more ethical than if you were giving the same service in person," she said. "You've got to start out with more care and effort, more sincerity, or the end result will be hopelessly diminished. You have to begin with more, because value keeps seeping away in the process—that must be some natural technological rule."

It's logical that such a computerized fashion guide might in future be linked with video discs or perhaps with a little television magazine discussing and showing the season's fashion changes. Then, too, such a service might dispense not just guidance but the clothes themselves, from a store or a warehouse, whose inventory, inevitably, would be computerized. Many people continue to find it unthinkable that they would buy an article of clothing by remote control; they claim that they have to touch fabrics, see colors, and try clothes on in the store. But enough people see things otherwise for clothing to have played an important part in the great mail-order-shopping boom of the past decade. It is estimated that the mail-order retail business has increased at least tenfold in that period, with stores all over the country and the world sending out their catalogues not simply to local charge-account customers but to nationwide credit-card holders and to people on lists of what is assumed to be a compulsive species—the established mail-order customer, who, having once ordered something from a firm in New Hampshire, starts receiving catalogues from people in Texas and California as well. It's not only basic, nec-

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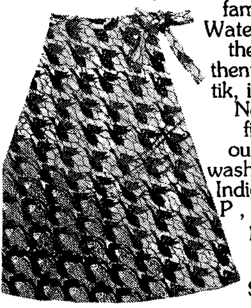

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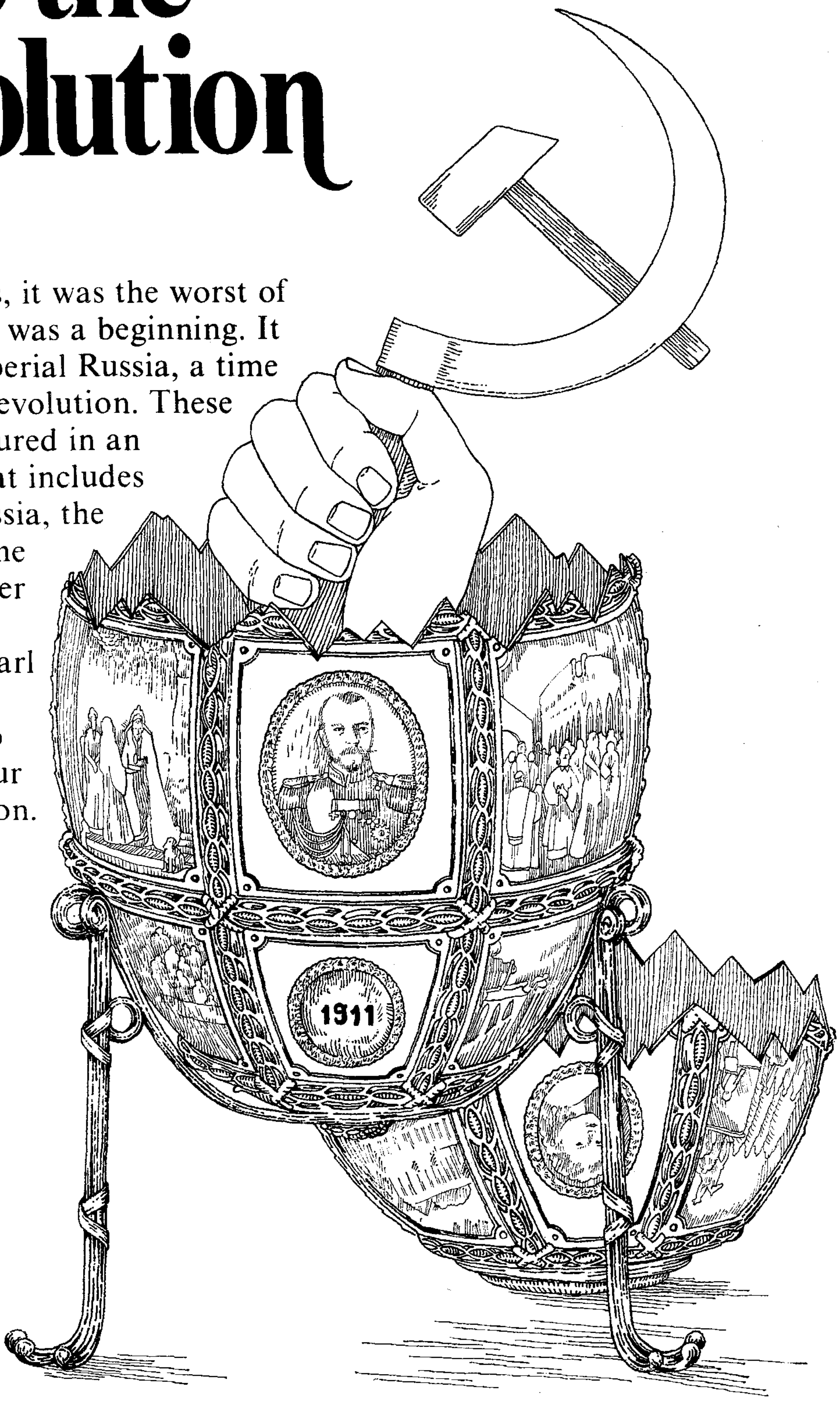

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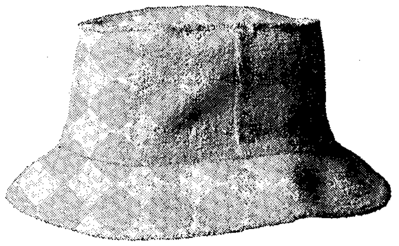

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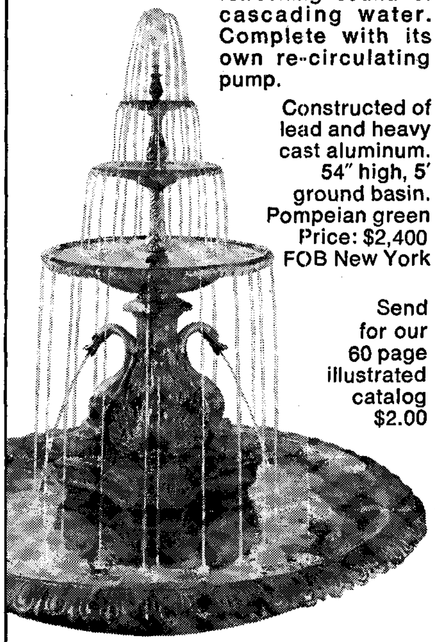
essary items that change hands, either; unusual, luxurious goods also play their part in the mail-order process. Customers save time, gas, and even—if they order over the telephone and use a credit-card number—the effort of writing a check and mailing an order. Merchants try to create the idea that it's all fun—a way of capturing a customer's imagination—and not just practicality. Great care and expense go into the production of catalogues that are more and more like magazines, with top photographers presenting top models on ambitiously designed pages. Bloomingdale's has set some dramatic examples in the catalogue genre: a notoriously provocative lingerie booklet, photographed by Guy Bourdin; the issue for its China extravaganza, with fashions looking decadent indeed in photographs showing models in paddy fields next to bent-backed peasants; and the current offering, which has several of the highly publicized young Lolitas of the model world photographed by Francesco Scavullo.

Gradually, our attitude toward shopping is being transformed, and, with it, our expectation of what we hope to find when we leave home to visit a store. The large, impersonal department store with a wide choice of basic goods and a large staff of salespeople appears to be an institution that is on the wane. Its origins were in the nineteenth century and embodied two by now somewhat outmoded nineteenth-century notions: stores as great celebratory hymns exalting the glories of mass production and expanding markets; and institutions whose sales counters would always be manned by an infinite force of courteous, humble workers. The department store's function as a supplier of goods is more efficiently performed by an impersonal warehouse and a personal-seeming catalogue—currently a printed booklet but in time, presumably, in video form. For many years now, it has been inadvisable to seek courtesy, or even attention, from salespeople in department stores. Service is more likely to be found in boutiques and specialty stores, and shoppers who depend on it will seek out such places.

For women who are out at work all day, shopping trips involving quiet afternoons of meandering indecisively through department stores are a thing of the past. But there are still times when women, men, and families can and will go to department stores—not just because they need to buy but in search of stimulation and entertain-



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ment, as if they were off to the movies. The department stores that will survive into the future seem likely to be not necessarily those with the biggest or best choice of goods but those with the most ingenious displays, the most dramatic décor, and a way of convincing shoppers that they are places for seeing and being seen. Although department stores must continue to make sales, that activity appears to be subsidiary to their broader social function as a form of theatre, with the customers as the cast. Settings designed to make shoppers feel that their workaday selves have been transformed range from the Disneyland-cute, adult-scale "streets of shops" at Bendel's and Macy's to the alarming, aggressive, mood-altering blackness of Bloomingdale's main floor. Through such settings, people wander—scrutinizing each other as they float up and down on escalators, and catching sight of their image in miles of reflecting glass and chrome, in stores that are the mirror of our time. —KENNEDY FRASER

◆

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tables underneath, in daylight
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green-gold a day or two,
no more, with intimations
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at Avignon, dishevel

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—AMY CLAMPITT

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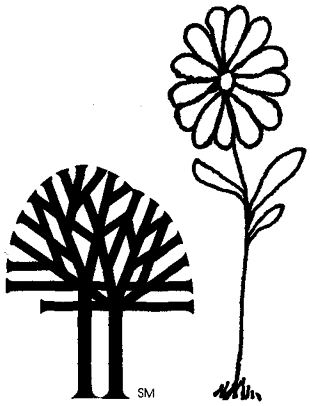

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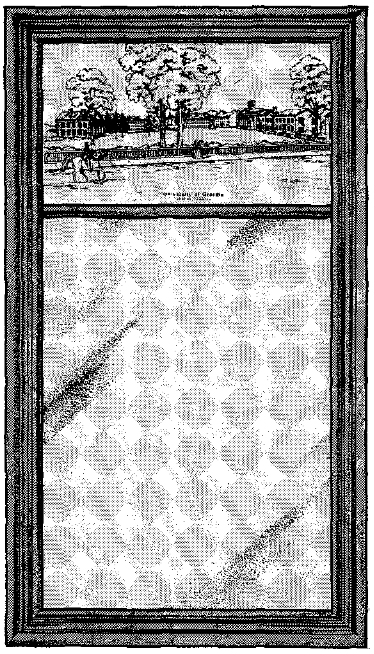

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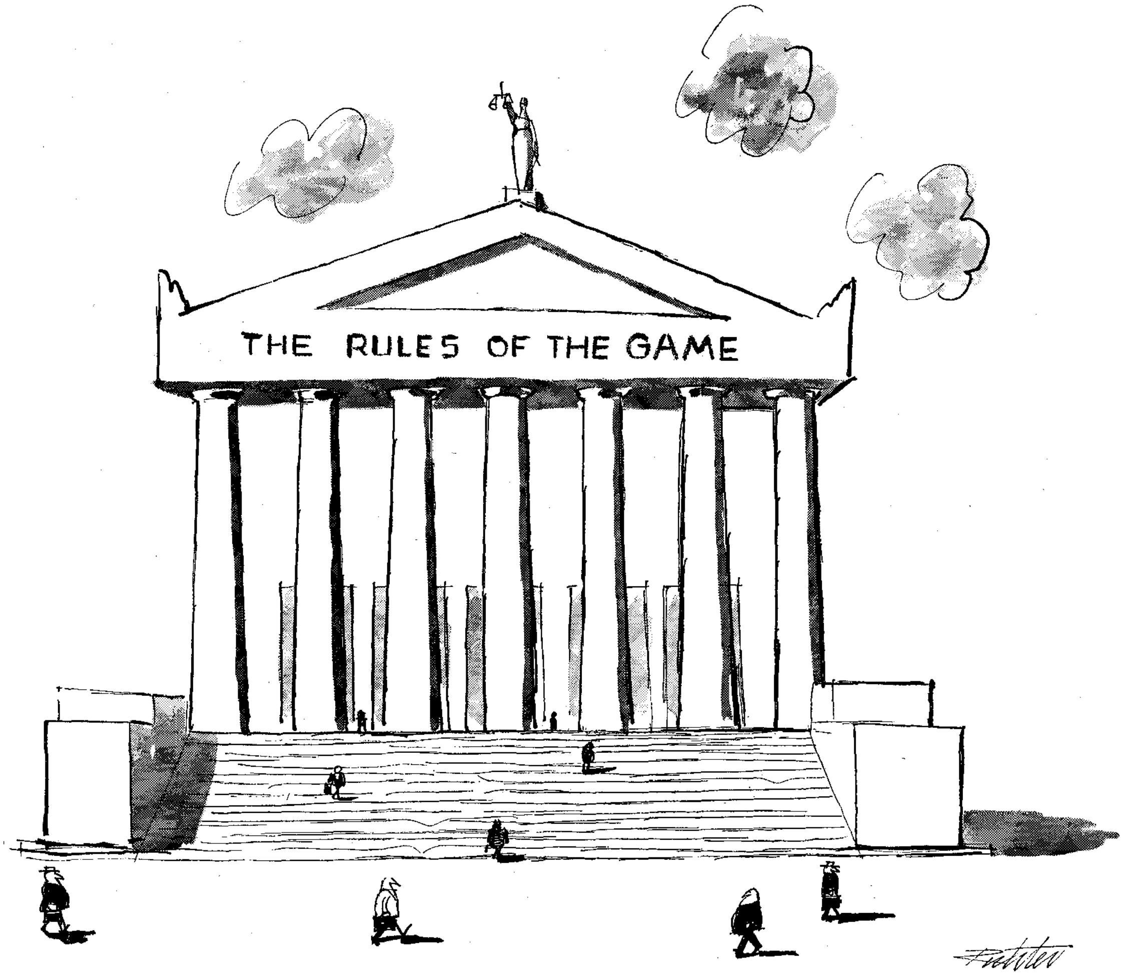
THE MYSTERY OF WALTER BOPP

WHAT happened to Walter Bopp is a mystery. In fact, the more that is known about what happened to him, the more mysterious it becomes. The first incident did not seem mysterious at all. In the fall of 1979, Walter Bopp, a vigorous man in his late seventies, was attacked and presumably robbed in downtown Tucson—right in front of the business he and his wife had founded in 1934 as the first health-food store in the city. The incident did not make the newspapers. Tucson is one of those middle-sized Sun Belt cities that are becoming accustomed to the routine muggings and burglaries which a few years ago were associated with the huge old industrial cities of the Northeast. It is no longer unusual for residents of Tucson to own a sophisticated burglar-alarm system or a gun or even, as Walter Bopp did, an attack dog. The second incident—a house fire last spring which the fire department blamed on an electrical short circuit—would probably have gone unreported as well except that when firemen reached the cellar they found, to their understandable dismay, a supply of dynamite and blasting caps that, according to a department spokesman, could have caused a large enough explosion to obliterate Bopp's house, all the firemen in it, and a couple of neighboring houses. The mystery of why someone would store dynamite in his basement seemed to be cleared up when Bopp explained that it was from a nonproducing mine he had operated near Arivaca—a tiny gold-and-silver-mining town about an hour in the direction of the Mexican border. Last December, though, Bopp was involved in an incident that was not simply mysterious in itself but suffused the previous incidents with mystery. On a Saturday morning, someone phoned Bopp's second store, on East Speedway Boulevard, and informed a clerk that the proprietor had met with an accident and could be found in the back storeroom. Walter Bopp had been bound with tape and badly beaten the night before. He had serious facial bruises and several broken ribs and a broken pelvis. His attack dog had been killed by having its belly slit open. His pickup truck had been driven to the downtown store and then set on fire. Both stores had been gone through, but no money was missing.

Bopp claimed that all the incidents were related—that the fire had been caused by arson rather than a short circuit, that the mugging a year earlier had been not a simple mugging but an act of terrorism. He even implied that he knew who was to blame—but that was as far as he would go in helping police identify his tormentors. He wouldn't say who and he wouldn't say why. "It's the same people," he was quoted as telling his interrogators. "I don't want to say anything more." Two weeks later, just after Bopp was released from the hospital, it was reported that someone had backed a truck up to his Speedway store and was presumably loading something into it while colleagues stood by with what looked like machine guns or automatic rifles. The police arrived too late, and if Walter Bopp knew who might be removing what from his store he wasn't saying. He still hadn't said in January, when he reëntered the hospital and, a day or two later, died of a pulmonary embolism. All of which set a lot of people in Tucson thinking about what in the world might have happened to Walter Bopp.


THE RULES OF THE GAME

"I DIDN'T think he had an enemy in the world," one of Walter Bopp's employees had told the Arizona *Daily Star* after the December beating. That is, of course, a remark often made when a respectable citizen meets with what is obviously not random violence. To the casual customer of Bopp Health Food, Walter Bopp probably did appear to be a particularly unlikely candidate for vicious assault—a robust, rosy-cheeked old vegetarian whose knowledge of herbal remedies led some of his customers to refer to him as Dr. Bopp. A Swiss immigrant who retained a slight accent,

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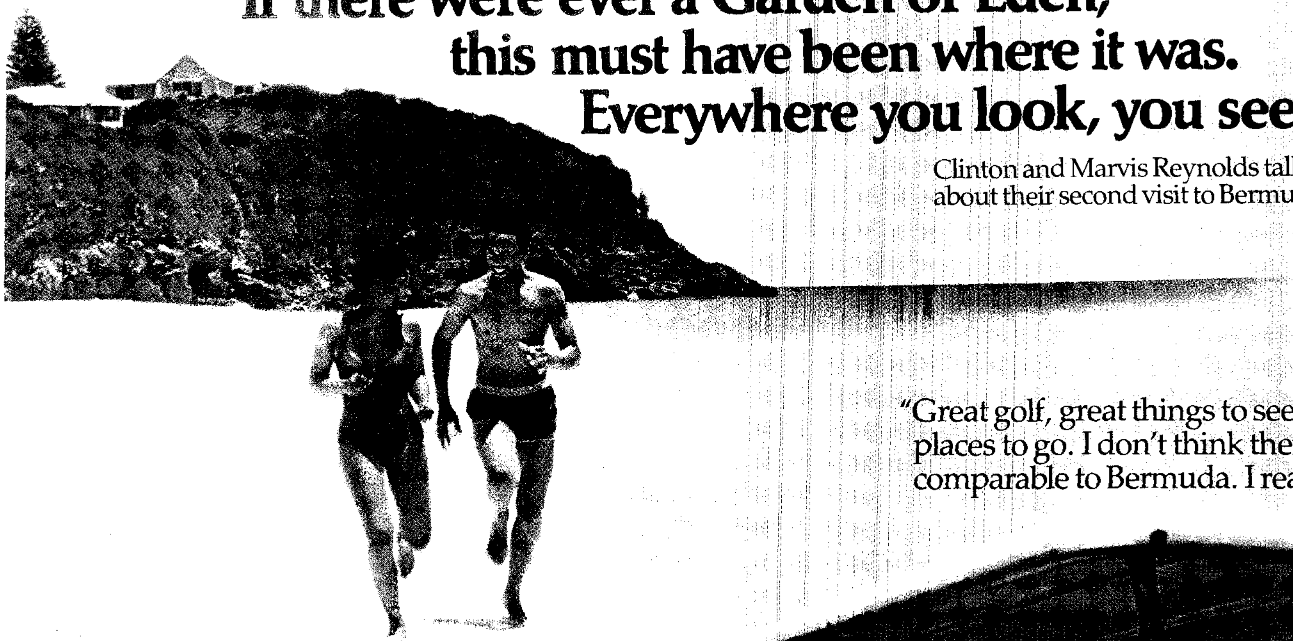

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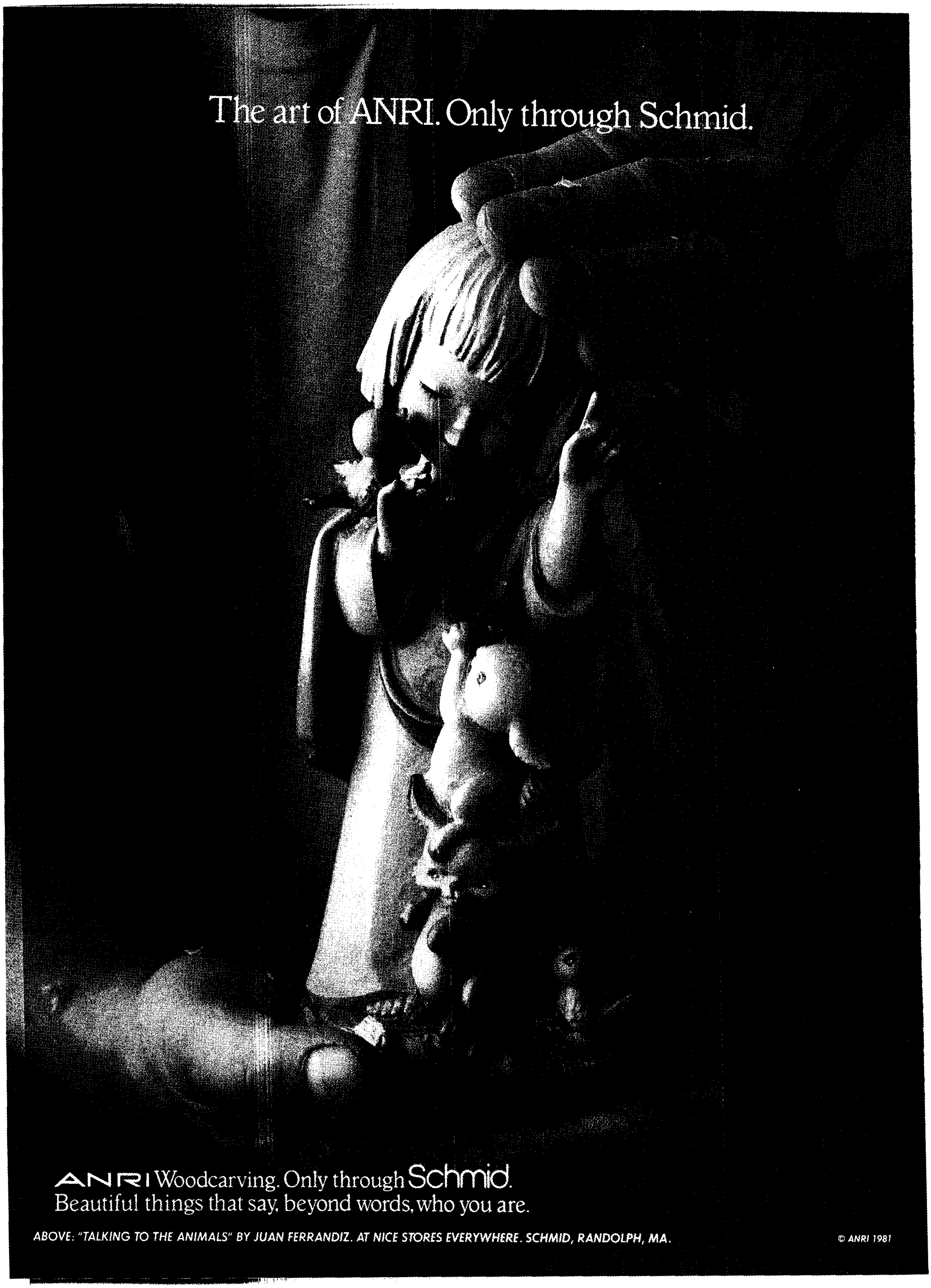

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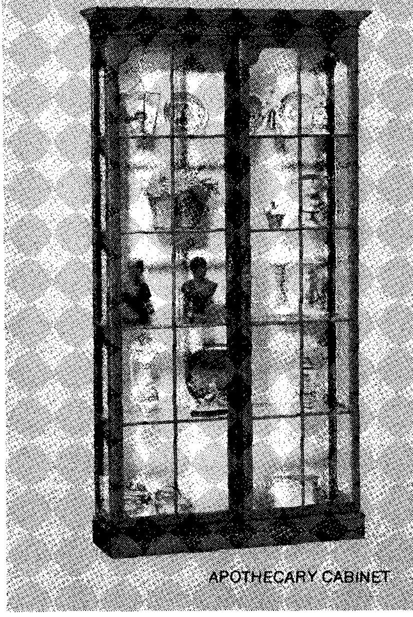
Bopp was known as a man who worked hard and lived frugally. A lot of people in Tucson had seen him on the back of his pickup truck loading or unloading stock; nobody in Tucson had ever seen him in a necktie. Who would want to terrorize a simple purveyor of wheat germ and herbal tea?

It wasn't long, of course, before it became known that Bopp had interests beyond health food. The *Star* reported in January that he had been in disagreements with several people about land near Arivaca. It also reported that he had been involved in "supernatural" activities. Then two young reporters for the Tucson *Citizen*, Dan Huff and Shawn Hubler, poked around in Walter Bopp's life and found people who referred to him not as Dr. Bopp but as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Bopp, the *Citizen* reporters discovered, had indeed been capable of great kindness. He had also been, they wrote, a "tight-lipped, sometimes hateful man who believed in witches and who once said that Lyndon Johnson, Lady Bird and Robert McNamara turned into animals and slithered over White House fences at night." It was known in Tucson that Bopp had divorced his wife a few years earlier, after forty-seven years of marriage, but the *Citizen* piece revealed that he was thought to have done so under advice from a psychic. (Most of Bopp's acquaintances—he didn't seem to have any close friends—were unaware that he had remarried until the newspapers carried the name of a second wife as his survivor.) It also revealed that Bopp had strong racist views about Mexicans and blacks. The kindly Dr. Bopp, Huff and Hubler were told, had been a contentious man who never admitted he was wrong and never let loose of a grudge.

Newspaper reports indicating that there were areas in Bopp's life which could indeed have produced an enemy or two did not clear up the mystery, of course; they simply made it more complicated. Had Walter Bopp been terrorized because of a dispute over a silver claim? Could he have discovered something in Arivaca that someone else wanted to know? Was it possible that he had found himself among the sort of cultists who beat up elderly vegetarians? What were Bopp's tormentors after? Gold? Silver? Information? His store? What could have been secret or private enough to restrain Walter Bopp from helping police find the people who had left him bound and beaten on the floor of his storeroom?

From the start, of course, there were ways of explaining what happened to Walter Bopp that did not require knowledge of his ventures into mining or racial theory or the supernatural. Who leans on respectable businessmen? "They were obviously hit men," a clerk at Bopp's store said after the December beating. Tucson happens to have a substantial and well-publicized colony of the sort of citizens who are photographed by the F.B.I. at funerals, and a lot of speculation naturally centered on the possibility that Bopp had run afoul of the mob. Did Walter Bopp have something the mob wanted? Were mobsters trying to persuade him to do something they wanted? It was also possible, of course, that Walter Bopp had simply wandered into some private dispute over pride or sex or vengeance. People in Tucson developed a stunning variety of theories to account for what happened to him: he was a loan shark, he was a bagman, he was a drug dealer, he was an arms dealer, he was a rich miser. "I know he was sitting on a lot of gold," a bartender at the Poco Loco, a tavern next door to Bopp's Speedway store, said not long ago. "He had been buying gold that'd be worth a million dollars in today's market. I think that's why he was dusted."

WALTER BOPP arrived in America in the twenties and, doing farm work, made his way across the country to California. Just before the crash of 1929, he sent for his childhood sweetheart—a young Englishwoman who had been at a Swiss school in Bopp's village. Apparently, whatever money he had saved was lost in a get-rich-quick real-estate scheme; at the beginning of the Depression he was working as a dishwasher. What brought him to Tucson in the early thirties was a job as a salad chef at the Pioneer Hotel. When Bopp Health Food opened in 1934, in a tiny downtown storefront, Bopp's wife, Mae, used to say that the cash register was worth more than the stock. Bopp let his wife mind the store for a couple of years while he held on to his salad-chef job. Then they both began working—working without taking vacations or



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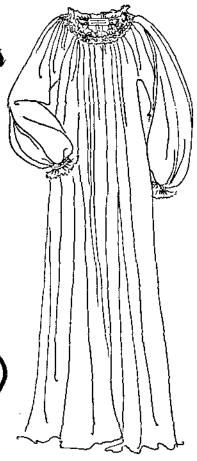

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weekends, as far as anyone in Tucson remembers—to build what was for a dozen years the only health-food business in Tucson.

Health food was hardly a national fad in the thirties. "It was not just unfashionable," someone who got into the business a decade or so later said recently. "It was practically clandestine." Tucson, though, did have more than its share of potential customers. In those days, doctors used to send patients to the Arizona desert on the theory that the dry air would alleviate suffering from allergies or asthma or arthritis or emphysema—or simply on the theory that it might be a soothing climate for someone whose disease seemed beyond the reach of conventional medicine. Some of the desperately ill looked for remedies in nutrition, and Walter Bopp was their adviser. He also developed a trade supplying grain and cereal in bulk to ranchers. As a businessman, Walter Bopp was Old World—thrifty, hardworking, cautious, impervious to suggestions about merchandising techniques. He didn't hold much with spring sales or regular salary increases. The original store remained the same size, in a part of downtown that gradually became characterized by cheap furniture stores and pawnshops. Bopp didn't open a second store until the sixties—on East Speedway Boulevard, a wide street that for miles seems to be one run-on strip-shopping development. The Speedway store was modern when Bopp built it, but hardly modern compared with the flashy health-food chains that blossomed when the business began to attract people who saw health food as a market rather than a cause. Walter Bopp plugged away—grumbling about the insincere people who had come into the business, moving supplies from one store to the other in his pickup truck, working late into the night on his order forms. The block he had chosen on Speedway turned out to be even less uplifting than the old block downtown. After a while, Bopp found himself with the Poco Loco on one side and on the other a place called the Empress Theatre, which offered hard-core films, "adult books and novelties," and a "hot-tub spa." Bopp complained belligerently about tavern and porn-store customers jamming the parking spaces in front of his shop and using the small parking lot he had for his own customers. "An American businessman might have just moved," someone

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who knew him at that time said recently. "But he was very set in his ways."

Bopp's ways were strange from the start. Mae Bopp—a diminutive, well-spoken woman who seemed almost timid, particularly in his presence—worked constantly in the store, but the Bopps were otherwise not seen together. He seemed to live mainly in the back of the downtown store. He was kind to some employees and cold to others. He fired at least two clerks in the belief that they were witches who were trying to hex him. ("He was good to me until then," one of them has said. "He was a sweet old man.") To a lot of people, he seemed secretive and aloof. His feelings against Jews were even more vitriolic than his feelings against blacks and Mexicans. Some people who knew Bopp for years were unaware of his racial views; some were treated to them in intense, sotto-voce lectures in a back corner of the store. "He was very intelligent," one of his former employees said recently. "He knew herbs very well. He was the first one to help you if you went to him with a problem. He had so many good ways—it's too bad he got mixed up in all that weird stuff. He said some weird things about Jewish people. Once, he told me that a customer was a witch and I shouldn't look her in the eye. He'd start talking real mysterious, real low. He told me she would come to my bedroom in the form of a vampire, and I should get a silver cross to ward her off. I don't believe in witches, but, I'll tell you, when he got through with me I wished I had a silver cross."

Among his other views, Bopp had a strong belief that the economic system—or perhaps all of society—would come crashing down one day, in an even more disastrous way than it had come crashing down in 1929. At that point, of course, stocks and real estate and even paper money would not be worth having. The only wealth would be in gold and silver. There is reason to believe that Walter Bopp did indeed have some gold or silver stashed somewhere. Gold and silver would allow him to survive the economic disaster. According to someone who used to work for Bopp, the silver would have an even more important use: "He figured he could use the silver against Satan. Evil spirits are afraid of silver."

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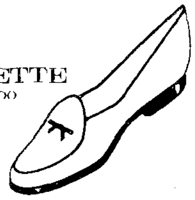

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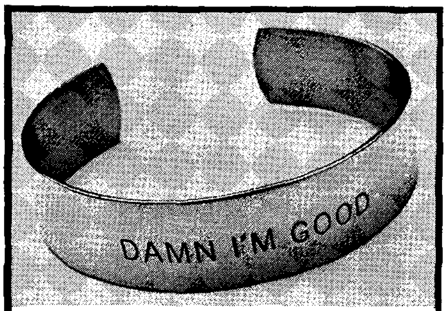

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and mystics and cults, eventually settling on a Hindu offshoot called the Benares League. His belief in the occult may have intensified as he grew older. He seemed more certain of the forces allied against him. He told an acquaintance that he had paid to have a counter-hex placed on someone who was trying to hex him. The woman he married a few months before his death is said to be a soothsayer or a psychic—the same one who advised him during the dissolution of his previous marriage. A former employee of Bopp's was told by the police that the closest Bopp would come to identifying his assailants was to say that he had been done in by the Evil Force. A lot of people who knew Bopp remain convinced that his death had something to do with his otherworldly beliefs. ("It must have been that damn cult thing.") But what? A hex does not in fact cause a vicious beating. The secrets of the afterlife are not ordinarily sought by torturing a man of spiritual powers until he tells. How can Bopp's silence be explained? Could Walter Bopp—confused, increasingly obsessed with the otherworldly, slipping toward paranoia—have mistaken a couple of thugs after gold for the Evil Force?

THE most romantic notions of what might have happened to Walter Bopp have to do with mining, which has been part of the folklore of southern Arizona for much longer than the mob has. A lot of people in Tucson who may do something else for a living prospect as a sort of sideline—somewhere between a hobby and a disease—and for at least thirty years Walter Bopp was one of them. Some of them still dream of the big strike—a lode of silver that has somehow been missed by all the holes poked into the desert all of these years, the fabulous lost mines that the Jesuits are said to have left when they were expelled from Arizona in the eighteenth century. Some people in Tucson theorized that Walter Bopp might have hit such a strike, but the mining people around Arivaca find that notion amusing. From what they say, Bopp must have been one of the most consistently unsuccessful miners in the state.

"I don't think he ever shipped a pound of ore out of here," someone familiar with mining in Arivaca said recently. Occasionally, Bopp would show up at the assay office with a test bore that looked mildly promising, but, as far as anyone knows, he never

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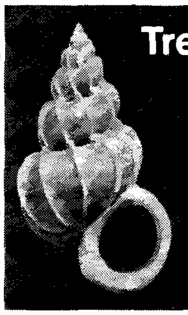

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followed it up. Bopp was not simply a weekend prospector with a pan or a pickaxe. He filed dozens of claims and did dozens of test bores. ("He sank holes all over this country.") Just outside of Arivaca, he kept a couple of miners working for a dozen years to sink two shafts deep into the ground. There are people in Arivaca who believe that Bopp was almost willfully unsuccessful—ignoring promising samples, choosing the least likely place to drill. His method of finding gold or silver was what prospectors call "witchin' it"—trying to divine it, the way a dowser divines water. It is not uncommon for prospectors—even prospectors who don't believe in witches—to try to witch gold or silver, and apparently just about all of them do better at it than Walter Bopp did.

People around Arivaca remember Bopp as a contentious man—quick to assert his rights, quick to take an argument to court. It is possible, of course, that he got into a dispute with someone over a claim or had some mine information someone else wanted or let one of the arguments miners are always having with ranchers in southern Arizona get out of hand. Nobody who knows much about mining thinks that explains what happened to him. They don't think that Bopp got into a dispute of great seriousness, and they don't think what happened to him is characteristic of the way such a dispute would be settled. That doesn't mean that they think there was nothing mysterious about Walter Bopp's mining operations. They wonder where he got all of the money he spent for what miners call "holes in the ground." A lot of them figure he was using someone else's money. Whose? What does that have to do with what happened to Walter Bopp?

THE police have been to Arivaca and they have visited one of the people Bopp suspected of witchcraft, but they are apparently not taken with some of the more ornate theories about the fate of Walter Bopp. Detectives, in the accepted manner, appear to have concentrated their attention on those closest to Walter Bopp and on those who might profit from his death and on anyone who both knew him and seems capable of having terrorized him. (One of Bopp's Speedway neighbors, for example, was once charged with extortion and, in plea bargaining, pleaded guilty to aggravated assault.) It has been five months now since Walter Bopp was attacked, and there

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is some feeling in Tucson that the police have shifted their energies to other matters. The mystery may always be a mystery.

Among people familiar with the case, of course, the speculation continues. Someone has called Dan Huff at the *Citizen* with an involved story based on Bopp's being connected with Swiss banking houses. Someone else reported having seen Bopp at a Klan recruiting meeting. The various aspects of Bopp's life can be put together in any number of combinations: Bopp owed the mob money he had borrowed to pour into holes in the ground around Arivaca; Bopp met some hippie cultists in the desert—where hippies still seem to exist, as if preserved by the dry climate—and made the mistake of telling them that he had a fortune in gold; Bopp's views on race led him into contact with some people whose viciousness went beyond sotto-voce lectures; Bopp was using mob money for mining; Bopp was using Swiss banking money for mining; Bopp was using Fascist money for mining.

It is said around Tucson that Bopp's widow intends to reopen the health-food stores, but it is also said that the East Speedway store has been sold to the porno operation next door. Both stores are locked, with ornamental grilles protecting their windows. At the Speedway store, the grille is festooned with signs saying that parking is for customers of Bopp Health Food only. In the window, among the displays of sweet orange-spice tea and the Naturade jojoba hair-treatment formula, is a handwritten note that says, "Closed due to death in family."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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The Xinhua News Agency said paleontologists working in Sichuan province near the city of Zigong already have unearthed 200 crates of dinosaur skeletons, suggesting the fertile basin region of southwestern China was once home to a thriving population of the huge beasts.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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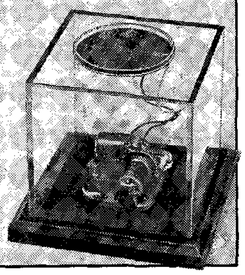

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CONCERT RECORDS

Potpourri

THOSE interested in the music of Giuseppe Verdi have long known that his greatest work is not an opera but the Requiem in honor of Alessandro Manzoni, Italy's great author and politician. The work is overwhelming in its expressiveness, which ranges from the plaintive to the thunderous. A new and stunning recording of this Requiem has just been issued by Deutsche Grammophon (2707 120; four sides). The singers are Katia Ricciarelli, Shirley Verrett, Placido Domingo, and Nicolai Ghiaurov, supported by the chorus and orchestra of La Scala, under the baton of Claudio Abbado. Mr. Abbado is the young conductor who perhaps most resembles the late Arturo Toscanini in the intensity and drive of his performances, and this example of his work is no exception. The singing of the soloists is heavenly, without a blemish anywhere. As is well known, the "Libera me" is quoted from an earlier Requiem, in honor of Rossini, but there is no noticeable difference in style involved. Unfortunately, the notes concerning the work in the accompanying pamphlet, by David Rosen, are unforgivably obscure. But, of course, this does not detract at all from the magnificence of the performance.

There is a new recording of Verdi's "Luisa Miller," involving some superb singers (Gwynne Howell, Placido Domingo, Elena Obraztsova, Wladimiro Ganzarolli, Renato Bruson, Katia Ricciarelli, Audrey Michael, and Luigi de Corato) and the Chorus and Orchestra of Covent Garden, under the baton of our own Lorin Maazel, who, incidentally, is soon to become the head of the Vienna Opera (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 096; six sides). The performance is excellent, and Mr. Maazel's conducting is crisp or robust, depending on exigencies of the moment.

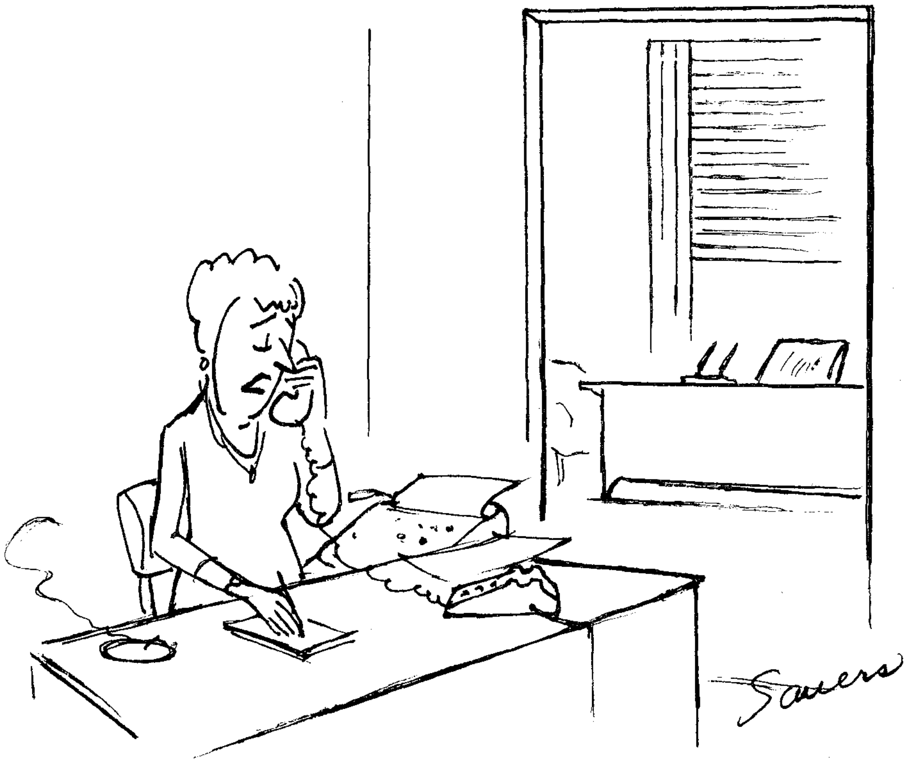
Perhaps because of the recent worldwide recognition of the conductor Carlo Maria Giulini, Seraphim has issued a version of Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" conducted by him (IB 6119; four sides). Despite the presence of some renowned singers (Giulietta Simionato, Cesare Valletti, Mario Petri, Graziella Sciutti, Marcello Cortis, and others), I do not find this recording up to Giulini's usual standards. The work has been unmercifully cut, and Mr. Valletti, once one of the most distinguished of lyric tenors, is obviously aging; his voice has become shrill in the high notes. The orchestra and chorus are those of the Teatro alla Scala, Milan.

Richard Strauss's "Also sprach Zarathustra" has received a digital recording by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under its veteran conductor, Eugene Ormandy (Angel Digital DS-37744; single disc). I have always found it a tedious business to try to follow all the episodes in Friedrich Nietzsche's work which Strauss has attempted to reflect in musical terms, but there is that opening fanfare—probably the most impressive chorale for brass instruments ever conceived—and the Philadelphians give it its due.

I was once one of the violinists of the New York Philharmonic, under Toscanini, during a performance of Ravel's "Boléro" at the Paris Opéra. (We were on a European tour.) Toscanini made a smashing virtuoso piece out of it. Ravel, who was in the audience, walked out. That was not the way he wanted the piece played. A gentler and much more attractive version of the "Boléro" has been combined with the "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte" and the Second "Daphnis et Chloé" Suite on a disc issued by Angel, recorded by the London Symphony Orchestra, under André Previn (SZ-37670). Previn's way with the "Boléro" avoids the vulgarity of the Toscanini version. He takes it very slowly; the incessant repetition does not become tiresome, and there is enough variation in orchestral timbre to keep the listener's interest. This, I presume, is the way Ravel wanted his work (written as a ballet for Ida Rubinstein) to sound.

"Bach for Trumpet" is the title of a recording in which the redoubtable French trumpeter Maurice André is heard in a number of works, none of which were written by Bach for the trumpet (Angel SZ-37728; single). A liner note explains that Bach was himself a great transcriber, and that these works, despite the fact that they are transcriptions of items written for other instruments, are perfectly legitimate. Here the trumpet is substituted for the violin, the oboe, the flute, or the tenor voice. All I can say is that they provide Mr. André with material for a spectacular display of facility in the higher ranges of the trumpet. As usual, his command of phrasing and style is unexceptionable.

SIBELIUS' Violin Concerto has been recorded once again, this time by Itzhak Perlman and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of André Previn (Angel SZ-37663;



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single). This is a fine recording of one of the composer's earlier works. Perlman's enormous tone gives its stormy phrases a spacious quality that is not always heard in this concerto.

Angel has issued a disc curiously entitled "Karajan in Paris" (SZ-37687). I can see nothing Parisian about this record except that most of the composers involved composed at one time or another in that city. The orchestra is the Berlin Philharmonic. Actually, this is a bouquet of semi-popular French items, including Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" Suite No. 2 (a work compiled after Bizet's death by his friend Ernest Guiraud), Chabrier's "España," the Ballet Music from Gounod's "Faust," and the Hungarian March from Berlioz' "The Damnation of Faust," which has nothing to do with the narrative aspects of Berlioz' or Goethe's work. I find Karajan's performance of "España" a bit brutal. The other works are performed well enough.

The Prelude and Liebestod from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," in their orchestral form, have been eloquently recorded by Erich Leinsdorf and the Los Angeles Philharmonic (Seraphim S-60344; single). The disc is filled out with Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," also beautifully performed.

Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 is played by Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, with the Vienna Symphony, Carlo Maria Giulini conducting (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 302; single). Some listeners will find, as I do, that Michelangeli's piano playing is a bit brittle, but the reading is otherwise authoritative.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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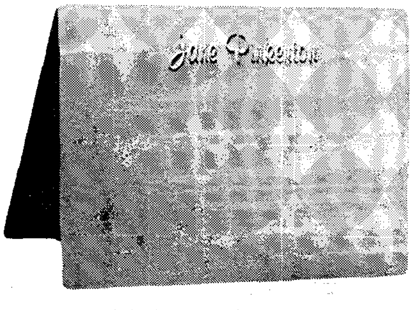

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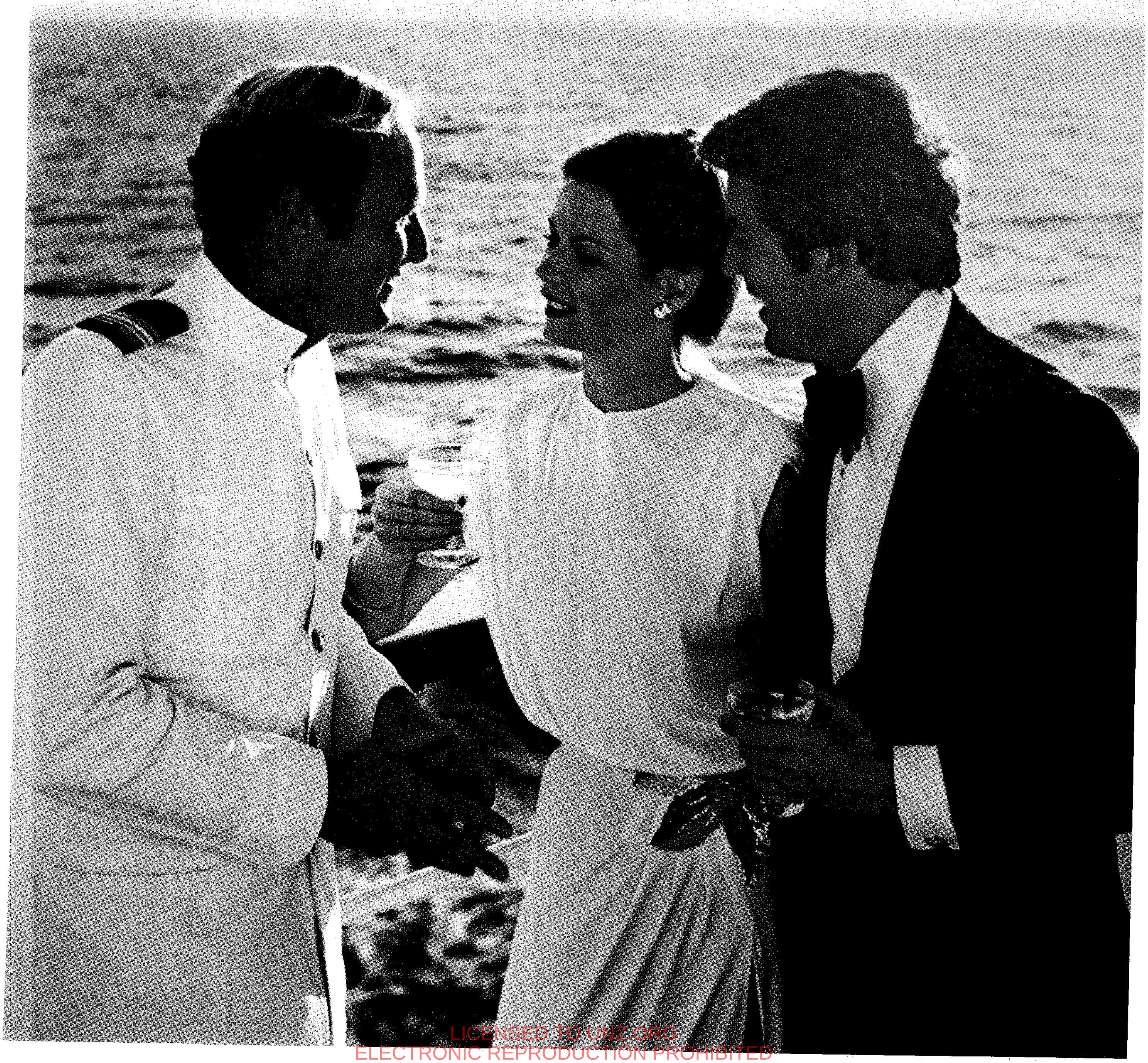

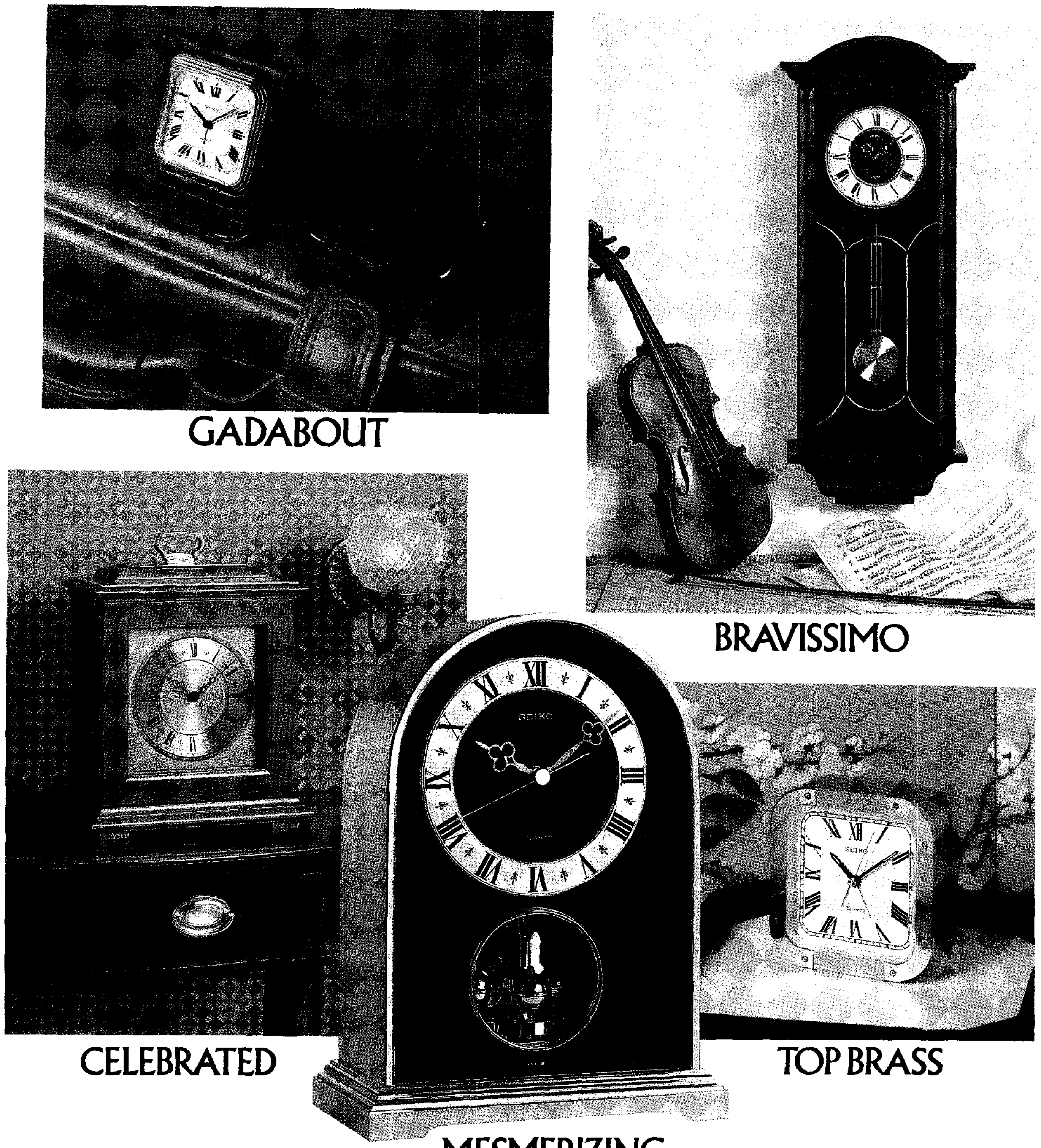

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BOOKS

Tilman

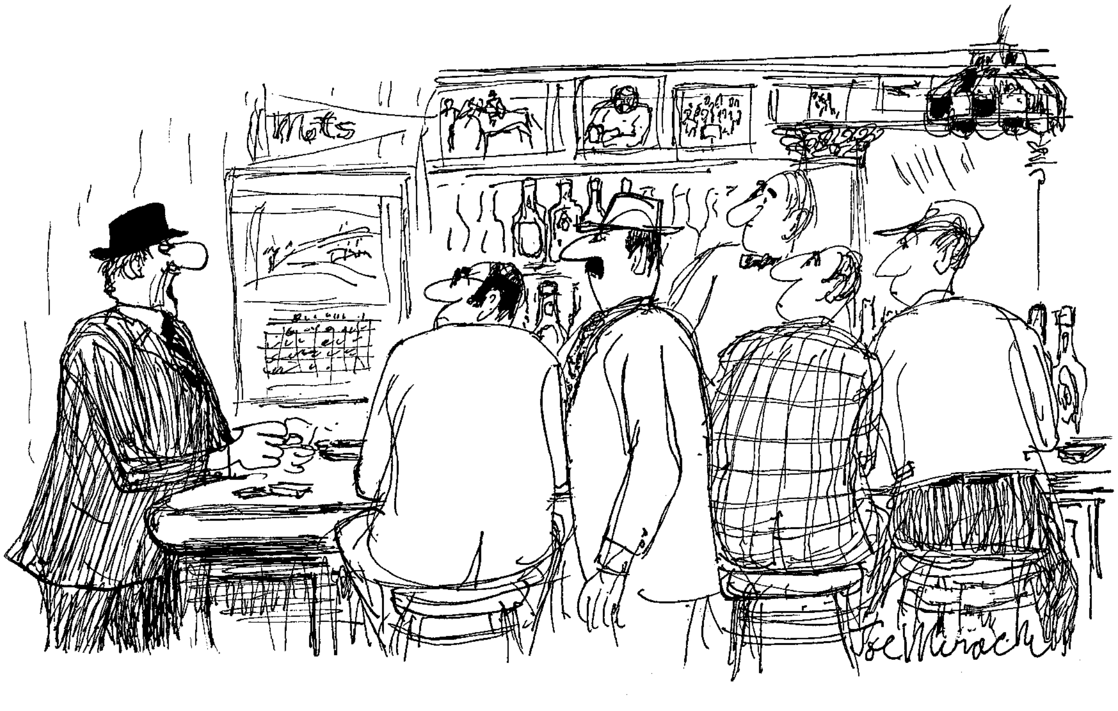
SINCE the invention of the sport of mountain climbing, by the eighteenth-century Swiss naturalist and polymath Horace Bénédict de Saussure, each era has produced a few extraordinary climber-explorers who have defined the goals and style of the enterprise. In 1865, Edward Whymper became the first to climb the Matterhorn. A. F. Mummery extended the activity to the Caucasus and the Himalaya, and, at the beginning of this century, Prince Luigi Amedeo of Savoy-Aosta, Duke of the Abruzzi, opened up the Karakoram range, in northern Kashmir, to exploration. In the nineteen-twenties, climbers such as C. G. Bruce and G. H. L. Mallory made the first attempts on Mount Everest, to be followed by men like Frank S. Smythe, who climbed in the Himalaya in the thirties. More recently, there have been the great French expeditionary climbers, such as Lionel Terray; the remarkable Austrian climber Hermann Buhl, who climbed Nanga Parbat, in West Kashmir, alone; the Italian Walter Bonatti; British climbers such as Chris Bonington, Dougal Haston, Joe Brown, and the wonderfully humorous Don Whillans; American climbers such as Yvon Chouinard; and the Italian superclimber Rheinhold Messner, who has climbed Mount Everest without oxygen, and last year reclimbed the mountain alone, from Tibet. But no list like this would be complete without mention of two of the most extraordinary climber-explorers who have ever lived: Eric Shipton, who died in 1977, at the age of sixty-nine, and his climbing partner Harold William Tilman, who died in the same year, at the age of seventy-nine.

As men, Shipton and Tilman were almost antiparticles to each other. Shipton was open and talkative, and enjoyed the company of women. Tilman was taciturn and not especially fond of society, and was known as a misogynist. He resigned from the Alpine Club when women were admitted, although he later rejoined, as an honorary member. I never met Tilman, but I did spend an evening with Shipton when he came to New York to give a lecture, shortly before his death. He was a handsome, powerful-looking gray-haired man, obviously extremely fit. I had just heard an anecdote involving him and Tilman which seemed to illustrate the character of each man perfectly but seemed too good to be true. The story went that after several years of climbing together, and after each man had saved the other's life many times, they found themselves resting on a ledge somewhere in the Himalaya. In all their climbing together, they had addressed each other by their surnames. There on the ledge, Shipton said, "Is it not time that you called me Eric?" Tilman said, "No." Shipton asked why, and after giving the matter considerable thought Tilman replied, "Because it is such a damned silly name." Shipton assured me that this is exactly what happened, but that eventually they did come to address each other by their first names.

That anecdote, along with many others, is recounted in a splendid new biography of Tilman, "High Mountains and Cold Seas" (The Mountaineers; $20), by J. R. L. Anderson, who knew Tilman during the last fifteen years of his life. The book's title reflects Tilman's two major preoccupations—climbing and sailing. There is a sense of dignity and affection in Mr. Anderson's writing as well as an implicit sense that he must have led a life of adventure something like Tilman's own. Tilman wrote fifteen books. Mr. Anderson remarks:

> Tilman knew precisely what he wanted to say, and in this is one of his defects as a writer—he wanted to say too little. It is an uncommon fault in a world bedevilled by wordiness and self-importance but it can be maddening. Tilman has no highlights; he is so afraid of attracting attention that he dismisses some really outstanding performance, about which the reader longs to know more, in a few laconic lines. It has been said of him that one has to be a mountaineer really to appreciate his climbing books, a small-boat sailor properly to understand his writing about the sea. There is something in this—the mountaineer will feel in his bones just what is happening when Tilman drily remarks on the difficulty of negotiating some crevasse, and one who, like the present writer, has had the experience of being trapped in ice in a 44-foot cutter off Greenland will have a sharper sense of what is happening when Tilman recounts his own struggles with ice.

These laconic hints are all the reader of this book will know of Mr. Anderson, and that is also somewhat "maddening." Like Tilman, Shipton was a prolific writer, but he was much more forthcoming; his autobiography, "That Untravelled World" (1969)—one of my favorite mountaineering



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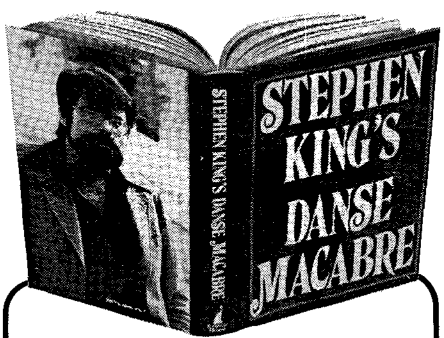
books—gives a complete accounting of that remarkable man.

Tilman was born on February 14, 1898, in Wallasey, Cheshire. His father, John Hinkes Tilman, was a self-made man, who left school at the age of fourteen with nothing and by the time of his death, in 1936, had become a millionaire as a sugar broker. He had a reputation as a ruthless businessman, but Mr. Anderson points out that he also was a man of wide cultivation. He read incessantly—a habit that his son acquired. Tilman, during much of his life, wherever his travels took him, was constantly writing home. Many of the letters—especially those to his older sister, Adeline—were saved, and Mr. Anderson quotes liberally from them. Very often, they contain requests for more books, or for a pipe and more tobacco. (Tilman was rarely without his pipe. When, at the age of seventy-four, he was shipwrecked off the coast of Greenland, he managed to bring ashore a tin of tobacco and a box of dry matches but no pipe; he was relieved when one of his floated ashore the next day.) Tilman's father was only five feet four, and Tilman himself only five feet eight. But, Mr. Anderson writes, "like his father, he was stocky and small-boned, with enormous strength concealed in his wiry frame, and his strength was moral as well as physical." He had a good high-school education, which he interrupted in 1914, at the age of sixteen, to enlist as an officer in the artillery. He fought in the First World War as a front-line gunner subaltern. He was wounded twice, but he kept up a cheery correspondence with his family: "We're jolly comfortable and live more or less like lords. Bullets which just miss our first-line parapet come over the crest and down the ravine, otherwise it's very jolly." He was one of the rare artillery officers to survive, and he was decorated.

In 1919, he resigned his commission and received a note from his commanding officer: "Well, old bird, be good and look after yourself, make tons of money, marry young, and live happily ever afterwards." Tilman ignored much of this advice. Instead of going on to Oxford or Cambridge, or entering his father's business, he went to Kenya. For the next ten years, he lived a solitary and apparently happy life as a planter. He had never climbed a mountain, although he had done a little scrambling in the British Lake District as a young man. Then, in



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December, 1929, he read a brief account in the *East African Standard* of a climb of Batian, one of the twin peaks of Mount Kenya, by Shipton, who was also a planter in Kenya. Tilman wrote to Shipton asking for advice on climbing in Kenya, and from this letter came their celebrated climbing partnership. Shipton, who was born in Ceylon, had had several seasons in the Alps and was a fairly experienced climber. He suggested that they try Kilimanjaro. The main summit, Kibo, is a hard mountain walk at high altitude, but the secondary summit, Mawenzi, which is two thousand feet lower, is a difficult climb, involving ice and rotten rock. Their attempt at Kibo was made in fog; by the time they began to climb Mawenzi, Tilman was partly snow-blind. But neither that disability nor any other ever seemed to hold him back. Apparently by will power alone, he was able to climb and sail while suffering from injuries that would have decked anyone else. Indeed, one reason that some of the people who accompanied him on expeditions found him difficult to get along with was that he demanded the same level of performance from others. A few years later, Shipton decided to organize an expedition to the Himalaya and invited Tilman to come. In his autobiography, Shipton wrote:

> For the plan I had devised Bill was nearly the ideal partner: he was tough, and always ready for any amount of hardship and privation; indeed, his ascetic tastes often made me feel a positive sybarite. . . . Because I had had a great deal more mountaineering experience he was apparently content to let me assume charge and take the decisions, and we always seemed to be in general agreement about our plans. He was a recluse and a misogynist, and he had no taste for the softer pleasures of life: he had never even been inside a cinema. By contrast he had a sensitive compassion for animals and an effervescent humour which won the hearts of the Sherpas. Nevertheless, he was astringent company, with little use for small talk and none for abstract discussion; and, much as I liked him for his humour and admired his staunchness, our relationship remained practical rather than intimate.

Mr. Anderson disputes Shipton's characterization of Tilman as a recluse and a misogynist. But Anderson came to know Tilman when he was in his sixties, and perhaps his attitudes had softened somewhat.

By the time Shipton began to organize his expedition to the Himalaya, he and Tilman had done extensive climbing in East Africa, both in Kenya and

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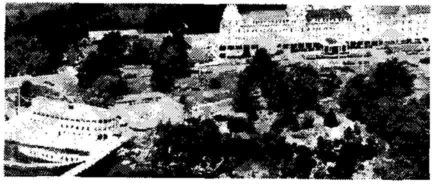

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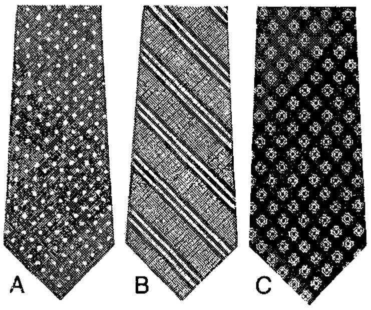

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in the Mountains of the Moon, on the border of what are now Uganda and Zaire. Tilman had also bicycled across Africa—an incredible enterprise, which he described in one of his first books, "Snow on the Equator" (1937). The goal of the expedition with Shipton, which took place in 1934, was the first exploration of Nanda Devi—a fantastic twenty-five-thousand-foot peak in the Himalaya of India. Not only had no one climbed the peak; no one had even been able to get to its base, in a kind of natural "sanctuary" blocked by a ring of lesser mountains. On this first expedition, Shipton and Tilman set a style of Himalayan climbing which is only now being revived, by men like Messner. They travelled light, living as much as possible off the land. Tilman could make do with almost anything. (He learned to bake bread, which, according to Mr. Anderson, was sometimes flavored with a sprinkle of ash from his pipe.) They got to the base of Nanda Devi, surveyed the area, and climbed a number of lesser peaks and part of Nanda Devi itself. Tilman had found that he had a kind of altitude ceiling. He was unable to function above twenty-three thousand feet. This, like everything else, he eventually overcame, but it continued to plague him the next year, when he went with a large expedition, including Shipton, to Everest. He was passed over for the next attempt on Everest, in 1936, but that year he returned to Nanda Devi and, with the Cambridge geologist N. E. Odell, succeeded in climbing it—the highest summit yet attained by man. In 1937, he and Shipton explored the Karakoram range. By then a celebrated climber, Tilman was chosen to lead another unsuccessful attempt on Everest, in 1938. Ironically, in 1950 Tilman was with the first group of Europeans to travel to the Sherpa country in Nepal at the base of Everest, and the next year Shipton pioneered the route by which the mountain finally was climbed, in 1953, but neither man was involved in that climb. Their views on the expedition conflicted with the paramilitary organization that appeared to be necessary for the climbing of Everest. The climbing ethic had changed.

When the Second World War broke out, Tilman, at forty-one, reënlisted as an officer. He fought in France, was evacuated at Dunkirk, sailed for India, and eventually reached the Middle East. He was sta-

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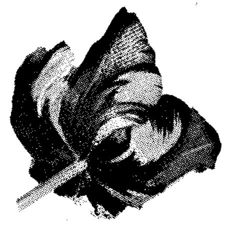

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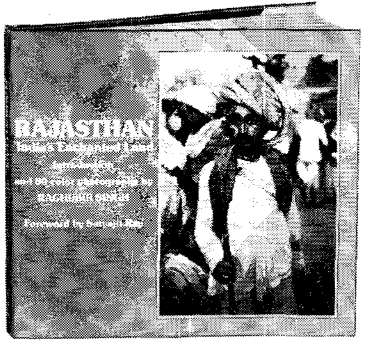

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tioned for a while in Iraq, where he passed the time by climbing a couple of mountains, and then was sent to North Africa, where he remained until 1943. At that time, he was asked to join the British Special Services, and he spent the rest of the war as a commando in Albania and Italy.

When Tilman was in his fifties, he decided that "real" climbing—which for him meant going above twenty thousand feet—was getting beyond him. He bought an ancient Bristol Channel pilot cutter called Mischief, which, ultimately, he immortalized in a series of books. This part of Tilman's life seems to be the closest to Mr. Anderson's, and the chapters on it are marvellous. As one might imagine, Tilman had no intention of doing weekend sailing. He navigated all the hard seas of the world, with crews of a few men, some of whom had answered advertisements such as one that he placed in the personal column of *The Times*: "Hand (man) wanted for long voyage in small boat. No pay, no prospects, not much pleasure." On his very first trip, Tilman sailed to Patagonia, where, in a hazardous glacier trek, he crossed and recrossed the ice cap from the Pacific side—the first time this had been done. In 1968, when he was seventy, Mischief was wrecked by ice in the Arctic. This and the death, five years later, of his beloved sister Adeline seem to have been the things in Tilman's life that touched him most deeply. After his sister's death, Tilman wrote to Mr. Anderson, "I feel I have lost my sheet anchor." In November of 1977, Tilman, with a small crew, set sail from Rio for the Falkland Islands in a boat called En Avant. He was never heard from again. —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HEAVY SAND, by Anatoli Rybakov, translated from the Russian by Harold Shukman (Viking; $13.95). In 1909, the narrator's grandfather, a Russian professor educated in Switzerland and residing there, takes his teen-age son on a visit to his family seat, a town in the steppes of southern Russia. Within minutes of his arrival, the son falls in love with the daughter of Rakhlenko, the local bootmaker and head of the synagogue; they marry soon afterward (to the boy's family's distress), and he becomes an apprentice in the Rakhlenko shop. Three years later, the narrator (the second of seven children) is born. Over the next thirty years, the Rakhlenko household continues to expand, and the narrator recalls each newcomer with loving care: many of his relatives have the black hair, Tatar features, and fierce spirit of the Rakhlenko line, and all of them have enough quirks—and troublesome neighbors—to provide a number of colorful anecdotes. In 1941, when war is declared, the narrator is called up; two years later, he learns that the town has been laid waste: the Nazis invaded it shortly after he left, and began a regime of systematic torture and murder, ending with the slaughter of every Jewish man, woman, and child in their houses or on the streets. The title refers to Job 6:2-3—"Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together! For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea: therefore my words are swallowed up."

GET OUT AND GET UNDER, by Max Wilk (Norton; $12.95). Three-quarters of the way through this funny novel, we arrive at the First Southwestern Classic and Vintage Car Auction in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where a diverse band of automobile buffs has finally come together: a housewife from Indiana, arriving in her 1955 Thunderbird and intending to leave without it, has been forced into this desperate act by an indifferent husband; a washed-up country-and-Western musician from New Jersey has decided to part with his beloved 1929 Model AA Ford pickup to pay some whopping bills; and a nurse from Connecticut has a hunch that a certain 1933 Plymouth four-door sedan going up on the block is worth more than any of the other merchandise—even the mint 1937 Rolls-Royce Phantom III that her new friend, an English agent for an Arab moneybags, intends to buy before he takes care of some unfinished business with the shyster who has cooked up this extravaganza. Max Wilk is a deft master of ceremonies; in the nick of time, he gives each schemer his/her just deserts, and awards the reader the rare satisfaction of a well-made comic plot.

GENERAL

RUSSIA IN THE AGE OF CATHERINE THE GREAT, by Isabel de Madariaga (Yale; $40). A big but never

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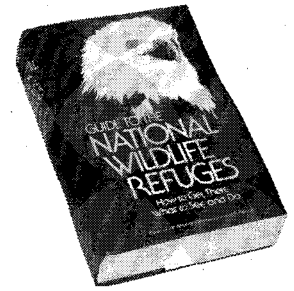

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THE JESUITS: A HISTORY, by David Mitchell (Watts; $17.50). This is a concise and even-handed account of an order that was formally constituted in 1540. St. Ignatius Loyola, the Basque soldier who, recuperating from wounds, determined to devote himself to religion and founded the order, was a man of formidable will. Vowing to serve the Pope directly, he did what most needed doing in the era of the Counter-Reformation, beginning with the creation of a first-class worldwide Catholic educational system. As the Age of Exploration became the Age of Colonization, Jesuit missionaries fanned out to the Americas and the Orient, but in the Age of Enlightenment they came into conflict with national governments, and the order was suppressed by the Vatican from 1773 to 1814; the Jesuits' nineteenth-century role as supporters of reaction exaggerated the extreme conservatism of a Church that remained terrified by the experience of the French Revolution. The use of "Jesuit" and "Jesuitical" as epithets seems largely to have arisen within the Catholic Church before appearing among Protestants; its source was a mixture of envy of the Jesuits' successes and uneasiness at their combativeness, possibly a heritage from their

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founder. At present, the order is working for social justice, especially in poor countries.

TWELVE YEARS: AN AMERICAN BOYHOOD IN EAST GERMANY, by Joel Agee (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $14.95). The author, the son of the late James Agee, writes very well. His parents were divorced when he was very young, and his mother moved to Mexico, where she married Bodo Uhse, a German Communist writer who had fought in the Spanish Civil War. In 1948, when the author was eight, the family (by this time, there was a younger brother) moved to East Germany, where Mr. Uhse was provided with a good job, a villa, a maid, a chauffeur, and a limousine—a highly privileged milieu and scarcely typical of everyday life in a Communist country, though the schools that young Agee attended were open to all. Despite the remarkable kindness and encouragement of his family and their friends, however, he grew steadily more unhappy. The book is not political propaganda, but there is no doubt that the pattern of surveillance and indoctrination, the demands for conformity, and the anxiety caused by originality suggest more pressure than American educators consider helpful to the young. The East German interpretation of the historical events of those years seems to have affected young Agee less than his awareness of his stepfather's disillusion at Khrushchev's revelation of Stalin's crimes, his mother's dislike of Germany, and the strains between the couple. They broke up in 1959, and she took her children back to the United States the following year. Agee's ability to resist the temptations of hindsight and argument give a keen sense of reality to an exotic experience. A part of the book first appeared in this magazine.

MISS WILLMOTT OF WARLEY PLACE, by Audrey le Lièvre (Faber & Faber; $28). In her time (1858-1934), Ellen Ann Willmott was one of Britain's great amateur horticulturists. Upon the death of her mother, in 1898, she inherited the family estate, Warley Place, and funds to support a staff of a hundred and four gardeners, who helped her cultivate approximately a hundred thousand species and varieties of plants, trees, and shrubs. She bought a property in France and another in Italy so that she could garden the

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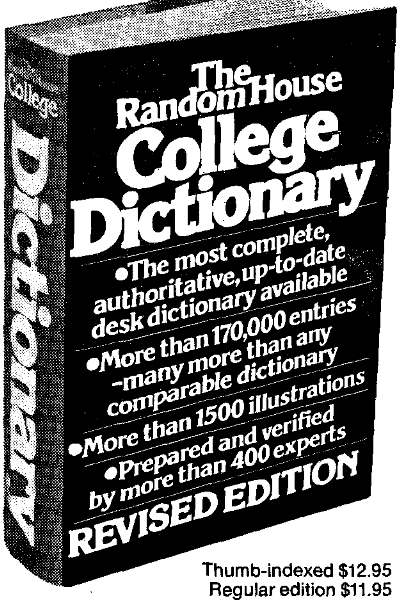
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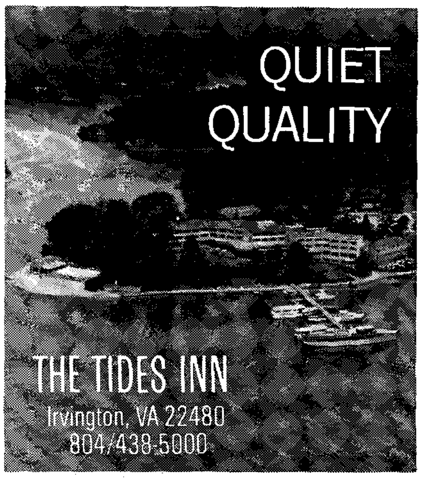

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whole year round; these purchases, combined with other extravagances, such as collecting rare musical instruments and botanical books, began to erode her fortune, and she died in reduced circumstances. She wrote extensively, most notably a monograph called "The Genus Rosa," and today's botanists, nurserymen, and gardeners are much in her debt. This biography is interesting on two levels—as a study of what soils and greenhouses can be persuaded to yield, and as a narrative in which the effort to realize a vision of perfection becomes all-absorbing, obsessional, and destructive.

THE TERROR NETWORK: THE SECRET WAR OF INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM, by Claire Sterling (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $13.95). The author of this book, which has caused much commotion in Washington, is a well-known American foreign correspondent who has put years into finding out what she can about the assortment of terrorist groups—Irish, German, Italian, Basque, Palestinian, Turkish, Japanese, Latin-American—that have been active around the world since the late nineteen-sixties. What she has found is that their common denominator is simple destructiveness. Even when grievances have been met or redressed, the groups' violence continues, and she cites the achievement of the Uruguayan Tupamaros, who so disorganized a liberal democracy that they provoked military intervention and the creation of a dictatorship. She also tells us why she thinks that the Soviet Union (along with Libya) is a major source of funds for terrorists. Her most shocking discovery is the existence of a corps of young people, many from relatively privileged backgrounds, who lack scruples and any form of love—loyalty, gratitude, family feeling.

•

MRS. HENRY FORD II and two of her Grosse Pointe friends were shopping here last weekend for a good croquet set and finally got one from Jack Osborn of the New York Croquet Assn.

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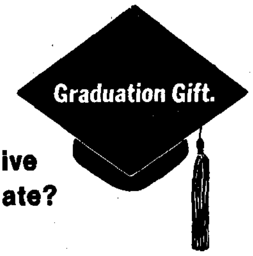
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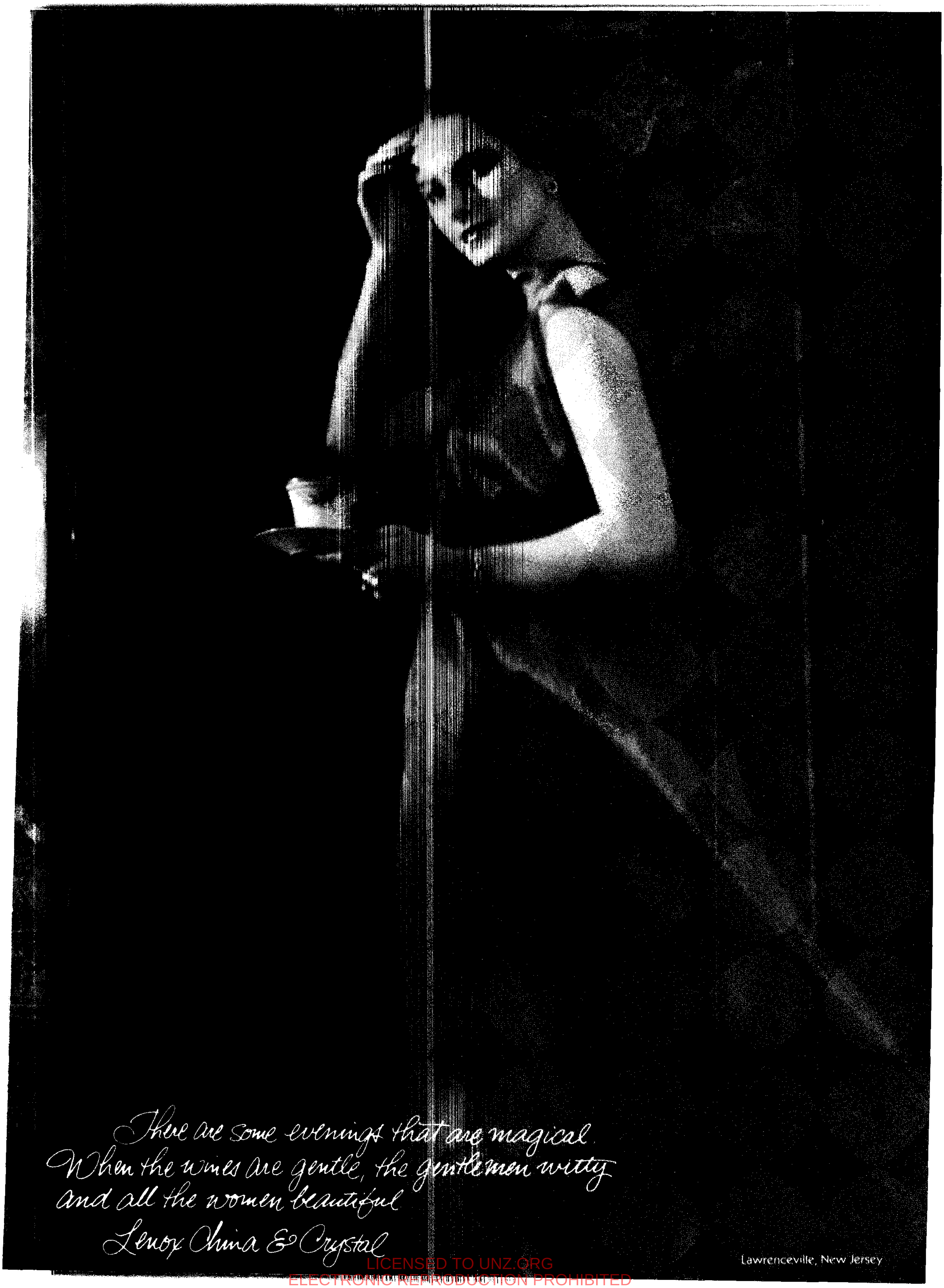There are some evenings that are magical.
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